

Amandine **"Soldiers Hands"**

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Trouble's brewing in the ranks
With broken men on every flank
All the soldiers hands are red
From all the tears and blood that's she'd

And in the morning when the reveille
Puls us from our sleep
Puts a fracture in the reverie
And kills our quiet dreams
Your widow waits with nervous grace
A solemn look upon her face
Time is lost in love and war
Remember what your waiting for

And in the morning when the enemy
Fire among the men
Sounds like voices in an elegy
For the years we didn't spend

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