

# Dominici, The Order Comes

While working in my shop  
I heard the doorbell chime  
A stranger stood before me  
A chill ran down my spine  
He held a written notice  
I knew at once was mine

A parched piece of paper  
A code I recognized  
I knew it was the order  
Yet still I was surprised  
I was waiting for this day  
I was sure I would be fine

Why this feeling in my gut?  
Why this reeling in my mind?

I mustn't show this messenger  
Can't let on I'm insecure  
In my homeland I was sure  
I was chosen for this reason  
Now I'm blind with thoughts of treason

My pounding heart, my palms are sweat  
The time has come to pay my debt

I wish my god who guides my hand  
Would strike me down now where I stand  
For I must choose between my world  
And what is now the foreign land

I was waiting for this day  
I was sure I would be fine  
I curse this feeling in my gut  
Damn this reeling in my mind

Will this nausea subside?  
Can I abide with this malign?

I wish my god who guides my hand  
Would strike me down now where I stand  
For I must choose between my world  
And what's become the foreign land  
What is now the foreign land