

Fish, Tilted Cross

There's a message that's been left in the long grass by a stranger who's passed this way before,
planted seed from which we reap a bitter harvest from his long forgotten war,
I left my love in a grave and I marked it with a cross that will stand so straight and true,
it's not alone in the shade of the valley, they're what remains of the ones we once knew,
Walk with me my child but tread softly on this earth,
keep a close eye where your feet they touch the ground,
Watch out for the signs and heed what they say,
One false step and all is lost,
in the land of the tilted cross.

They lie beneath the needles of the forest, in the fields where only shadows dare to play,
washed down from the slopes of the mountains in the Spring when the snow melts away,
So be sure when you go on your journey, carry sticks, mark the place where they are found,
make a cross and be sure that it's tilted so that others don't step on this ground.

Walk with me my child but tread softly on this earth,
keep a close eye where your feet they touch the ground,
Watch out for the signs and heed what they say,
One false step and all is lost,
in the land of the tilted cross.

I left my love in a grave and I marked it with a cross that stands so straight and true.