

Melora Creager

"Border Village"

Visit "[Border Village](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

In the alpine villiage of Boyence
Bare-chested and wearing amulets
Three hundred machete-weilding peasants,
The three hundred inhabitants,
Heard the noises made when icebergs crack
It's quite an eerie sound to here the Earth ripping
Apart like dat

In a village close to the border
Demonstrations and rioting can occur with little or no
Warning
Cheering and youthful pilgrams on the streets by the
Millions
And a command from her majesty
To order our national flowers or virgins
To converge at the Luetezieni palace on Sunday
So that they can drop their woolen tassles on Monday

Beyond a backdrop of banditry and armed rivalry
Ingeniously barbaric machete-weilding peasants
Perform victory jigs in idolitry

Three sailors were drowned in lake
When they became entangled in underwater
vegetation
Creating murky plume that stretched for miles
To a make-shift morgue
'Farewell, Cousin, because here we're frozen'
Said Hans Rutie, a successful Swiss corn broker
Ander was swept away by a swollen torrent overnight
He used to dance at the souveinr shop
Between two arrant strips of cloth
Media critic, David Shah, dies alone at 62

Visit [Melora Creager](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.