

Gustav, At The Rivers' Edge

They took some bricks and built a wall
They made it solid, strong and tall
Built it wide from bank to shore - bank to shore

Close to the guarded borderline
Where freedom flows into the end of time
Ships still take ground - without sound

At the river's edge
In the border zone
Where the wind blows cold
And all sleep has gone

Bodies and memories
Of stranded caravans
Are buried with their dreams
And struggles and ties
All symbols and sense

We don't need your mercy
Don't need an act of grace
We only want to live a good life
And sometimes change the place
Drop your roty curtains
We will kindle them to shed light
And if you try to slack this fire
We will still be here to reignite - reignite

Under the cloud of night
Under the cover of trees
Under the scream of fog
It's getting on the way

Under the cloud of night
Under the cover of trees
Under the scream of fog
We're gonna multiply

Under the cloud of night
Under the cover of trees
Under the scream of fog
We're going to organize

Under the cloud of night
Under the cover of trees
Under the scream of fog
We'll be a gathering star

Under the cover of trees
Under the scream of fog
Sooner or later we'll walk across our boundaries

At the river's edge
In the border zone
Where the wind blows cold
And all sleep has gone

Bodies and memories
Of stranded caravans
Are buried with their dreams
In struggles and ties
All symbols in sense.