

Crown of thorns - 1/1

Interprété par Erasure.

Fire of the sun flowers crumble into dust
The seed shall scatter and die
Light in her eyes pours black on their lives
We gather round a funeral pyre

And here we stand
In old England's land
Shattered glass on the ground
There are no words
To console this earth
To restore old England's pride

Never in a million or so years
Did we suffer so much bloodshed

Here comes the man with the warm and gentle hands
Her name burned into his brow
Scorn in her eyes her back to the cries
We spit upon the life that never was

And here we stand
In old England's land
The rose is choked by it's thorn
She will cast salt
For your wound
Old England wears no crown

Never in a million or so years
Did we suffer so much bloodshed

Never in a million or so years
We didn't want to hurt you
But it's not over yet

No never in a million or so years
Did we suffer so much bloodshed

1989 - ERASURE (Vince Clarke / Andy Bell)