This Cruel Thing

Widespread Panic

All words need to be sung; nobodies ever had this word
in a song before, as a matter of fact every word needs
to be sung. Every word their all important.
Weak inside and lonely,
when this cruel thing is over,
hopes and fears how they end
when this cruel thing is over, when this cruel thing is over.

Often dreams I see you,
on the battle plain, sadly breath and fallen
when this cruel thing is over
when this cruel things over.

In the mid end of battle,
nobly you should fall, I whisper words in your honor
when this cruel thing is over,
when this cruel thing is over,
When this cruel thing is over
when this cruel thing is over
when this cruel thing is over
when this cruel thing is over
when this cruel thing is over
when this cruel thing is over
(fade out)

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