

Greenlander

Pavement

On an icy island in north, in the woods beside the church
We can bury crimson lockets filled with dirt
And when the April thaw brings us out again
We can bless the arrows
And the sun won't stall, and the land will never fall

On virgin fields we'll skate, stand by children we'll create
Like the arctic wind we spin a windmill's rose into the threshing soul
You can't thresh the snow when the snow is sending
There's no divine grove, you can see the blankets go

Everything I did was right, everything I said was wrong
Now, I'm waiting for the night to bring the dawn
Into the only room where the fire's warm
Where we keep our vices warm and it's all that's left
All that's left is vices torn