

## Staghorn

### In Mourning

I stand upon a daring height  
These wounds will not stop bleeding  
But these rivers will run dry  
The salt will be diluted

And the earth as black as tar  
On towards her own perdition

Treacherous and out of hand  
My veins are filled with ice  
(My veins are filled with ice)  
Like dying wheat and broken thorn  
Mother earth, become unborn

I see much clearer now  
And further than before  
You caught the weight of the world  
And it will drag you down

Give me the strength to regrow  
One year dead and one year gone  
Beckoning green again  
What has fallen will rise again

You stood faded, beaten and torn  
In golden, bronze and copper foil

I see much clearer now  
And further than before  
You caught the weight of the world  
And it will drag you down

Give me the strength to regrow  
One year dead and one year gone  
Beckoning green again  
What has fallen will rise again