

Tilted Cross

Fish

There's a message that's been left
In the long grass by a stranger
Who's passed this way before
Planted seed from which we reap
A bitter harvest from his long forgotten war

I left my love in a grave
And I marked it with a cross
That will stand so straight and true
It's not alone in the shade of the valley
They're what remains of the ones we once knew

Walk with me, my child, but tread softly on this earth
Keep a close eye where your feet, they touch the ground
Watch out for the signs, and heed what they say
One false step and all is lost
In the land of the tilted cross

They lie beneath the needles of the forest
In the fields, where only shadows dare to play
Washed down from the slopes of the mountains
In the spring, when the snow melts away

So be sure when you go on your journey
Carry sticks; mark the place where they are found
Make a cross, and be sure that it's tilted
So that others don't step on this ground

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Keep a close eye where your feet, they touch the ground
Watch out for the signs, and heed what they say
One false step and all is lost
In the land of the tilted cross

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