

# Stand (At The Burning Tree)

## Black Country Communion

I come to my senses  
And I feel like  
I've just been born  
Gonna' tear down  
The fences  
And my feet have been shackled  
And torn  
And I face my resistance  
And I stake my flag  
In the ground  
They will come in many colors  
In the silence  
Breakin' me down

I'm ten miles away  
And I won't  
Be afraid  
I've been locked in this dream  
Far too long  
And I lie awake  
And the hurt  
Breaks my fall  
All alone, in this world  
With my symphony  
I Stand, Stand at the  
Burning Tree  
I Stand, Oh Lord  
Won't you justify me?

Too long is my sentence  
I can't let myself  
Slowly drown  
There's a sign  
In the skyline  
I won't let this curse  
Take me down  
I have lived  
With the shaman  
Tried to get myself company  
And I walk  
With the angels  
When they come  
They don't lie to me

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