

# Crown of Thorns

## Erasure

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

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

Lyrics provided by

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