

it's been a hard road, and there's no turning back.
and there's no end in sight to this darkening night,
and that's a sad fact.
but i hear you come down to the graves at inchigeela,
for to walk through the stones of the names we have known,
and there i'll meet ye.
i'm laying out the table for to welcome you back home.
i'm calling on the angels for to lighten up your load.
i'm calling on the majors to end this general despair.
in the graveyard at inchigeela, in black clothing i'll be there.
my love wears black clothes and red flowers in her hair.
and we walk, we dont run,
toward the day when it's won, and ya mo' be there.
but we're patient for now, and we're patient for tomorrow.
when the past will redeem all the toil extreme and all the sorrow.
i'm laying out the table for to welcome you back home.
i'm calling on the angels for to lighten up your load.
i'm calling on the majors to end this general despair.
in the graveyard at inchigeela, in black clothing, i'll be there.
look up from the street, look - open your eyes.
wake up to your future under a bright night sky.
i'm laying out the table for to welcome you back home.
i'm calling on the angels for to lighten up your load.
i'm calling on the majors to end this general despair.
in the graveyard at inchigeela, in black clothing, i'll be there.
i'm calling on a stranger when i've got not back up plan.
i'm disregarding danger when i'm in your foreign land.
and if you want to meet me, wear a red flower in your hair.
in the graveyard at inchigeela, in black clothing, i'll be there.