

## Two Gallants "Waves Of Grain"

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Pray betray the deceased,  
Such an infamous freedom, such a militant peace.  
How dare they distrust, do they know who we are?  
And Your progeny's brave,  
Their tract houses waiting, pre-plucked and pre-paved:  
To the ends of the Earth, wife, kids and a car.

But oh no, no, I see them falling.  
Let's all pray for rain, Let's all pray for rain.  
And all your children are reared by panic and fear.  
But what when all your fields are rotten,  
Your waves of grain, amber waves of grain?  
And your word is yet done: Inbreed us 'till we're all the  
same.

And Your collection of tongues,  
You keep framed in your parlour, with your bibles and  
guns,  
The fetus of Christ with a fistful of scars.  
And your vision is clear,  
While you blind your own kind in a curtain of fear,  
Your words twisted skywards distracted by stars.

But oh, no, no, the sky is falling.  
Let's all pray for rain, Let's all pray for rain.  
And you pour out your prayers and weep 'cuase you  
care.  
But what when all your fields are rotten,  
Your waves of grain, amber waves of grain?  
And you hide the dead while my friends head to die in  
your name.

And This playground is yours  
Spoke God when you met, behind closed doors.  
Gesture your hand and the pawns shall subside  
And though you play alone,  
You never get lonely, you never get bored.  
Who needs a friend when God's on your side?

But oh, no, no, I see them falling.  
Let's all pray for rain, Let's all pray for rain.  
And even I can't pretend we're not near the end.

But what when all your fields are rotten,  
Your waves of grain, amber waves of grain?  
When your days are done, I hope you've had fun with  
your game.

And you accepted as fact:  
Behold a white horse, with you on it's back,  
A bow in your hand, a crown through your hair.  
And the oceans shall rise  
And slap on the shores of mountainsides.  
Great waves of progress shall wet the air.

But oh, no, no, the sky is falling.  
Let's all pray for rain, Let's all pray for rain.  
And you fools in the back with your heads in your hats,  
What when all your fields are rotten,  
Your waves of grain, amber waves of grain?  
And my words won't be done, they'll never be done 'till  
the end.

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