

Crupp

"Flowers Of War"

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I watch you dancing in front of the fire
Your hair makes waves on the curtain of night

Your eyes brightly glancing,
You wake my desire
Our bodies like melting steel merge in the flames

I carry you to my tent
Gently lay you on the furs
Your tender body submits as I abuse your soul

You are a soldier's whore
Not even mine to keep
Tomorrow - you'll sleep
In another man's arms

All you are doing this for's some money and a feed
For one night you make us
Forget this hell

I carry you to my tent
Gently lay you on the furs
Your tender body submits as I abuse your soul

Gather around
Flowers of War
Join this pact of dying men
The courage we've found
You magnificent whore
You can heal our pain

I hear you singing like a thousand nightingales
Your voice grows flowers
In the core of my heart

Whisper like summer wind
Tell the sweetest tales
Our lips like dancing eels
Grasp the taste of lust

You are a wench of war

You turn your heart to stone
Tomorrow - you'll sleep
In another man's arms

Once we've returned back home
You will be all alone
For every man
Will haste himself
To the lap of his home

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