

Salute from the Underworld

Immer

where shine and fame can't find the path
where grass doesn't grow of luck of shine
where all of good news never arrive
there you look for us and our rights

stones and dust, marsh and morass
underground stench, it revenge us
for protruding heads, for unsorted ones
for aversion to clap to save our palms

we're underground,
invisible and covered
dirty of mud and tired
but we're ourselves and kept unbroken

darkness and cold, rebel house
underground castle, shelter of dreams
raised head, wild soul
free minds, open hearts

we're underground,
invisible and covered
dirty of mud and tired
but we're ourselves and kept unbroken

fame with its shine - confusing think
pink orchard changes into dark forest
glittering gold turns into dust
as higher level as harder falling is

head tilted back, slapping palms
eyes pointed up, they looking at them
they falling down with horror on the faces
tears repent from the eyes, don't wanna underground

salute from the underworld
salute to the empire
where gold is glittering for now
where meanwhile is the paradise