

# Erasure, Crown Of Thorns

Fire of the sun  
Flowers crumble into dust  
The seed shall scatter and die  
Light in her eyes  
Pours black in their lives  
We gather 'round a funeral pyre

And here we stand  
In old England's land  
Shattered glass on the ground  
There are no words  
To console this earth  
To restore old England's pride

Chorus:  
Never in a million or so years  
Did we suffer so much bloodshed

Here comes the man  
With the warm and gentle hands  
Her name burnt into his brow  
Scorn in her eyes  
Her back to the cries  
We spit upon the life that never was

And here we stand  
In old England's land  
The rose is choked by its thorn  
She will cast salt for wound  
Old England wears no crown

Chorus

Chorus:  
Never in a million or so years  
We didn't want to hurt you  
But it's not over yet  
No never in a million or so years  
Did we suffer so much bloodshed