

Tree of Freedom

Heaven Shall Burn

Kept away from daylight
Deprived from all the songs I loved
These walls may hold my body captive,
But my soul is attending every sunset
This is the hardest there was to walk,
But nothing I regret

Our death would only be the thing they're praing for,
Time won't force us to surrender,
Their crippled freedom is not the one we're longing for,
As all else failed we raised our fists and weapons,
Not born as soldiers, but driven to the end

These wounds will be like memories, enhancing my existence
And our scars shall be the seals of freedom
I know that time heals nothing
Never casting dwon my eyes before the tyrant's throne

I know that our screams will sound out to the world,
Our blood will be like water for the tree of freedom

These wounds will be like memories, enhancing my existence
These wounds will be like memories, cannot banish this idea
This idea will overcome all walls and fences
A young man's deeds became an old man's wisdom