Those Were the Days

Turisas

There is a landscape in my head
I sometimes travel
But this is strictly after dark
Beyond the barricades and trenches
There stands the factory
Hand me the costum of the sad acrobat
And he says:
Son, this is the bread I break for you
But do not touch it
And he says:
Son, this is the wine I pour for you
But do not drink it
Dein aschenes haar, sulamithAnd he says:
Son, this is the bread I break for you
Son, this is the wine I pour for you
But do not drink it, don't drink at all..There is a stranger on the shore
I sometimes travel
But this is strictly in my dreams
He feeds the seagulls in the winds with ashes
And as he speaks he's got my father's voice
And he says:
Son, here is some bread I broke for you
Son, here is some wine..Those were the days, my friend
Dein aschenes haar, sulamith
Der tod ist ein meister aus deutschland

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