

Bravest Face

Peter Hammill

Here's the edge,
This is the moment
When all the fear floods in apace.
Time to clear my head,
My demeanour emboldened,
Of trepidation betray no trace.
Time to put on my bravest face.

Quite the nine-stone weakling,
Who am I trying to kid
That I can carry all before me
As my heroes did?

Unafraid, oh what I'd give
To walk the walk with my head held high,
To stare down my demons.
But sadly I'm not remotely like
That kind of guy.

Bluster and bravado, every human power,
I summon up what strength I have
To face what cows me down.

Now's the hour.

Frozen in the spotlight,
Frightfully exposed
In my sad efforts to sustain
A heroic pose.

Though I'm scared as hell
Still I know it's only natural
To feel so vulnerable and alone:
In extremis we're on our own.
It's time to take my place
And hold my head up,
Time to wear with grace
My bravest face.