

# Raga

## The Bogmen

See the rain dancing on the snow  
It writes the names of all the people going  
To their grave walking one by one  
Into the sun, into the sun Traffic jam in the middle of the day  
Headlights are on, I wonder where they're going  
I stop to ask but no one wants to say  
I want to know, I want to know Nothing is fixed and the wind is sweeping  
Sweeping up the bodies that litter the earth See the rain dancing on the snow  
It writes the names of all the children floating  
From their graves crawling one by one  
Out from the sun, out from the sun

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