

Godgrudge

Polly Paulusma

Lead me out of the mountains
Across the plain
I can't multiply again
Oh release me

And I will build you two towers
With bricks baked in fire
And the godgrudge they'll inspire
Oh believe me

Tear me to pieces, cut me down
Raze my two towers to the ground
Scatter me north, east, west and south
If my mouth lets out a godgrudge
If my mouth lets out a godgrudge

Between the Tigris and Pishon
Euphrates mighty giant
Where the Gihon gurgles quiet
My four streams bleed for me

My towers glint in the sunlight
They tie me to the plain
I won't lose my way again
Oh believe me

Tear me to pieces, cut me down
Raze my two towers to the ground
Scatter me north, east, west and south
If my mouth lets out a godgrudge
If my mouth lets out a godgrudge
If my mouth lets out a godgrudge

Blood flows out of the mountain
And seeps across the plain
Many people died in vain
Oh believe me

So I will build two more towers
Like sundials in the west
I won't let these wardogs rest
Oh believe me

Tear me to pieces, cut me down
Raze my two towers to the ground
Scatter me north, east, west and south
If my mouth lets out a godgrudge
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