

Crupp

"My Mother, My Meadow"

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Through the years, like feuding clans
We often had our wars
Anger and frustration
For one is like the other
Through the tears, like water running
From a broken jar
I always came back home to you

From up high, like falling leaves
We gently swirled down
Tolerance and patience
For one's still like the other
To the sky, like reigning oaks
We grew tall from the ground
For I have come back home to you

Every word in every fight
Caused a world of hurt
All the hurt from all the fights
Is merely one small world

All the grief and pain
Have brought us together
Once we were as one
And back to one we grow
A solid forge like this
Is bound to last forever
In on direction only
Blood will flow

Nowadays, like allied clans
We fight each other's wars
Our ties were never stronger
For one is like the other
I can say that current days
Are the time that we've had
For I still have a home with you

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