

Tilt, Tundra

This ground is too hard to break
It ruined a pick and a spade
Frozen and solid as a rock
My hands are numb with the shock
I am prepared for the dirty work
I've grovelled for years in the bloody dirt
I have all teh tools that I need
And now I admit my defeat

What will it take to cleave this earth?
Break the ground
It's got to break
What will it take to cleave this earth?
I cannot wait
'Til spring

My cargo is still half alive
They twine 'round each other and cry
They beg me to finish the task
Will I inter them at last?
I glare at the place
I'd make a grave
I carry the shame it would contain
But thinking cannot rend a hole
Too tired to stave off the cold