

# Swords To Rust - Hearts To Dust

Rome

We shall let our songs drown  
The rattle of the train  
And the roaring of the crowd  
We shall wet our throat with sticky dark wine  
And toast this blood wedding so fine

To new horizons! To a new dawn!  
To a new and reckless generosity!  
For this our land of the free  
We shall win, die or betray and turn

Swords to rust - Hearts to dust  
In vain to write our name  
In blood and in flowers of flame  
Swords to rust - Hearts to dust  
All blind and gone astray  
Our envy green as may

All smothered in wild flowers  
We break the windows to breathe  
That golden dawn is ours  
For tonight hesitation is on leave

To wear god down  
To flatten him out  
To pray to no other

To parley with death  
To bury the crown  
To silence all lovers  
We shall turn

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( Schwerter zu rost -- Herzen zu staub!  
Dennoch die schwerter halten  
Dennoch die herzen spalten )

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