

WarCry, Mirando al mar

Solo en esta celda, en esta fra prisi&ocute;n,
condenado por extraos, espero mi ejecuci&ocute;n.
Yo s que hoy morir mirando al mar.

No me hicieron juicio, no fue necesario hablar,
extrao en su tierra, el enemigo mortal.
Yo s que hoy morir mirando al mar.

Yo s que hoy morir mirando al mar!

Lejos, muy, muy lejos,
ms all del ancho mar
se encuentra una tierra
a la que llamo mi hogar.

Y s que no, no, no, no...
nunca ms yo voy a volver...
Y s que no, no, no, no...
el futuro se acaba este amanecer...

Pienso en los hombres que nos mandan a luchar
por oro y por tierras que el pueblo nunca tendr

Y s que no, no, no, no...
no es justo que deba morir.
Y s que no, no, no, no...
pero soy un soldado y esto eleg

Djame contemplar el sol,
ser la ltima vez que sienta su calor.
Matadme mirando hacia el mar,
as mi alma sabr c&ocute;mo regresar...

Intentar perderme all,
donde nacen los sueos.
Quizs as todo el dolor
que sienta me sea ajeno.

Lejos, muy, muy lejos,
oir armas disparar,
y en mi interior
una voz me grita que debo volar...

Miro al carcelero, ya mi tiempo se acab&ocute;,
busco entre ellos al que manda el pelot&ocute;n y le pido:

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Volar, volar, volar!
</lyrics>

==English translation==

<lyrics>□

Only in this cell, in this cold prison,
convicted by strangers, can I hope for my execution.
Because I know that I will die today looking out to sea.

They didn't understand me (in court) and it was nothing necessary to talk about,
I was stranger in their land, a deadly enemy.
I know I will die today looking out to sea.

I know I will die today looking out to sea!

Far, far, far away
beyond the open sea
is a land
which I call my home.

And I know that no, no, no, no ...
I am not going to return ...
And I know that no, no, no, no ...
the future ended this morning ...

I think of the men who sent us to fight
for gold and for land that the people will never have

And I know that no, no, no, no ...
is not fair for one to have to die.
And I know that no, no, no, no ...
even though I am a soldier and I chose (to be in all) this

Let me see the sun,
it will be the last time I will feel its warmth.
Kill me while (I am) looking towards the sea,
so my soul will know how to return ...

I intend to lose myself
where dreams are born.
Perhaps all the pain
I feel it is superficial.

Far, far, far away
I will hear weapons firing,
and inside me
a voice tells me that I must fly ...

I look at the warden, and my time is over
I search for those that sent the death squad and I plead them:

Let me see the sun,
it will be the last time I will feel its warmth.
Kill me while (I am) looking towards the sea,
so my soul will know how to return ...

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so my soul will know how to return ...

Let me see the sun,
it will be the last time I will feel its warmth.

Far, far, far away
I will hear weapons firing,
and inside me
a voice tells me that I must fly ...

Fly, fly, fly!

