

Not our war

The standards are different than you think
The standards aren't quite what you expect
We don't drink our vodka in a blink
In cities the people don't always connect

A commieblock neighborhood is not the same
Molchat Doma is a band that explains more
That is their job, that is their aim
Showing the lifes of *sun* and *dark*, *rich* and *poor*

Behind the blinds far away you see the core
Behind the blinds far away you see the war
You see the bad that is in this land
But we are the *dark* and not the *sun*

We are not the ones who command
We're just the ones holding the gun
Fighting for the land that we don't want
For the land
we're not holding in our hand