

The Snows Of The Enemy (little Black Baby)

Death in June

Drive far from it
The snows of the enemy
Consumed by hatred
And, their misery

Candle in hand
With little black baby
Candle in hand
Within the colony
Candle in hand
That little black baby
Candle in hand
Within the colony

Tread carefully
For you tread on my dreams
Tread carefully
On love's lost schemes

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With little black baby
Candle in hand
Within the colony
Candle in hand
That little black baby
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Colour blind and elemental
Atrophy - fundamental!

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Of hawk or horse
And, hoodman-blind
Person, decree - and burning mind

Safety, mission, security
Adjust the pure
You and me

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Drive from it
The snows of the enemy

Drive from it.