

# Abney Park, Thornes & Brambles

Black rivers hard as stone, lined with corpses of our own  
Through the bloodied trees, carving through our canopies

Through the forest, cutting through the forest floor  
Scars of man, furrows through our lands

All the cities toils, defeats our forest lore  
Broken nails, filthy, filthy hands

Spiderwebs of steel and stone  
Subdivide our given home  
Rememberance of ancestral sage  
Thorns and brambles of a different age

We will not be thrown away  
We will not be torn  
We will never fall astray  
We've seen your kine before

Black rivers hard as stone, with corpses of our own  
Through the bloodied trees, carving through our canopies

Through the quiet, cutting through the forest floor  
Scars of man, furrows through our lands

Ghostly silent, all the trees are long since gone  
Broken nails, filthy, filthy hands

Spiderwebs of steel and stone  
Subdivide our given home  
Rememberance of ancestral sage  
Thorns and brambles of a different age

We will not be thrown away  
We will not be torn  
We will never fall astray  
We've seen your kind before