

"Deep"

I bought ten ragged acres and a fresh start
With what little luck left over I had left to spend.

With low hopes and aspirations, Took to clearin' out the rocky land
With nothin' but my sorrows and these blistered hands.

While an angry sun burns a hole in the sky,
The clouds above have cried themselves away,
Cried themselves away.

And the green of a desperate vine creep upon the barbs
Of a broken fence line in a slow, but vain, escape.

And deep, from its sleep, the Fire, it awakes...

oooh.... oooh.... oooh....

Done forgotten how long I been reapin' barren rock and soiled bone,
buried in that wretched ground.

And I tucked away cold seeds of stone in dusty rows,
Crooked as the stingin' sweat,
Wanderin' off my furrowed brow.

While an angry sun burns a hole in the sky,
The clouds above have cried themselves away,
Cried themselves away.

And the leaves of the fleshy vine caress the barbs
Of the broken fence line in a slow and vain embrace,
A slow and vain embrace...

And deep, from its sleep, that Fire, it awakes...

Moss-covered stone rollin' on my waves of clover,
Take me back to better years flown past.

Then I'm shadowed by the murder,
A harvesting by ravished crows
Of my field of precious emerald green
That fades to black.

While an angry sun burns a hole in the sky,
The clouds above have cried themselves away,
Cried themselves away....

And the fruit of the bony vine bleed upon the barbs
Of the broken fence line in a slow, but vain, escape...

And deep, from its sleep, my Fire it awakes...
And deep, from its sleep, my Fire it awakes...
My Fire it awakes...
My Fire it awakes...