

Woodkid, Iron

Deep in the ocean, dead and cast away,
Where innocences burn in flames,
A million mile from home, I?m walking ahead,
I?m frozen to the bones, I am.

A soldier on my own, I don?t know the way,
I?m riding up the heights of shame,
I?m waiting for the call, the hand on the chest,
I?m ready for the fight, and fate.

The sound of iron shocks is stuck in my head,
The thunder of the drums dictates,
The rhythm of the falls, the number of deads,
The rising of the horns, ahead.

From the dawn of time to the end of days,
I will have to run, away,
I want to feel the pain and the bitter taste,
Of the blood on my lips, again.

This deadly burst of snow is burning my hands,
I?m frozen to the bones, I am,
A million mile from home, I?m walking away,
I can?t remind your eyes, your face.