

Fields

Death in June

Dresden burning in the night
Coventry is still alight
Above the blood the pain and fire
There is a sign, we're ruled by liars

She took me from the village square
Through fields the colour of her hair
Where hammers crossed point to the sky
And fathers brothers and lovers lie

She stopped and turned to look at me
But in her eyes no hate I see
She said for me please, and all the others
No more wars amongst brothers