

## Last Letter

Cryptic Wintermoon

Dear honey thanks for your nice words  
They really were a gleam of hope in these dark cold days  
Where the sun in the sky has disappeared  
And the fog of perdition seems to occupy the land

We are still here in the trench waiting for our war  
Nothing seems as glorious as we heard before  
Even the autumn feels so different  
Here the leaves may fall no more

Well at all it seems like time is standing still  
The only thing we really count are the comrades that did not re  
turn  
Maybe they are the luckiest of us all  
As they have left it all behind

But with my god on my side nothing will happen to me  
No more failures and no more faults cause I am programmed to be

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Never be concerned bout me I will make it somehow  
But if it is my destiny that time has come to end for me  
Then I will beg you not to cry as there are yet so many moms  
That grieve for their beloved

If only their tears could wash away all this nonsense and this  
hate  
How many men will keep their lives how many blood is saved  
Hasn't mankind reached real far that it slays itself that it ma  
kes war

I always whisper your name  
When I am alone and scared  
I guess it brings me luck  
And all the harm falls off from me  
Maybe tomorrow is the day  
Where the hope returns again

With you on my side  
Nothing can happen to me  
No more failures and no more faults  
Cause I am programmed to be