

Wilde Lager

Rome

We're clubbing traitors
In green summer fields
Reality is changing colour
All the nation's sad sweetness
Is flowing from their eyes
And kneaded into time
The sun in our eyes
And the rain on our boots
As black as our gift to the world
In this warm bath of black blood
We would give our skin for a beautiful drum

We're chasing traitors
Through green summer fields
All the way back across the waters
And we would do just about anything
Just to translate this void into substance

Wanting to daub time over
With thick colours
In this sultry heat
This stifling fever heat
We are tender young gods

Love and despair locked in an embrace
Two wilted flowers black and green
Love and despair locked in an embrace
Truth changed its smell as it aged
In the sweat of the august days
In the summer of surrender