

Is It Cold Beneath the Hill?

Deacon Blue

Is it cold beneath the hill?
Rest easy
You're counted

Do your empty eyes
Do they still fill
With the old griefs?
With your anger and your pain?
For so long
We've been haunted

The time is now
And not again
To prove to you
You're counted

Was it cold in those small rooms
Where your deaths were invented?
Every whisper, every scream
Etched the air

Now the doors are opening
And the sunlight it is daunting

Cause the time is now
And not again
To prove to you
You're counted

Oh, was it cold in sun and rain?
When your lives fell uncounted
Did it seem we never would, never would, never would
Reap the debt we had planted?

Now the time has come at last
That your dead ones have granted

Ah, the time is now
And not again
To prove to you
That you're counted