

Stabat Mater

Woodkid

In the glorious days, till we lost our ways,
Hey, do you recall when the war was just a game?
Now the wind ventures to other plains,
Hey, when will I see you again if I go?
This train whistles and blows all sounds away,
Hey, how could we be close again?
Now the night is bathing in disgrace,
Hey, do you still braid some flowers in your hair,
Come the sound of boots and metal chains,
Hey, will the perfume of the daisies remain?
A circus of horses is dancing in the bay,
Hey, now the fire's in the way
The past is sucked by quicksands I'm afraid,
Hey, do you recall when the war was just a game?

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>