

Under Siege

Venerea

I'm walking a road from the old part of town to the mountains
The one I would take to pick mushrooms and herbs as a child
To an enchanted forest in a magic time
Where a child could grow up wild before the killers came

They fenced us in and the mountains were filled up with snipers
A thousand points of light as bright as the stars in the sky
Our one line of defense was the forests and fields
Where we'd plant our mines for them to reap

Walk in the shadow
Life under siege

For three long years the only way out was a coffin
As we scraped a living bleeding our fair city dry
You can't feed your child on resistance & pride
We were just out of supplies when the killers went

We reclaimed the streets
We reclaimed the squares and the sidewalks
Stepped out of the shadows
Taught the children to play in the sun
But to not run and hide in the forests and fields
Where the mines won't be cleared in sixty years

I'm walking a road from the old part of town to the mountains
Through forests and fields that used to be 90% of our industry
Where my sons worked full time sweeping mines that I planted
Since the day my grandson became a memory