

The Smell of Today Is Sweet Like Breastmilk in the Wind

múm

The smell of today is sweet like breastmilk in the wind
It's time the waves hold the water
Or this could be the lost fight of the morrow
Our dream has grown for a while
Our words are only good for lying

In the bleeding world of our fathers
In the eternal world of our mothers

Oh, we can only mend this now
And crave not for wine
We are not afraid to die

In the scarring words of our fathers
In the eternal words of our mothers

We are not afraid to die
We are not afraid to live

In the extreme world of our fathers
In the eternal world of our mothers

In the extreme world of our fathers
In the eternal world of our mothers