Fatherland ('98)

Ancient Rites

When the restless North Sea is
trying to gain more land
And a merciless west wind
steals my breath
When the fierce waves are pounding on the beaches
Plain as an endless desertOr uttermost vile storms are
Teaching my people humbleness
Then one can see my land resist
There one can see my land fight
As gloomy grey skies
Cast away the northern sunI turn home.... Always turn home
I turn home.... Always turn homeAnd our cities and villages
Representing centuries and centuries
Seem to drown due to eternal rainfall
Or the rivers turn into GoldI turn home.... Always turn home
I turn home.... Always turn homeFatherland! I always turn to my Fatherland!
Fatherland! Keep on turning to my Fatherland!
Fatherland! Always turn to my Fatherland!
Fatherland! I always turn to my Fatherland!Our cities seem to drown
Due to eternal rainfall
I watch the rivers
Turn into Gold
Under a genial sun
When snow capped forests
Create visions larger than life
Then I realise where I belong
My eyes have seen the continents
The beauty of foreign civilisationsAn uncontrollable desire forces me to wander
Yet echoes of melancholy and remembering
The splendour being mine (make me turn home)
Where castles and towers are the sole mountains
And father time seems to have less grip
Where castles and towers are the sole mountains
There my land can be foundI turn home.... Always turn home
I turn home.... Always turn homeFatherland! I always turn to my Fatherland!
Fatherland! Keep on coming to my Fatherland!
Fatherland! Always turn to my Fatherland!
Fatherland! Always turn to my Fatherland!

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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