

Capercaillie, Crime Of Passion

With a crime of passion lie those dreams of yesterday
Broken like the snows of January
Silence will fall on those masters of shame
When the family garden wakes to Spring again

Under the moon and over land
Make the shadows of the chosen one
With words of mercy in his hand
He walks the path of peace a wounded man

Out of sight and out of mind
The devil's staircase winding high

Make it secret make it sudden
And the family garden wakes to frosty ground

In Europe's towns tonight
They lie awake again to fear the dawn
An endless story of empty glory

Days of love are hard to find
One man's rose is another's thorn
But the winds of change they write the tune
And the family garden wakes to song again