

# Crows + Locusts

## Brooke Fraser

It was the year  
The crows and the locusts came  
The fields drained dry the rain  
The fields are bleeding "Daddy don't cry, it'll be alright"  
She puts some water on the wound  
And hums a little tune  
While her courage puddles on the ground  
Pooling, pooling See the murder and the swarm descend  
And the night is getting thick  
The moon telling her tricks  
She'd betray her every time It was the year  
The crows and the locusts came  
The fields drained dry the rain  
The fields are bleeding It was the age, the foxes came for the fields  
We were bleeding as we bowed to kneel  
And prayed for mercy, prayed for mercy The rumble is low  
And the heat is high  
Got a feeling that there's rain  
Out in the oil black sky Gonna chase away the devil  
When that sun does rise  
Gonna plead the blood  
Gonna plead the blood It was the year  
The crows and the locusts came  
The fields drained dry the rain  
The fields are bleeding It was the age, the foxes came for the fields  
We were bleeding as we bowed to kneel  
And prayed for mercy, prayed for mercy She limps on up to the top of a mount  
Looks at the faltered harvest  
Feels her sweat in the ground  
And the burn in her nose And the knowing in her guts  
Something's still gonna grow  
She ain't leaving 'til it does What can wash away my sin?  
Nothing but the blood  
What can make me whole again?  
Nothing but the blood What can wash away my sin?  
Nothing but the blood  
What can make me whole again?  
Nothing but the blood

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