

# 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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