

Crown of Thorns

Erasure

Fire of the sun, flowers crumble into dust
The seed shall scatter and die
Light in her eyes, pours black in their lives
We gather 'round the funeral pyre And here we stand in Old England's land
Shattered glass on the ground
There are no words to console this earth
Restore Old England's pride Never in a million or so years
Did we suffer so much bloodshed Here comes the man with the warm and gentle hands
Her name burnt into his brow
Scorn in her eyes, her back to the cries
We spit upon the life that never was And here we stand in Old England's land
The rose is choked by its thorn
She will cast salt for your wound
Old England wears no crown Never in a million or so years
Did we suffer so much bloodshed Never in a million or so years
We didn't want to hurt you but it's not over yet
No, never in a million or so years
Did we suffer so much bloodshed

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