

Arrow

Van der Graaf Generator

Stub towers in the distance, riders the blasted moor
 Against the horizon
Fickle promises of treaty, fatal harbingers of war,
 Futile horizons
Swirl as one in this flight, this mad chase,
This surge across the marshy mud landscape
 Until the meaning is forgotten.
Hood masks the eager face, skin stretched
 And sallow,
Headlong into the chilling night, as swift
As any arrow. Feet against the flagstones, fingers scrabbling
 At the lock,
 Craving protection.
 'Sanctuary!' croaks a voice,
 Half-strangled by the shock
 Of its rejection.
Shot the bolt in the wall, rusted the key;
Now the echoes of all frightful memory
 Intrude in the silence.
What a crawl against the slope
 Dark loom the gallows
 One touch to the chapel door,
How swiftly comes the arrow. "Compassion" you plead, as though
 They kept it in a box
 That's long since been empty.
I'd like to help you somehow,
But I'm in the self-same spot:
 My condition exempts me.
We are all on the run on our knees;
The sundial draws a line upon eternity
 Across every number.
How long the time seems, how dark the shadow,
 How straight the eagle flies,
How straight towards his arrow.
 How long the night is
Why is this passage so narrow?
 How strange my body feels,
 Impaled upon the arrow.

Songwriters

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