

# Crash Test Dummies, Everlasting Peace

The slow march of the army  
The dragging of the boots  
The laying and the waiting  
Until someone starts to shoot

Where is there this silence, then?  
This everlasting peace?  
You'll find it on the cold blue  
Smiling lips of the deceased

The slow arc of the sun that moves  
Across the blazing sky  
The vultures circling in the heat  
Above where dying lie

Where is there this silence, then?  
This everlasting peace?  
You'll find it on the cold blue  
Smiling lips of the deceased

The miles of green that thirst to death  
The blowing of the sand  
And then the creeping cold begins  
And freezes all the land

Where is there this silence, then?  
This everlasting peace?  
You'll find it on the cold blue  
Smiling lips of the deceased