

New Model Army, Trees In Winter

All rise for the king in all his rage and glory
All kneel for the queen - her secret silver whisper
Across the snowbound fields, slowly the sad procession moves
And we follow them down into the cold, cold ground

Remember the things that we said
The faith that we hold, the trees in winter
The things that we said, the faith that we hold
All buried in the earth and the earth like stone