

Dancing in a Gypsy Camp

Epica

We are force to live in silence
Eating dust and breathing violence
Keeping all the suffering within
Let me be the one to hold you
Trying hard, reamining hopeful
Making sure your heart is free of sin

In mother's scorn
Blood was born
Where we belong
Our nation's torn
Passage Gone
A war unknown to us all

See the rays of light dance in hurricanes
The essence of our life held within cruel chains
Come and see the day's unsolved history
The mirrors in the eyes are reflecting the fear
We can't hide cruel commands
We will see their last stand
From the heart where we belong
Forever blind to the wasteland beyond

Waiting to see your conviction
Swallowing proud premonitions
Clinging onto hope that slowly dies
Standing in the ruing of nature
Caused by forces born from danger
Cleaning hands where virtues live on ice

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See the sands of time play with prophecies
We always end up losing to life's guarantee
Barren promises feed on your demise
The challenge to be free is a lost enterprise
We can't hide cruel commands
We will see their last stand
From the heart where we belong

Yet we all know why the cruel commandments came along
Forever blind to the wasteland beyond