on the border

Shadowclast

The fishing boats go out across the evening water
Smuggling guns and arms across the Spanish border
The wind whips up the waves so loud
The ghost moon sails among the clouds
And turns the rifles into silver, on the border
On my wall, the colors of the maps are running
From Africa, the winds, they talk of changes coming
The torches flare up in the night
The hand that sets the farms alight
Has spread the word to those who're waiting on the border
In the village where I grew up
Nothing seems the same
Still you never see the change from day to day
No one notices the customs slip away
Late last night the rain was knocking on my window

I moved across the darkened room and in the lamp-glow
I thought I saw down in the street
The spirit of the century
Telling us that we're all standing on the border
In the islands where I grew up
Nothing seems the same
It's just the patterns that remain, an empty shell
But there's a strangeness in the air you feel too well
The fishing boats go out across the evening water
Smuggling guns and arms across the Spanish border
The wind whips up the waves so loud
The ghost moon sails among the clouds
And turns the rifles into silver, on the border
On the border, on the border, on the border

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