

Capercaillie

"Beautiful Wasteland"

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It rarely makes the news today, the place where I was
born

They called it a wasteland, a wilderness gone wrong
Where the twisted trees have fallen, the branches
stripped and bare

In the silence of the night time, innocence is here.

I embraced my father's warnings, and studied in your
schools

to justify your theories and convoluted rules

Travelled to the corner's, where everybody knows

My country's been wearing, the emperor's clothes

Beautiful Wasteland, is me

Beautiful Wasteland, is me

If only you'll see, you'll believe.

I'll take you there, to the bracken slopes, where the
summer's rolling in.

I'll take you there.

We're lying by the ocean, our western breeze is still

She's the heart of all seasons, a mother to my soul

When the century is over, and the shipping days are
done

Like a child for the first time I will lie here again.

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