

Pure Love

"Heavy Kind Of Chain"

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There is a dead black smoke in the heart of the valley
And it burns into your lungs so savagely.
A cloud of blood always raining red.
A single bag to carry all the dead.
We are nothing but a breathing corpse.
A broken body full of useless thoughts.

No one here is scared of us.
We are dirt, we are dust.
We have been crushed.
Empty your soul
They will never know.

I can hear the ghosts of their families,
They are running through the forest setting fire to the
trees.
A heavy kind of chain rules this land
They will send me back to England, just ashes in a can.
There is only death and there is no escape.
And the smoke kills the men that the fire doesn't take.

No one here is scared of us.
We are dirt, we are dust.
We have been crushed.
Empty your soul
They will never know.

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