

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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