

Land of Living Skies Pt. 2: The Living Skies

The Besnard Lakes

Take a long walk down the countryside
Take a long, long time to clear my mind
Living behind these steel bars

Someone strolls along the oceanside,
Looking out to "The Land of Living Skies",
Casting glances from tear-filled eyes

Up on top of this burned-down countryside
This fire envelops me

I'll be sitting on that beach
Thinking "was it ever too late?"
Once was great, all falls into place
We make our mistakes and take them to our graves

Up on top of this barren mountainside
This fire that follows me
As I'm wading into the ocean, wading until I get knee-deep
Look up to "The Land of Living Skies"
While I'm drowning in a sea,
(look up to "The Land of Living Skies")
Drowning in a sea of glory

They show you the room where you stay
Cold walls of concrete and clay
Through one tiny window you'll see
Armies of soldiers in green, all for you

Gathered, as stones from a grave:
Troops with dark horses at bay
As far as your eyes can see:
Millions of men on one knee, all for you