

Mind's Eye

"Graveyard Hands"

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Oh how I long for ancient times
Where a man could take charge
Of his own mind
For in prison they hold
Our brothers in chains
And no lesson is learned
For freedom is frail

Hold your flag high
In proudness
Don't let them take what's yours
I'm here to bring back the balance
Before it's too late for us

Now we stand
In the shadows
Of a land
That you used to own
Use your hands
For all that matters
Your graveyard hands

They have to learn
We are not slaves
Let the ground we adore
Grow without shame
For we sow the first tree
It belong to us
And when you drew first blood
You crossed that line

I say hold your flag high
In proudness
Don't let them take what's yours
I'm here to bring back the balance
Before it's too late for us

Now we stand
In the shadows
Of a land
That you used to own
Use your hands

For all that matters
Your graveyard hands

Carry the crops
Of those who fought side by side with you
Sing the fanfare
So their names won't be lost, no

Now we stand
In the shadows
Of a land
That you used to own
Use your hands
For all that matters
Your graveyard hands

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