

Abney Park, Thorns And 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