

Amandine **"Better Soil"**

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I remember days of fire red
Desire in a stranger's bed
And somewhere there a seed was sown
The comfort that we used to know

So wake up, son
We're moving on
From work and toil
For better soil

I remember days of amber brown
You dancing in your wedding gown
A troubled angel in a dress of white
Flowing in that blinding light

I've figured out what you've been hiding

And I've forgiven you for that
All my blame has been misguided
And all our sorrows buried here

I remember days of black and white
Struggling with all our might
Time can come to be a grain of sand
Waring on the hearts of men

Wake up, son
The time has come
To shake the pain
To flow again

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