

## Trees In Winter

**New Model Army**

All rise for the king in all his rage and glory  
All kneel for the queen - her secret silver whisper  
Across the snowbound fields, slowly the sad procession moves  
And we follow them down into the cold, cold ground

Remember the things that we said  
The faith that we hold, the trees in winter  
The things that we said, the faith that we hold  
Al buried in the earth and the earth like stone