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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