

In the Ground

Trentalange

So in the ground
In frozen wood
The father lies
And all the wrongs
He'd ever tried were put to rest
Bore but two sons to follow him
Both wrestled long, but younger wins

After long winter's gone
Seems that all is well, all is well
And the rose wakens now
In the joyful air, in the sun
There among the ruined ones
Are those who've played
And those who've sung
While the end remains unseen
Let us play, let us sing
Bring the town
From all her cries
From her wounds
From her sighs
And she'll try
Mending all she can

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written by PULIDO, ERIC / ALEXANDER, PAUL / NICHELSON, ERIC / SMITH, TIM / SMITH,
MCKENZIE

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