

On Battleship Hill

[PJ Harvey](#)

The scent of Thyme carried on the wind
Stings my face into remembering
Cruel nature has won again
Cruel nature has won again On Battleship Hills caved in trenches
A hateful feeling still lingers
Even now 80 years later
Cruel nature, cruel, cruel nature The land returns to how it has always been
Thyme carried on the wind
Jagged mountains, jutting out
Cracked like teeth in a rotten mouth On Battleship Hill I hear the wind
Say, "Cruel nature has won again"
Cruel nature has won again
Cruel nature has won again
Cruel nature has won again

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