

# Each Small Candle

**Roger Waters**

Not the torturer will scare me  
Nor the body's final fall  
Nor the barrels of death's rifles  
Nor the shadows on the wall  
Nor the night when to the ground  
The last dim star of pain, is held  
But the blind indifference  
Of a merciless unfeeling worldLying in the burnt out shell  
Of some Albanian farm  
An old Babushka  
Holds a crying baby in her arms  
A soldier from the other side  
A man of heart and pride  
Breaks ranks, lays down his rifle  
And kneels by her sideHe binds her wounds  
He gives her food  
And calms the crying child  
She gives him absolution then  
Across the great divide  
He picks his way back through the broken  
China of her life  
And there at the kerb  
The samaritan Serb turns..  
Turns and waves.. goodbyeAnd each small candle  
Lights a corner of the dark...

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