

# 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 rotty 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.