

Marching Song

Esben and the Witch

In a wilderness of foggy thoughts
Battling with your minds retorts
And walking on empty plains

Where desert's so calm even drowning rains Soldier on to this marching song

Head held high with eyes fixed strong
Dropping thud, cymbal crash down

The mud, it is thick with desires to drown Your feet's in earth, your boots are sinking
Sink with the memories of long lost thinking
And armies of many are fighting their fights

Lost in the blackness, they're losing their sights Your veins are my trenches, my gun is my own
The whispers fall heavy with delicate moans

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