Troublesometimes

Skyclad

High above the sleeping city streets where we've all grown
A silent evil Slithers through the dawn.
Blissful in our ignorance God how could we have known
Today would be the day we learn to mourn?The Shades of old dictators rise,
Impassive eyes cold hearted.
Watch their 'wunderkinder' try to finish what they started.The morning sky had barely yielded to the sun's caress,
When from the hills came 'Yellow Wasps' in swarm.
Zvornik wakes discovers what a devil of a mess,
A fragile peace can look when it's been torn.Now we stand like broken statues 'midst the wreckage of our homes,
Try to recognize our children by the ragsupon their bones.
Out of the 'Cold War' into the ceasefire flame![Chorus]
Opened wounds unsettled scores,
An ancient hate new icons.
The front line starts at our back doors
'Cause bygones won't be bygones.
Cleanse the bloodline start the cull,
Nazi roulette six chambers full
Fail to read the warning signs,
Find yourself in TroublesometimesWhile common sense had turned it's back
A shadow crossed our nation,
Can mourning mothers veiled in black sing songs of liberation?
Out of the 'Cold War' into the ceasefire flame![Chorus]

Songwriters
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