

Salamandra, Coming Back Home

Shots from the battlefield
can't be no longer heard
I feel I'm losing my mind
help me find my way home

All that is in my mind
I hope I will forget
I can still hear the cries
of all my dying mates

All the pain and all the woe
how long will it last?
All I long for, all I beg for
is to go back to past

Think back to all the pain
the suffering day after day
I went through all of that
gave almost my last breath

All that is in my mind
I hope I will forget
I can still hear the cries
of all my dying mates

All the pain and all the woe
how long will it last?
All I long for, all I beg for
is to go back to past

Back to those that I miss most
I think of precious souls in my heart
I draw image of my home
in daunting nights I look at stars