

Motherland

Silver Firs

horses and cattle
the barrow's wheels rattle
When all the birds fly south will you/we follow them too
Braver than the others
Kissed the neighbours daughters When all the birds fly south will you follow them too
Cold and forgotten
The wooden floor is rotten
Did they steal our youth with all those machines The lichen ate all the stone
The paths we knew (now) overgrown
Did they steal our youth with all those machines woken from your dreams
misguided motherland
Your sons are no longer yours
out of the windows of our tree house
To the endless slopes around us
We cherished our hopes

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