

# Orden Ogan, Fields Of Sorrow

Grains of sand  
Weak and bloods stained  
We are  
We are  
Trying to find our way down through the bottomless hourglass  
The board is down, pieces set  
We are  
We are  
Pawns trying to reach the eighth rank  
Sacrificed for the Kings and Queens

On Fields of Sorrow  
I lost the love of my life  
I'm standing right here where she left

On Fields of Sorrow  
I dug a grave for my wife  
I'm standing right here where  
I put her down to rest

We are  
We are  
Wild roses in the wasteland  
We are  
We are  
Defying the desert sun yet thrown into the grave at last  
Memories from another era is what we'll be  
Your Grace and gentle nature  
Long forgotten in the end

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On Fields of Sorrow  
The soil wants blood and tears  
On Fields of Sorrow  
These minutes feel like years  
Will you remember What little time we had  
Will you still love me in the kingdom of the dead

[Solos time]

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Will you remember what little time we had  
Will you still love me in the kingdom of the dead

Will you remember what little time we had  
Will you still love me when I'm dead