

Across The Border, Fear Of Freedom

In times where dragons flew over our hills,
oppression of poor folks was a game of skill
for the people in fur, for the people in robes,
approved with a smile of their popes

"Cross and sword" covered up this land like a shroud,
a few people left the shade of the crown
to live in their vans and with mother earth,
and to give to the tyrant what tyrants deserve

"[Refrain:]"

So the king sent his soldieres - loyal veterans,
on horses, in armour, with swords in their hands -
to take our freedom, to destroy our dreams,
to bind us in chains, in cold dungeons deep
to ravage our homes, to break our bones,
but never our spirit, our will and our songs
- never our spirit, our will and our songs
lalala - lalala - lalala ...

289 knights of the king
started their attack while we did sing
a song from our heart, "We don't need a crown"
until their truncheons came down.

Sir, what was the reason, did you get the sense
for this act of power and violence,
was it fear of free people, freedom, harmony
or a question of authority?

"[Refrain]"

Years later the king hung down from an oak,
a raven landed on the cold strangled bloke
he ate first his eyes and later his nose -
it's always the same how a king rules and goes...

"[Refrain:]"

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