

The Alarm, Hardland

Hardland ripped & torn apart
Hard dreams leave scarred
In the lines of my face
The story of faith
Hardland

I came back
Home to a hardland
Where a man is judged
By the scars on his face
Where that sliding scale still operates
To come home, I had to go away from here

HARDLAND

I saw a land
Standing at the crossroads
I saw her wrath
Burning in a burned out home
Saw her tears
In rivers running cold
Her tragedy, waiting to explode
In the HARDLAND
Ripped and torn apart
Hard dreams
Leave me scarred
In the lines of my face
A story of faith

HARDLAND

I feel afraid
When I think about my children
I feel scared
When I walk down a street at night
Feel sad
When I look on the flag
I feel the anger
Rising in the heart of the
HARDLAND
Ripped and torn apart
Hard dreams
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HARDLAND

Wherever I wander across this land
Of my fathers
The valley is ripped and the mountain scarred
Tom apart
A house is ablaze on the hillside
A sign says "This land is not for sale"

HARDLAND

Ripped and tom apart
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HARDLAND

(Hardland)

The Lines On My Face

HARDLAND

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