

# Fatherland

## 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 desert

Or 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 sun

I turn home.... Always turn home  
I turn home.... Always turn home

And our cities and villages  
Representing centuries and centuries  
Seem to drown due to eternal rainfall  
Or the rivers turn into Gold

I turn home.... Always turn home  
I turn home.... Always turn home

Fatherland! 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 civilisations

An 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 found

I turn home.... Always turn home  
I turn home.... Always turn home

Fatherland! 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!