

# The Fog Of The World

Death in June

I'd like to be the one  
Who makes mothers cry  
I'd like to be the one  
That makes mothers weep

And wander in the dawns and dews  
And wander in the dawns and dews  
And in the lanes and laws  
And in the lanes and laws

His muscular build  
His brown hair cropped close  
Brave me and tame me  
Brave me and tame me

Here in the fog of the world  
Here in the fog of the world  
But, what can be born?  
But, what can be born?  
But, what can be born...