These mist covered Mountains
Though fields of destruction
Now the suns gone to hell
Baptisms of fire
And the moons riding high

But my home is the low lands
And always will be
As the battle raged higher.
Every man has to die

Some day you will return to
Your valleys and your farms
In the fear and alarm
And every line on your palm

And you'll no longer burn to be brothers in arms
And we're fools to make war on our brothers in arms

There's so many different worlds
So many different suns
And we have just one world but we live on different ones