

## Behind The Rose (Fields Of Rape)

Death in June

In a foreign land  
In a foreign time  
Reaping time had come  
I'm falling back into  
Fields of rape  
I'm falling back into  
Fields of rape  
We're falling back into  
Fields of rape, my love  
And this was the way  
And those were the horrors  
As father went reaping  
I'm falling back into  
Fields of rape  
I'm falling back into  
Fields of rape  
We're falling back into  
Fields of rape, my love  
Crushed, crushed, crushed  
Mother bleeding  
Crushed, crushed, crushed  
We stand grinning  
In a foreign land  
In a foreign time  
Reaping time had come