

Spring in Macedonia
The last clean pocket on a blood soaked coat
In a state of claustrophobia
Waiting for the rain to wash it all out

Fear in their eyes
Did the crucifix lie
Did the words of the church run dry
Fear in their eyes
Did the crucifix lie
Did the words of the church run dry

I'm a witness to the moon and the stars above
I'm aware of the crimson sky
I'm a witness to the crumbling walls as well
But I'm not your alibi

Meeting on a road to Basra
You half blind in a blood soaked coat
Me I'm a fallen angel
Fallen from the burning tree of doubt

I'm a witness to the moon and the stars above
I'm aware of the crimson sky
I'm a witness to the crumbling walls as well
But I'm not your alibi

War is the last sensation
The final song with the longest note
Like a silence never broken
War is the book that nobody wrote

I'm a witness to the moon and the stars above
I'm aware of the crimson sky
I'm a witness to the crumbling walls as well
But I'm not your alibi