

Jaromir Nohavica, The Deserter and the Brave

The crows fly above this soil scarred by trenches
The maggots escaped the rain
from their miniscule caves
The men lay down ready to give up their lives
An uncertain time before them arrives
Who is a deserter and who will be brave?
I ordered my heart not to pound,
only to let out a ring
I fancied my hat with a feather
from the old boyar days
Please dont you dare let my mind know,
That my hands are reaching my soul
Just to see if Im a deserter or if I am brave
In our backpacks we carry the pictures of those
who we love
The compass points south
but we march the opposite way
And fire works rage in the sky
No, its not yet my time to die
Not like a deserter, not like the one who is brave
That curse and damned time of true love
and absolute hate
Why did Faust say if I plunder then I would be saved?
The maggots are marching against my birth
I wanted to live my life on this Earth
A bit like a deserter or perhaps a little bit brave
I gather my courage cowered in a puddle of mud
Like the bulk of an iceberg
where only the tip is displayed
My eyes are burning from all the pain
When will my savior explain
That Im not a deserter that Ive been brave.