

Greenlander

Pavement

On an icy island north
In the woods beside the church
We can bury crimson locket filled with dirt
And when the April thaw
Brings us out again
We can bless the arrows
And the sun won't stall
And the land will never fall On virgin fields we'll skate
Stand by children we'll create
Like the arctic wind we spin
A windmill's rose into the threshing soul
You can't thresh the snow
When the snow is sending
There's no divine grove
You can see the blankets go Everything I did was right
Everything I said was wrong
Now I'm waiting for the night
To bring the dawn
Into the only room where the fire's warm
Where we keep our vices warm
And it's all that's left
All that's left is vices torn

Songwriters

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