

Deep behind lines of fire where conditions are barbaric  
Everyone is floating in a sea so dark and cold  
We bear an illusion of a world, a world with candour  
Believing in freedom and a life of growing old  
Thinking of my loved ones to escape the fear I feel  
Longing for some music to forget the world of steel  
Someone else is living my life  
Something else is waiting for me  
My pulse is rising but time stands still  
I am caught in a scene of a brutal major mission  
A mission not yet seen a mission of destruction  
Clay-cold men, affray becomes an addiction  
My mind keeps playing pictures of my deepest fear of all  
Fear of losing my family the most precious thing of all  
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