

Here we are, waiting for the storm.
Here we are, waiting for the storm to come.
We know this world will drown in blood.
Last days of May, this spring is dying once again,
But we sense this summer may not be ours anymore.
Within these walls, we're loyal brothers,
Comrades till death.
Now in the distance we see the fires rage.
They will not take this place, will not defile this ground.
We're not afraid to die, no one will break this line,
This darkened world will hear our cries.
This darkened world will hear our cries.
As clouds of dust contaminate the deep blue skies,
We're crawling through the debris of our homes.
Here we are, waiting for the storm.
Here we are, this world will drown in blood.
Now in the distance we see the fires rage.
They will not take this place, will not defile this ground.
We're not afraid to die, no one will break this line,
This darkened world will hear our cries.
Curtain fires, lying in the trenches, buried deep
As cold ashes cover this swaying world in grey.
Inside this fortress, we're faithful sisters,
Comrades till death.
As their bombs eclipse this sallow sun
And their guns annihilate our sanctuaries,
Our confidence, it will not vanish, not abate,
We will not cease resisting.
Now in the distance we see the fires rage.
They will not take this place, will not defile this ground.
We're not afraid to die, no one will break this line,
This darkened world will hear our cries