

The Martyrs' Blood

Heaven Shall Burn

Last words of confidence
still penetrate the cannonthunder,
so many daring dreams will fall,
the vision of a better world
dies in the bombingrain.

No time to say farewell,
the world shall hear about their fight.
Betrayed by spineless servants,
conspiracies
so many heroes shot from behind.
No thoughts of giving in,
no stampede
no more negotiating.

This desperate fight will set a sing
they died with the gun in their hands.
Time will avenge one day.
The sky is colored red by the martyr's blood,
the same sky under which.

The victors marching in again,
bringing back the slavery,
the oldest order,
under rule again
it's been too early,
but they shall rise again.

If it all came down to me,
would I shed my blood for
what I lived for?
Would I clench my fist
until the last breath?