

Killing Fields

Morna

Trees of winter cold
Cold breath and eyes left to wonder
Our dreams buried in the earth cold
I'm left to wander

I will find the way to bring the sun
And let this rain go away
Outside this wall our life
Has a long way to go

Trees of winter cold
Through killing fields, I crawl to you
To beg and plead
I crawl to you
To beg and plead