

## Mark King

### "Brothers In Arms"

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These mist covered mountains  
Are a home now for me  
But my home is the lowlands  
And always will be  
Some day you'll return to  
Your valleys and your farms  
And you'll no longer burn  
To be brothers in arms

Through these fields of destruction  
Baptisms of fire  
I've witnessed your suffering  
As the battles raged higher  
And though they did hurt me so bad  
In the fear and alarm  
You did not desert me  
My brothers in arms

There's so many different worlds  
So many different suns  
And we have just one world  
But we live in different ones

Now the sun's gone to hell  
And the moon's riding high  
Let me bid you farewell  
Every man has to die  
But it's written in the starlight  
And every line on your palm  
We're fools to make war  
On our brothers in arms

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