

Crown Of Thorns

Erasure

Fire of the sun
Flowers crumble into dust
The seed shall scatter and die
Light in her eyes

Pours black on their lives
We gather round a funeral pyre
And here we stand
In old england's land

Shattered glass on the ground
There are no words
To console this earth
To restore old england's pride

Never in a million or so years
Did we suffer so much bloodshed

Here comes the man
With the warm and gentle hands
Her name burned into his brow
Scorn in her eyes

Her back to the cries
We spit upon the life
That never was
And here we stand

In old England's land
The rose is choked by it's thorn
She will cast salt for your wound
Old england wears no crown

Never in a million or so years
Did we suffer so much bloodshed
We didn't want to hurt you
But it's not over yet
No never in a million or so years
Did we suffer so much bloodshed