

# Krokus, Spirit Of The Night

The big wheel of fortune  
Crashed down to the ground  
Terror broke through' the city wall  
We gathered our children and ran for our lives  
Down in the catacomb hall  
No sunlight no seasons  
No bird song to hear.  
Around the small fires  
Fighting despair.  
No talk of surrender  
Sharpenin' our skills  
Waiting for the moment  
To strike back and win  
Spirit of the night  
You will be the guidin' light  
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Visions of freedom are fillin' my head  
Dreaming of lovers by the lake  
Sweet scent of flowers in young maidens' hair  
Thanksgiving; days to celebrate  
No fear and no treason  
Laughter to hear,  
Songs from the children  
Filling the air.  
Nothing to stop us  
From taking revenge.  
Bringing back the treasures  
Of place time again  
Spirit of the night  
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