

Polly Paulusma

"Godgrudge"

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Lead me out of the mountains across the plain
I can't multiply again, oh, release me
And I will build you two towers with bricks baked in fire
And the Godgrudge they'll inspire, oh, believe me

Tear me to pieces, cut me down
Raze my two towers to the ground
Scatter me north, east, west and south
If my mouth lets out a Godgrudge
If my mouth lets out a Godgrudge

Between the Tigris and Pishon, Euphrates mighty giant
Where the Gihon gurgles quiet, my four streams bleed
for me
My towers glint in the sunlight, they tie me to the plain
I won't lose my way again, oh, believe me

Tear me to pieces, cut me down
Raze my two towers to the ground
Scatter me north, east, west and south
If my mouth lets out a Godgrudge
If my mouth lets out a Godgrudge
If my mouth lets out a Godgrudge

Blood flows out of the mountain and seeps across the
plain
Many people died in vain, oh, believe me
So I will build two more towers like Sundials in the west
I won't let these war dogs rest, oh, believe me

Tear me to pieces, cut me down
Raze my two towers to the ground
Scatter me north, east, west and south
If my mouth lets out a Godgrudge
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