

Fish

"Tilted Cross"

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There's a message that's been left in the long grass by
a stranger who's passed this way before,
Planted seed from which we reap a bitter harvest from
his long forgotten war,

I left my love in a grave and I marked it with a cross
that will stand so straight and true,
It's not alone in the shade of the valley, they're what
remains of the ones we once knew,

Walk with me my child but tread softly on this earth,
Keep a close eye where your feet they touch the
ground,
Watch out for the signs and heed what they say,
One false step and all is lost,
In the land of the tilted cross.

They lie beneath the needles of the forest, in the fields
where only shadows dare to play,
Washed down from the slopes of the mountains in the
spring when the snow melts away,

So be sure when you go on your journey, carry sticks,
mark the place where they are found,
Make a cross and be sure that it's tilted so that others
don't step on this ground.

Walk with me my child but tread softly on this earth,
Keep a close eye where your feet they touch the
ground,
Watch out for the signs and heed what they say,
One false step and all is lost,
In the land of the tilted cross.

I left my love in a grave and I marked it with a cross
that stands so straight and true.

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