

Pale Forest, Redrum

Cynical judgement lead the way
to the ever growing fields of gold
The table set for fast decay
younger men erase the old

Sullen glances paint their time
on walls of disbelief
Expansion, growth, the biggest crime
to pick a budding leaf

The woods are draped in white this year
and those who pay will have their share
The children drowning in their fear
to pick a budding leaf

The fields are full, the market eager
Forever fertile is the soil
Above the ground one life is meagre
Forever traded dust for toil

The woods are draped in white this year
and those who pay will have their share
The children drowning in their fear
to pick a budding leaf