

# Wailin' Jennys, Avila

Oh sweet peace, never have you fallen  
Never have you fallen upon this town  
Oh sweet peace, never have you fallen  
Never have you fallen upon this town

The black crows are loaded  
With the call of things discarded  
The ribboned shard of battle  
And everything burned  
Have they forgotten we live here  
Do they think that we gave up  
Lay down and grew over  
Weeds at every turn

Oh sweet peace, never have you fallen  
Never have you fallen upon this town  
Oh sweet peace, never have you fallen

Never have you fallen upon this town

I will not rest  
Until this place is full of sunlight  
Or at least until the darkness  
Is quiet for a while  
And we will not wait  
For that murder to come calling  
The night will simply fall  
And the morning will rise

Oh sweet peace, never have you fallen  
Never have you fallen upon this town  
Oh sweet peace, when will you come calling  
When will you come calling upon this town