

# On Battleship Hill

[Pj Harvey](#)

The scent of Thyme carried on the wind  
Stings my face into remembering  
Cruel nature has won again  
Cruel nature has won again  
On Battleship Hills caved in trenches  
A hateful feeling still lingers  
Even now 80 years later  
Cruel nature, cruel, cruel nature  
The land returns to how it has always been  
Thyme carried on the wind  
Jagged mountains, jutting out  
Cracked like teeth in a rotten mouth  
On Battleship Hill I hear the wind  
Say, "Cruel nature has won again"  
Cruel nature has won again  
Cruel nature has won again  
Cruel nature has won again

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