

Misty Mourning

Den of Ashes

Misty, misty morning
in a time when all was lost and nothing won

Hollers in the distance
Boy you can't outrun a bullet from a gun

Come down, come to see you
In the early morning mist that hides the sun

Caught down in the cross fire
cause we had no place to hide, no place to run

Weeping, weeping willow
hangs the young men who where boys just days ago

Weeping, weeping widow
walks among the dead where flowers used to grow

Coroner counting boxes
As they put them on his wagon one by one

Footsteps I'm surrounded
As the mist it burns into the noon day sun

I see my life before me
Like a dream into your arms I run
I hear your sweet voice calling
Like an Angel's whisper from above

My love with wings upon you
take my hand and walk me to the sun
Good Lord, I've come to see you
Cause we had no place to hid no place to run

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