

# Caliban, The Seventh Cross

[Heaven Shall Burn]

Here we march through the snow, here we lie in the mud.

The wind aches like a thousand on my skin, my walk mechanic.

My thoughts far away, unable to act, feel numb to the distress.

I can't remember freedom, forgot all faces I loved.

No cry for help through the wire, my existence a number on my skin.

It will take all my power, my last will to live.

I hear the sirens.

Searching lights roam through the night, reports, bloodhounds and hunters orders are clear, our to

Our names on the crosses.

I'm running, no looking back, no feelings at all, will I be free?

Will I be free at last?

Will I ever kiss your face again?

The sun will be mine again and I'll feel the rain, feelings return from my body.

I can't believe that I'm still alive.

Now I remember your face, your words, your smile.