

# Skyclad, Cry Of The Land

Vibrant and real I lie  
Mantled by the open sky  
The wind and waves my lullaby  
I am the land.

Why do you view me with  
Eyes unable to see  
The beauty in all that is pure  
When it's left to live free?

So hot the fires within my breast  
Rock and steel can't stand their test  
Yet songbirds in my green beard nest  
I am the land.

That which is so strong and old  
Cannot be bought or sold  
Mine is the green and gold  
Wealth without end.

Ruled by the ebb of my oceans  
Slaves to the dusk and the dawn  
Your petri - dish civilisations  
Are buried and born.

I watch as you live  
With your heads in the sand  
Unable to hear the cry of the land.

I was once a 'Happy Hunting Ground'  
Then one day the eyes of science found  
A blue - green planet  
Spinning round a shining star.

The timeless giver of all life  
Offered as a sacrifice  
The priceless finds it's price  
In the greed of man.

You bury your fears  
And your heads in the sand  
So you'll never hear the cry of the land.