

Ghost Fields

Murder by Death

A dark wind, come from the fey.
Blew under her skirt, and took her away.
And now that she's gone, the land seems to change.
Lights on the hills, have never looked so strange.

I pass by these houses, all out of the way.
A lot of my friends came from here,
but none of them still live here today.

As I walk alone
through the ghost fields that remain
down the barren roads
i recall your ways

She bends with the winds and he shifts like sand.
I try to explain, but I'm not an eloquent man.

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Do you understand?

This girl, this boy,
They were part of the land.
What happens to the places we used to tend?
She's a hard one to trust,
And he's a roving ghost.
Will you come back, will you come back,
Or leave me alone?

Sons, sons,
Full of anger & steam,
Will you find what you were searching for,
Or did you bury the dream?

Daughters, daughters,
Return to the fold.
Will you come back, will you come back,
Now your children are grown?

She's alive, she's alive,
A stone floating upstream
He was the pale rider on a dark horse in a coal black dream...