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
Tombstones against the sky
Tombstones against the sky
Tombstones against the sky

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