

Hearts and Minds

Rise up from the sinking land
Feel the weight of the government's hand
Rotas, quotas, laws and rules
Suited men from the public schools
Shout at us to down our tools
But dont give a damn about washed up fools

Hold your heads up to the sky
Stand together to survive
With strong hearts and minds

Rich sprees are at and end
The time has come to make and mend
Invest in people carry that friend
Money don't count with a ballpoint pen
Throw behind you rampant greed
And remember those people in constant need

Chr.

Bankers, Balifs dash for cash
The lawyers to have burned and crashed
See the jaded farmer with the wasteland corn
See the hammer knocking down his door
Rich sprees are at and end
The time has come to make and mend
Throw behind you rampant greed
And remember those people in constant need

The Watchman

Your time is out and watching
Be careful what you do.
A race against true vanity
The face of endless youth

2 good souls are courting
Scars of passing years
Showers fall and hear you call
The pain of aging tears

Oh the Watchman comes
Hear him bang upon his drums
123, count with me let's run

The morning spies the mirror
Take changes every day
Love yourself for who you are
A safe journey on your way
It's rolling raging battle
Through the fog of day and night
Will send you places no-one knows
In the bubble of a broken life

Chr.

Now if ever they are asking
We'll tell them one more lie
Hand in hand we'll lead them on
Through the black holes in the sky

Tiny World

Out beyond the trees,
A full heart in a heavy breeze
For 7 long years I left you here
Haunted by the past
The cold morning air
Wide eyes and a blazing stare
With a steady gaze I watched you chase
A feather in the wind

All the lights were shining on
To the people dancing all night long
Banners flying in the air
A tiny world with out a care

I took you hand
Led you back to the promised land
Up on high you and I we wandered arm in arm
As the clouds the broke
The moon shone and made me choke
This yellow star from a love afar
Well it sparkled in your eyes

I'll stay with you
His last words in the morning dew
Go to sleep and time will keep
The closest eye on you

Spinning Days

Wrapped in fiction, soaked in sin,
A broken heart he let them in.
A childhood chapel all filled with rage
Twisted faces in a crooked cage,

The long goodbye, condemned inside,
With a chequered past of tricks and lies,
The painfull price, the dark devils dice,
He threw his chances and held on tight

Spinning days go by,

For faith and fate the boatman waits,
This river racing the midnight chase
Those silver flashes, pierce her soul,
She's a lonely witness to the truth untold.

Spinning days go by
Spinning tears in his eyes
Spinning tears run dry

One more stain, a death in vein
A young man lost, now nothing gained
So many more, have passed this way
Will never grace, the cold light of day

Stepping Over You

Learn a lesson if you can
A great belief is in the heart of every man
Count your chances one by one
Choices run away then leave you rolling along

True colors fly
When others run and hide
Footprints from this road
Lead back to your old home
To the face of someone new
Stepping over you

No your limits and your ends
If you're slipping over watch those enemies and friends
Here the borders fall and rise
A distant bell rings out the hope you left behind

The secret scars that we all bare
As saints or sinners rising up from the earth into the air
When all those colors melt and run
A final figure floating face down from the setting sun

Changes

The fall of summer
A hint of Snow
A love remembered
As the cold wind blows

It's just the changes they keep me holding on
Constant changes
They keep me holding on to you

A spider webs up
A sparkle dew
For tears we spent together
All Autumn Through

Chr.

Winter nightfall
At the waters edge
A still reflection
Of the day you left me

Tender Traveller

A lonely journey I must face
The Ancient prophets they hunt and chase
At the broken cross roads of sense and will
I take the high road to the hills
Drawing closer the tables turn
My will defied and I'm left to learn
Tears on pale cheeks fall like rain
I try my best to ease the pain

I'm running on,
I'm choking
I'm hoping that i'll break free
Their closing in
I see them
I hear them all over me

I'm running all night
I'm running all day
I'm running my life

Those turning tunnels full of looks
Creeping shadows of barbs and hooks
Hide and seek through the valleys deep
They pass above me as daylight sleeps
This burning fire that I behold
With the glowing embers of my soul
Passing pictures of what should be
I leave behind my misery

Chr.

With waking eyes the day unfolds
Smoke and ashes a biting cold
A new ambition of chosen youth
I head back home to tell the truth
Those words of wisdom the wrong and right
I'm a tender traveller all through my life
A winding pathway of twists and turns
This race of danger my body burns

Hard Working Man

Come on make a stand
Cut back shares for the common man,
The old and stinking rich
Let them fall off their perch to the dug out ditch
Down down they fall,
I couldnt care less if i heard them call,
I'm a hard working man

Chr.

A months pay, only lasts a day
And theres no shame to live in that way,
So dont hide away all the money that you make,
There no shame to live in that way
If you a hard working man x2

Come on lend a hand,
Together we'll build, plot and plan
Burning in the heat

Through crippling hours and the second hand thief

Come on break the rules,
Stop right now down those tools
Throw yourselves about
Stand on that chair scream and shout

Preacher's Ghost

Working man with a candle burning through the dust and steam,
He lived his life in the earths own gutter with a broken dream

The kings own son,
He wont sleep until his work is done
From the ash and smoke
That preacher woke

Stained glass scars of a distant memory on a graveyard shift,
Wrapped old bones and a coal face covered with a clenched out fist

The kings own son,
He wont stop until his work is done
From the ash and smoke
That preacher woke

Hear him hammer home..

All dressed up in robes almighty with a rose and crown
On a stormy night you can hear him shouting from the underground

The Circle Grows

Father and Son,
Like a bullet to a gun
Born to blood,
In the scars of love
Cheating the cold grave with power and rage

Caught in a shadow of the crows
Those black dressed figures in a row
One mans pain
Anothers gain
The circle grows

Secrets and lies,
The sharks in crime,
Brought to the edge
But always crossing the line
Faces in doorways
Beckon you in

One way in ,
No way out
Closer to danger
Away from the crowds
So silent and still
He goes for the kill