

Abney Park, Thornes & Brambles

Black rivers hard as stone, lined with corpses of our own
Through the bloodied trees, carving through our canopies

Through the forest, cutting through the forest floor
Scars of man, furrows through our lands

All the cities toils, defeats our forest lore
Broken nails, filthy, filthy hands

Spiderwebs of steel and stone
Subdivide our given home
Rememberance of ancestral sage
Thorns and brambles of a different age

We will not be thrown away
We will not be torn
We will never fall astray
We've seen your kine before

Black rivers hard as stone, with corpses of our own
Through the bloodied trees, carving through our canopies

Through the quiet, cutting through the forest floor
Scars of man, furrows through our lands

Ghostly silent, all the trees are long since gone
Broken nails, filthy, filthy hands

Spiderwebs of steel and stone
Subdivide our given home
Rememberance of ancestral sage
Thorns and brambles of a different age

We will not be thrown away
We will not be torn
We will never fall astray
We've seen your kind before