

Of Forsaken Poets

Heaven Shall Burn

I did not choose to tread this path,
a forced journey into an unknown future.
As our doom eclipsed this clueless state,
I hate to leave my world behind. Their hate was so outright,
it filled my heart with fright.
I know only too well
My people chose to welcome tyranny,
the slaves of terror, murder, pain
humanity lays dying once again. Their hate was so outright,
it filled my heart with fright.
I know only too well,
I am an undead port.
(an undead port) Buried on no ground
I know only too well, Die Heimat hat mir Treue nicht gehalten,
sie gab sich ganz den bsen Trieben hin
Doch hier wird niemand meine Verse lesen,
ist nichts, was meiner Seele Sprache spricht;
ein deutscher Dichter bin ich einst gewesen,
jetzt ist mein Leben ein Spuk wie mein Gedicht. Now here I am, disabled but alive.
Where no one calls my name
Where nothing meets my soul
Now here I am
But cannot build my home
As no one reads my bitter words I'm yearning for the day of my return
Yet nothing's there to make my dreams come true
I know only too well, I am a ghost wandering this world
I'm like a ghost, I know only too well Now here I am, disabled but alive
Where no one calls my name
Where nothing meets my soul
Now here I am
But cannot build my home
I see the distant flames
This outland holds no hope
As no one reads my truly bitter words

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