

Crows + Locusts

Brooke Fraser

It was the year
The crows and the locusts came
The fields drained dry the rain
The fields are bleeding

"Daddy don't cry, it'll be alright"
She puts some water on the wound
And hums a little tune
While her courage puddles on the ground
Pooling, pooling

See the murder and the swarm descend
And the night is getting thick
The moon telling her tricks
She'd betray her every time

It was the year
The crows and the locusts came
The fields drained dry the rain
The fields are bleeding

It was the age
The foxes came for the fields
We were bleeding as we bowed to kneel
And prayed for mercy, prayed for mercy

The rumble is low and the heat is high
Got a feeling that there's rain out in the oil black sky
Gonna chase away the devil when that sun does rise
Gonna plead the blood
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She limps on up to the top of a mount
Looks at the faltered harvest
Feels her sweat in the ground and the burn in her nose
And the knowing in her guts
Something's still gonna grow
She ain't leaving 'till it does.

What can wash away my sin
Nothing but the blood...
What can make me whole again
Nothing but the blood...