

Skyclad "Cry Of The Land"

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Vibrant and real I lie
Mantled by the open sky
The wind and waves, my lullaby
I am the land

Why do you view me with
Eyes unable to see?
The beauty in all that is pure
When it's left to live free

So hot, the fires within my breast
Rock and steel can't stand their test
Yet, songbirds in my green beard nest
I am the land

That which is so strong and old
Cannot be bought or sold
Mine is the green and gold
Wealth without end

Ruled by the ebb of my oceans
Slaves to the dusk and the dawn
Your petri dish civilizations
Are buried and born

I watch as you live
With your heads in the sands
Unable to hear the cry of the land

I was, once, a happy hunting ground
Then one day, the eyes of science found
A blue, green planet
Spinning round a shining star

The timeless giver of all life
Offered as a sacrifice
The priceless, finds its price
In the greed of man
In the greed of man

You bury your fears
And your heads in the sands

So you'll never hear the cry of the land

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