

Even Rude

"Petit Monde"

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This is the story of
Two woodmen in a enchanted wood
They cut off a tree and it starts to cry - with me -
Doubting they insist and the tree oh it keeps crying
They get paralyzed then inflict one last blow
Walking around
You can see what I'm talking about
These mountains around keep the secret of magic
The woodmen they don't have
A reason to cut that tree
As it's representing the strongest link of a chain

I feel the pain, their blow
Right on my skin and in my soul

Lord take them back Save me tonight
Give it one more chance to live again
I know you can see They're Killing me
Cutting it down, I can feel their blow.

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