

The Hill Of Crosses

Sol Invictus

Beneath the sun, a peasant heart
A land where bitter armies marched
But here even serpents have their day
Crosses and flowers bloom and stay

Past our pain and our losses
when we climb the hill of crosses
March through death to where love is
When you climb the hill of crosses

Murder turns the sky to rust
Children's faces crumble to dust
Tyrants wax and tyrants wane
The tree bends but still remains

Past our pain and our losses
when we climb the hill of crosses
March through death to where love is
When you climb the hill of crosses

Cross-crowned with the sun's rays
They tore it down but it grew again
With Motherland blood grows the grain
Rye waves and harvest will come again

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when we climb the hill of crosses
March through death to where love is
When you climb the hill of crosses...