Cicadas

Grillo

Hear them buzzing in the trees
A lot like us a dying breed
One voice now is all we need
Hear them buzzing in the trees
Hear them buzzing in the trees
Nothing left but empty shells
No memory now of where we fell
No one left to truly tell
The tale of how we truly fell
Once again the simple truth
Is crushed beneath the leather boot
A lot like us a dying breed
Hear them buzzing in the trees
A lot like us a dying breed
One voice now is all we need
Hear them buzzing in the trees

Nothing left but empty shells
No memory now of where we fell
No one one left to truly tell
The tale of how we truly fell
No trees here to hide behind
Those big red wheels they slowly grind
No trees here to hide behind
Those big red wheels they slowly grind
No trees here to hide behind
Those big red wheels they slowly grind
No trees here to hide behind
Those big red wheels they slowly grind
Hear them buzzing in the trees
Hear them buzzing in the trees
Hear them buzzing in the trees

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