

# Death In June, Fields

Dresden burning in the night  
Coventry is still alight  
Above the blood the pain and fire  
There is a sign, we're ruled by liars

She took me from the village square  
Through fields the colour of her hair  
Where hammers crossed point to the sky  
And fathers brothers and lovers lie

She stopped and turned to look at me  
But in her eyes no hate I see  
She said for me please, and all the others  
No more wars amongst brothers