

Avila

Oh sweet peace, never have you fallen
Never have you fallen upon this town
Oh sweet peace, never have you fallen
Never have you fallen upon this town

[The] black crows are loaded, with the call of things discarded
[The] ribboned shard of battle, and everything burned
[Have] they forgotten we live here, do they think that we gave up
Lay down and grew over, weeds at every turn

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I will not rest [un]til this place is full of sunlight
[Or at] least until the darkness is quiet for a while
[And] we will not wait for that murder to come calling
[The] night will simply fall and, the morning will rise

Oh sweet peace, never have you fallen
Never have you fallen upon this town
Oh sweet peace, when will you come calling
When will you come calling upon this town

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Never have you fallen upon this town
Oh sweet peace, when will you come calling
When will you come calling upon this town

Nicky Mehta