

Run Level Zero, With One Voice

We fill the world with arctic noise
A thousand men with one voice
The fading light, the steady beat
Soon it's night and we'll live again
We hear the chime from a distant bell
A metallic sound, caught in its spell
All march to its call
We stand in front of it / we hail and follow it

Side by side / we stand side by side
Side by side / we die side by side

In this barren wasteland / a tower stands
It beacons us / guiding thus
The world revolves / around its structure
The changing pattern / a filigree of light and sound
A pulse of colour / a disc of light
Filled with sorrow / mixed with delight
Spiraling / listening / sensing

Empty handed / so well defended
But we tore it down / we tore it down

Black as night / cold as steel
Merciless surface / more than real
Not a single mark / not a single scratch
We raise our fists