

Farmer Boys, Murder Me

Too blind to see
What's going on with me
Too dumb to cry
Too dead to die
Nervously I'm standing there
Too numb to breath the air
Something's wrong, certainly
That I'm aware of: they'll murder me
I hear a crow is cawing over my head
Some men are talking about my death
Smell of rotten flesh fills up the air
My brothers are killed and hanging there
Too blind to see what's going on with me
Something's wrong, certainly
Too dumb to cry, too dead to die
They're killing me
Oh my mother can you see,
Oh father set me free
I'm missing the times when the pastures were mine
I grazed with my herd in a wonderful time
Hey, white dressed men
with blood on your hands
First see what I see and then murder me
A rumbling sound, a sudden jerk
A murky track, a lowing hurt
I see the end, my years decline
I see the end of the line
The deadly trap: A single snap
A bolt was shot into my neck
It's alright, certainly
The good go sets me free
Oh my mother can you see,
Oh father set me free
I'm missing the times when the pastures were mine
I grazed with my herd in a wonderful time
Hey, white dressed men
with blood on your hands
First see what I see and then murder me