Death In June "Behind The Rose (Fields Of Rape)"

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In a foreign land In a foreign time Reaping time had come I'm falling back into Fields of rape I'm falling back into Fields of rape We're falling back into Fields of rape, my love And this was the way And those were the horrors As father went reaping I'm falling back into Fields of rape I'm falling back into Fields of rape We're falling back into Fields of rape, my love Crushed, crushed, crushed Mother bleeding Crushed, crushed, crushed We stand grinning

In a foreign land In a foreign time

Reaping time had come

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