Shiloh

David Berkeley

A mist halos the meadow
And a soft wind breathes a whisper through the trees
As I lean against a hickory
I close my eyes and I can almost see
The ghostly forms of blue and gray
And I can almost hear the cannons blast
Standin' in the presence of the past
The first few waves came cheerin'
Fear and hatred runnin' through their blood
When the day was finally over
Those left were wadin' through a crimson flood
To think I could be right here
In the spot where some young soldier breathed his last
Standin' in the presence of the past
Brother fightin' brother
Father fightin' son
By the time the sun was settin'
Looked like the south had won
Now my mouth's as dry as cotton
And my heart is beatin' fast
Standin' in the presence of the past
Sunrise caught the rebels sleepin'
And they woke to hear a Yankee bugle blow

Bullets flew like angry hornets
Till the peach tree blossoms drifted down like snow
It must've been like Hell on earth
What happened here is more than we can grasp
Standin' in the presence of the past
Brother fightin' brother
Father fightin' son
By the time the smoke had lifted
They knew the north had won
Lord my soul feels empty
As my tears fall on this grass
Standin' in the presence of the past
Brother killin' brother
Father slayin' son
From the looks of this old graveyard

Hell nobody really won
Somethin's changed inside me
It sure can happen fast
Standin' in the presence of the past
A mist halos the meadow
And a soft wind breathes a whisper through the trees

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