

Crime of Passion

Capercaillie

With a crime of passion lie those dreams of yesterday
Broken like the snows of January
Silence will fall on those masters of shame
When the family garden wakes to Spring again Under the moon and over land
Make the shadows of the chosen one
With words of mercy in his hand
He walks the path of peace a wounded man Out of sight and out of mind
The devil's staircase winding high
Make it secret make it sudden
And the family garden wakes to frosty ground In Europe's towns tonight
They lie awake again to fear the dawn
An endless story of empty glory

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