

Good Religion

"Fertile Fields"

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Sometimes those simple things won't turn the trick no
more
And our self-important dreams they all lie shattered on
the floor
Even the proletariat receives his royalty
And as the battle rages on and on I wish it wasn't me
And it seems so cruel
The last one breaking up
Until the winter finds it's worth
As we glide upon the earth
Now the trees are swept aside by wind and sheets of
rain
And the fertile fields once gilded have now withered
and refrained
She who longs for comfort feels instead a savage
thrust
And the ashen sky grows ever darker as dawn gives
way to dust
As we set our dogs upon the earth
Feast on the dead until no life remains
Forward towards a pointless end we squander never
gain

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