

Tallin, fallen  
We're sailing to go home  
War's coming, war's taking

Alone across the Baltic haze  
Nobody loses hope  
But we were feeling forgotten  
Just breathing our death

Across the sea, you lead us  
and ease the fears

Kutznetzov, the preacher  
No light behind his back  
The voice is trembling, no hiding  
The end is moving fast  
Tallin, fallen  
We are leaning all behind  
Remember those boatmen

The ghost-men chant, from Volga  
Lost in the shadow

When pride is going to die  
Inside an ancient rhyme  
Ghosts from the Volga's tale

Lonely, the memories are lost  
A pathway to nowhere  
Stranded, the livid of my soul  
Stranded, is claiming all my life

Fate, you take me down, into your dome  
Straight into your great decay  
Straight into your great mistake  
From the boatmen, from the Volga's cry

Step by step and a step again  
Fear is my great surrender  
The ghost-man chant, from Volga, lost in the shadow  
Ghosts from the Volga's tale  
When pride is going to die inside an ancient rhyme

Ghosts of the boatmen.