

The Shadow

Mary Black

And it's over now
The guns have flowed
The nightmare flashed
On a cradle road
As the guilty rain came down
No child to hold
Through anxious fears
No gentle hand
To catch the tears
That soak this ancient ground

The smile that breaks so gently
Belies a troubled head
Like a voice that holds the secrets
Of the life you might have led
Eyes with pale indifference
In danger and in grace
But the glance that knows the death-knell
Left it's shadow on your face
In the deep enduring darkness
As your loyal friends go down
Touched by the violent crown
'til their hunter's hunted down

The web is slowly woven
The endless dreamers shed,
In the dawn the curfew is broken
On the sunday morning's dead.
Centuries of thunder
Take the castle in the flood
To the cold night air of london
Where you hands are bound in blood.
Mid winter deepened
As the parting turned inside
A thousand times you cried
But the shadow never died.

And it's over now
The guns have flowed
The night mare flashed
On a cradle road.
As the guilty rain came down.
No child to hold
Through anxious fears
No gentle hand
No graceful years
Just bitter ancient ground.

But it's over now