

Capercaillie, Beautiful Wasteland

It rarely makes the news today, the place where I was born
They called it a wasteland, a wilderness gone wrong
Where the twisted trees have fallen, the branches stripped and bare
In the silence of the night time, innocence is here.

I embraced my father's warnings, and studied in your schools
to justify your theories and convoluted rules
Travelled to the corners, where everybody knows
My country's been wearing, the emperor's clothes

Beautiful Wasteland, is me
Beautiful Wasteland, is me
If only you'll see, you'll believe.

I'll take you there, to the bracken slopes, where the summer's rolling in.
I'll take you there.

We're lying by the ocean, our western breeze is still
She's the heart of all seasons, a mother to my soul
When the century is over, and the shipping days are done
Like a child for the first time I will lie here again.