

Spirit of the Night

Krokus

The big wheel of fortune
Crashed down to the ground
Terror broke through' the city wall
We gathered our children and ran for our lives
Down in the catacomb hall
No sunlight no seasons
No bird song to hear.
Around the small fires
Fighting despair.
No talk of surrender
Sharpenin' our skills
Waiting for the moment
To strike back and win
Spirit of the night
You will be the guidin' light
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Visions of freedom are fillin' my head
Dreaming of lovers by the lake
Sweet scent of flowers in young maidens' hair
Thanksgiving; days to celebrate
No fear and no treason
Laughter to hear,
Songs from the children
Filling the air.
Nothing to stop us
From taking revenge.
Bringing back the treasures
Of place time again
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