

## Golden Gate

In Strict Confidence

It's an honour for a soldier  
To receive the final kiss  
Of blade and steel that cannot heel  
For glory, fame and bliss  
All my homelands are deserted  
All my comrades dead  
An I am bleeding at the shore  
Where rivers running red

In the gentle morning sun  
I see the golden gate  
And my dark horse is moving on  
Until I meet my fate  
Doors for lovers, doors for sinners  
Doors for sons of hate  
And my dark horse is moving on  
Until I meet my fate

All that counts in victory  
For predator and prey  
While faces are forgotten  
And lives just fade away  
I hope you will remember me  
And I hold on to my name  
Keep me in dear memory  
Like a burning flame

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