

These mist covered mountains

Fill in the gaps

Are a home now for me
But my (1) is the lowlands
And always will be
Some day you'll return to
Your valleys and your farms
And you'll no longer burn
To be brothers in arms
Through these fields of destruction
Baptism of fire
I've (2) your suffering
As the battles raged higher
And though they did hurt me so bad
In the (3) and alarm
You did not (4) me
My (5) in arms
There's so many different worlds
So many different suns
And we have just one world
But we live in different ones
Now the sun's (6) to (7) and
The moon's (8) high
Let me bid you farewell
Every man has to die
But it's written in the starlight
And every line on your palm
We're fools to make war
On our brothers in arms



- 1. home
- 2. witnessed
- 3. fear
- 4. desert
- 5. brothers
- 6. gone
- 7. hell
- 8. riding

Fill in the gaps