

Peter Ostrowski

"Fernand"

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Can it be that Fernand's dead
Is it true Fernand has gone
That I am left behind alone
And that he is alone before me
Maybe he drinks one final beer
While I am lost in this dense fog
While he is taken by that hearse
And I remain in my lifeless desert
A white horse heads the slow cortege
I walk behind them all and weep
And as we pass the river's edge
A cold wind beats down on the flowers
And the wreaths
And if I were almighty God
I believe I would feel shame inside
This rain that falls will never stop
Now Fernand has died

As we cross Paris today
In the early morning light
As I walk the city we once loved
This could as easily be Berlin
Although we're unconscious in sleep
Night hasn't death's finality
To have to leave the world like this
While Paris still sleeps
I wish I'd something I could do
To make these people all awake
And create a family for you
To be at your funeral today
And if I were almighty God
I really believe
I'd not be proud
I know one does
What one can
Yet
Still they lower you
Into this ground

You know
That I will return here
As often as I'm able to

Here in this accursed field
Where you have been laid to rest
In summer I will shade your grave
And bring you orchids and a prayer
Then sit down and in silence stare
And think of the friend
Whom I couldn't save
And it seems
That fools control this world
And soon there'll be another war
Then I'll finally
Be here for evermore
At your side, Fernand
And then our holy, loving God
Will laugh at all humanity
But now I'll cry at Fernand's tomb
My God of stars and all infinity

My God of love and all infinity

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