

# Capercaillie, God's Alibi

Spring in Macedonia  
The last clean pocket on a blood soaked coat  
In a state of claustrophobia  
Waiting for the rain to wash it all out

Fear in their eyes, did the crucifix lie?  
Did the words of the church run dry?  
Fear in their eyes, did the crucifix lie?  
Did the words of the church run dry?

Meeting on the road to Basra  
You half blind in a blood soaked coat  
Me I'm a fallen angel  
Fallen from the burning tree of doubt

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Did the words of the church run dry?  
Fear in their eyes, did the crucifix lie?  
Did the words of the church run dry?

I'm a witness to the moon and the stars above  
I'm aware of the crimson sky  
I'm a witness to the crumbling walls as well  
But I'm not your alibi

War is the last sensation  
The final song with the longest note  
Like a silence never broken  
War is the book that nobody wrote

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