

## Cannon

Hey you, please contact my men  
Till now I marched at the head of this company  
You ripped the skin of my side drum  
What will happen to our lines  
If my march ends suddenly  
The snow rises to heaven

Hey you, listen to my symphony  
You can hear the glorious past  
Flowing gently out of me  
Keep my boots, snatch my medals  
You can even smoke my pipe  
But don't ever touch my Mary-Jane  
The snow rises to heaven  
The night falls on all abandoned heroes

Falling snow seems to rise to heaven.  
I'm still thinking of Mary  
I've never prayed for eternal life  
I just wanna keep on marching  
With her by my side  
The snow rises to heaven

Now's the time for heroes  
The crimson sky's full of crows  
Time to let the scores fall

I wanted tenderness, an age for my princess  
Hey you, now I feel so cold