

## Years in the Dark

Hackneyed

It's day one on the run  
The years in the dark have weakened my bones and sight  
Got no knife and no gun  
They try to catch up, tracking me day and night

Always moving in fear  
Days have passed by, still surrounded by woods and reed  
And I start to see clear  
They won't need me alive, they just (have to) wait, let me bleed

It's better to die on your feet  
Than to live on your knees  
Spent years in despair and concrete  
Longing for peace  
I will finally break free again to be...

They picked up the trail  
Bullets cut through, it's almost too dark to see  
I'm about to fail  
I won't get away - a shot ends my plan to flee

It's better to die on your feet  
Than to live on your knees  
Spent years in despair and concrete  
Longing for peace  
I will finally break free again to be...

And if you're trying to break free  
Try not to end up next to me  
While worms are crawling through my corpse  
You better know: There's no resort