

# The Knife, We Share Our Mother's Health

We came down from the north  
Blue hands and a torch  
Red wine and food for free  
A possibility  
We share our mothers' health  
It is what we've been dealt  
What's in it for me?  
Fine

Then I'll agree  
Trees there will be  
Apples, fruits maybe  
You know what I fear  
The end is always near

x2  
Say you like it  
Say you need it  
When you don't  
Looking better  
Shining brighter  
Than you do  
x2