PJ Harvey, Bitter Branches

Bitter branches spreading out. There's none more bitter than the wood.

Into the wide world, it grows, twisting under soldier's feet, standing in line and the damp earth underneath.

Holding up their rifles high, holding their young wives who wave goodbye.

Hold up the clear glass to look and see soldiers standing and the roots twist underneath.

Their young wives with white hands wave goodbye.
Their arms as bitter branches spreading into the world.

Wave goodbye, Wave goodbye..