

## 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...