

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