

Jubilant Cry

Nightrage

Beyond this grim reality.
A flightning spirit followed his own rules.
Staring at the peaceful borders of sanity.
Rebirth of the dead tears.
Playing with each moment.
Indulging in reveries. With every little rise.
And fall of the leaves.
Every vision transformed into reality.
A touch of bitterness propitiates.
The path of honour is open.
Nevermore grief and agony.
This persevering hopes of the past
Are not only fake dreams.

The war is finished.
The enemy crushed with a jubilant cry.
The war is finished.
Everybody at last knows the truth.

Our liberties and dignity will never trample again.
The smile returned to our hearts.
The sub humans go into hiding.
Woe to the vanquished.
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