

Killing Joke

"The Southern Sky"

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Peace at the break of dawn, mist on the shore,
Time is healing everything, time is standing still,
A voice that is singing in my head,
With the breeze, the waves, the sea,
As we start to move as one.

Down from the hills, into the forest,
Walking on sands, into the water,
I've been dreaming - islands on my mind

Down from the hills, into the forest,
Walking on sands, into the water,
I've been dreaming - under a southern sky

Bright are the scented flowers, many shades of green,

Water from the purest spring - man is finding wealth,
Down by the clearing in glades of fern and palm,
Invocations rising from servants of the Star,
And we walk with the breeze, the waves, the sea,
As we move in unison.

All the seeds blowing further to the south,
Continuity when all's said and done,
All the seeds blowing further to the south,
Continuity when all's said and done.

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