Dark Honey

Martin Simpson, Andy Cutting & Nancy Kerr

One summerâ€™s evening
And the kids run free
All the bees were swarming in the cemetery
And they sup that sweetness
Their natures crave
From the flowers that grew on every grave.

And you tell your children
Life finds a way
You can reap dark honey
From the dying day
With a little sweetness
To soothe the stings
And the sight of suffering winter brings

Some other children
Some distant home
They fear the humming of a different drone
Some sugars flowing
From every pore
Some hungers growing in the spoils of war

And you tell your children
Life finds a way
You can reap dark honey
From the dying day
With a little sweetness
To soothe the stings
And the sight of suffering winter brings

On the bank of England
Some city bee
She builds a hive with slavery
And her sweet survival
In the midst of man
Is to make dark honey from a cola can

But you tell your children
Life finds a way
You can reap dark honey

From the dying day
With a little sweetness
To soothe the stings
And the sight of suffering winter brings

When man has driven
The drone of bees
From all the fields and cemeteries
Heâ€™ll miss that richness
His nature craves
But our flowers will grow upon our graves

And you tell your children
Life finds a way
You can reap dark honey
From the dying day
With a little sweetness
To soothe the stings
And the sight of suffering winter brings

Lyrics Submitted by Cet Jarvis

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/