

# Murder

David Gilmour

Some of them standing, some are waiting in line  
As if there was something that they thought they might find  
Taking some strength from the feelings that always were shared  
And in the background, the eyes that just stare  
What was it brought you out here in the dark?  
Was it your only way of "making your mark"?  
Did you get rid of all the voices in your head?  
Do you now miss them and the things that they said?  
On your own admission, you raised up the knife  
And you brought it down, ending another mans life  
When it was done, you just threw down the blade  
While the red blood spread wider, like the anger you made  
I don't want this anger, burning in me  
It's something from which it's so hard to be free  
And none of the tears we cry in sorrow or rage  
Can make any difference, or turn back the page

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