

The Bogmen "Raga"

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See the rain dancing on the snow
It writes the names of all the people going
To their grave walking one by one
Into the sun, into the sun

Traffic jam in the middle of the day
Headlights are on, I wonder where they're going
I stop to ask but no one wants to say
I want to know, I want to know

Nothing is fixed and the wind is sweeping
Sweeping up the bodies that litter the earth

See the rain dancing on the snow
It writes the names of all the children floating
From their graves crawling one by one
Out from the sun, out from the sun

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