

## Promised land

You, who doesn't stop running  
On a thread above an abyss of doubt  
You, whose footprints are still walking toward a promised land  
Which no one knows the road to

Remember just one moment the original calm  
Listen to the faraway wise men's voices  
And the echo of the holy pages  
Which you can still hear in the eternal silence

Nothing is created without falling  
Into the torrent of dark dust  
Nothing blossoms any more  
On the chaos of today's ground

The tree remains, his cradle stained  
The bird is flying away, his horizon blotted  
And we are living our ephemeral joys  
Fetching until the last drops of Earth's blood

You, whose words are foreign to me  
But who nourishes the same desire to see our world rising again  
Join us, let your soul unite with the stream of our chorus  
To sow the seeds of a better world

Let your soul drift with the flow of our voices  
To sing the purest peace ever

English adaptation from "Terre promise": Lindsay Aouine