

# Let The Truce Be Known

## Orphaned Land

As two kids who always spent  
Their time and played with toy guns in their hands  
There you stood in front of me  
They taught me that you're my enemy

And when our eyes have met  
We both set sails to death  
With guns of grown up men  
I fear it might be my last breath

Eye to eye  
Our aim is blinded by the sun  
Seeking higher ground  
To a safe haven I now run

The night had fell on no man's land  
This flute was heard from out there in the dark  
I knew the words and joined in song  
This nightly truce a miracle of hope

We raise our hands and walk  
Upright to move towards each other  
No guns, no death between  
The enemies now turned to brothers

Together on this barren earth  
I tell him of my son  
No pawns or deadly toys  
The morning comes, and we are done

We head to base and end the truce  
That lasted through this war of liars  
A vision of a better life  
Where music drowns the toy gun's fire

Next night I see a shadow and  
We both shoot in the name of god  
As we fell down our eyes have met  
Our friendship ends now in this turmoil of blood