

Prussian Blue, The Lamb Near The Lane

(words by David Lane and music by Lamb)

Endless years in a prison cell, endless years of a living hell. A soldier of the Folk, with a tale to tell.

Some day in Valhalla, when he's young once more. He will hold the hand of the image he adores

It's not right for a Lamb near a Lane. To fight with a lion is insane. If the White men won't battle for

This song was not written to entertain. Will Rams with horns fight for the Lamb near the Lane?

I am that Lamb I'll stand beside the Lane I am that Lamb I'll stand beside the Lane I am the Lamb I