

Sylvan, Deliverance

Many times you remember freedom
Happy days without fear and torment
Seven years on this ship of demons,
human beasts, men indeed - that's hard to believe

Catching and imprisoning you
Abusing and degrading you
No farewell, no goodbye
Passing days, passing life

Day by day you're rowing through the endless sea
And faces all around you staring hopeless at the ground
Day by day your masters heading for a new course
And every day you're wishing your slavery comes to an end

Seven years full of pain and torture
Heavy chains round your arms to hold you
Damn the day they'd arrived in your port
Searched men to turn them into slaves

Strokes of grief and misery
I can't believe what I see
Nights of cries, hope to die
Bloody streams
Don't let you dream

Day by day you're rowing through the endless sea
And battle follows battle but you are still a slave
The meaning of your sad life and master of your mind
Is the unkind rhythm of a ruthless funeral drum

Day by day, endless fights
Night by night, hopeless cries
Gloomy light, hungry eyes
Creeping time, fading life

Whispering, restlessness
Bewilderment, presentiment

Sails on the horizon excitement on board
Is this deliverance? Are we now free?
Is this deliverance?

I'm coming back home
Lost what I have known
A stranger in your hometown, no friends
Still a slave of our past, no welcome

I'm coming back home
Lost what I have known
Travelling through dark streets,
memories of good old times now erased
You're undone

I'm coming back home