

# Tombstone

## Isolationist

The night is dark, the moon is full  
    Across the blood red plain  
    And every step and every breath  
        Brings me nearer home  
    Those spirits watch me on my way  
        They whisper in the wind  
    And when the dawn lights up the sky  
        I'll see my land again  
    A hot wind blows the scrub and dust  
        Across the barren land  
Well, the trees stand bare like skeletons  
    And the mountain's all torn down  
    The water holes are dry as bones  
        No birds are singing now  
        And faraway a city stands  
    Tombstones against the sky  
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