

## Mighty Mighty Bosstones

### "Fields At Sunset"

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I walk down a cemetery  
At the edge of the wind.  
A dusty brown raincoat  
Maybe grey.  
A sanctuary with scraped walls...  
Dried nests forever empty.  
I walk along the place  
Of the inexistent depressing eyes.  
Destroyed domes,  
The carelessness of my house.  
Master of ruins.  
Only of them can I sing the praises  
For the great splendour of death.  
Death's angels...  
Breath of wind.  
Lamb of God.

Springtime sends it's watering sun into these bounded  
Lands,  
From windows nobody is looking through anymore.  
Nobody. No more. Nobody is here any longer  
Gathering left memories,  
Wandering among the sick fields at sunset...

And the last money spent for pictures...  
And crying,  
While the air turns into pink  
And the daisy remains in your hands so small  
Not even beautiful.  
You live far away from human beings  
And from time to time you appear  
Among them.

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