

Coloured Bones

It's over, it's over
Giving up, giving in
I fed my enemies, who burned and penetrated skin
Giving up, giving in

Shoulder to shoulder
Standing tall, leave no one
Your world must not be ruined, plead for your life
Standing tall, leave no one.

If there is no way, and no place
Create one, create one
Take life out of its prison, and raise your voice

Composure, composure
Not a sin, draw a line
Too precious to undergo others' denial
Not a sin, draw a line

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Create one, create one
Take life out of its prison, and raise your voice

We keep fighting
Let's make them see again
Let's make them see through hate
Let memories retreat and questions relieve
We keep fighting

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