

Wailin' Jennys, The "Avila"

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Oh sweet peace, never have you fallen
Never have you fallen upon this town
Oh sweet peace, never have you fallen
Never have you fallen upon this town

The black crows are loaded
With the call of things discarded
The ribboned shard of battle
And everything burned
Have they forgotten we live here
Do they think that we gave up
Lay down and grew over
Weeds at every turn

Oh sweet peace, never have you fallen
Never have you fallen upon this town
Oh sweet peace, never have you fallen
Never have you fallen upon this town

I will not rest
Until this place is full of sunlight
Or at least until the darkness
Is quiet for a while
And we will not wait
For that murder to come calling
The night will simply fall
And the morning will rise

Oh sweet peace, never have you fallen
Never have you fallen upon this town
Oh sweet peace, when will you come calling
When will you come calling upon this town

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