

Black Fields

Capercaillie

from a window, a vision of your world
looks surreal in a blue and gray surround
I'm here in a corner, a picture on your screen
I'm a satellite beam, a bystander
and I'm watching the ship going down
with the deadliest cargo inbound

politicians, their axe is ground and clean
survey the scene in a well-rehearsed alarm
stand back from the shoreline with a silver dollar smile
and you put us on file, leave an island
to the curse of the spray and the spill
worse things happen at sea and they will

and how many birds make a sacrifice in the black fields?
how many words 'til we pay the price in the black fields?
I know disaster grows without looking twice in the black fields

all hands to the video, take a movie channel cruise
anything but news, all cocooned we climb the stairs
back here in the black fields, we hide behind the trees
in chemical breeze, leave a call sign
all the kings of the future will hear
civilization was here

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to the world outside
there was nothing more to see
and the story died
and the demon keeps below the sea
and we cried and cried and cried

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