

Battle Hymns

The Nightwatchman

Battle hymns for the broken, battle hymns for the misled
Battle hymns for the wretched, the forgotten and the dead
Battle hymns of redemption of solidarity and pride
Battle hymns we will be singing at the turning of the tide
Can you explain to the mothers and the fathers of those
Who come riding home in coffins in their military clothes?
Shiny medals pinned to their dead teenage chests
While the trumpets blare and you lie your best
So ask all you want from the dusk till the dawn
The answer's still, no, 'cause, brother, I'm gone
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Can you explain away the sleight of hand and the
criminality
Of spending souls for oil? Well, in the mirror I can see
I am the path that leads down, I am the dark and bloody hall
I'm the reaper, executioner, hangman, judge and the law
So tie a yellow ribbon 'round the oak tree on the lawn
But the cavalry's not comin' 'cause, brother, they're gone
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So I'm sharpening my shovel, I'm firing the kiln
I'm blind and I am purposeful, a martyr on the hill
The dream you might be dreaming might be someone else's dream tonight
I'm the whisperer of misgivings, I'm the fading tail light
I'm the call for retribution from the back of the smoke filled hall
I'm the vow of bitterness, I'm the poison in the well
I've a photographic memory of the deeds I will avenge
I'm the cold in the river hollow, I've a hat-pin, I've a plan
I don't care of cause or consequence, head shaved and body lean
I'm the go-getter, the score settler, I'm the shadow on the green
And there's a flock of blackbirds flying, nearly ten thousand strong
Who set off this morning and, brother, they're gone
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