

The Fog Of The World

Death in June

I'd like to be the one
Who makes mothers cry
I'd like to be the one
That makes mothers weep

And wander in the dawns and dews
And wander in the dawns and dews
And in the lanes and laws
And in the lanes and laws

His muscular build
His brown hair cropped close
Brave me and tame me
Brave me and tame me

Here in the fog of the world
Here in the fog of the world
But, what can be born?
But, what can be born?
But, what can be born...