

From the Safe House

Peter Hammill

This is not the final call,
And this is not a ghostly guide
And these are not the words for which we've waited;
Still we're glued to the headsets
While the world's collapsed outside...
Is it all really over now?
It doesn't matter if no-one else will hear.
Now you can say what you want, all outspoken.
Oh no, it doesn't matter, no-one can get near us now...
So we can send in clear.

The storm cloud's broken and the old rule's fallen down;
The winds of history whip us naked.
Nothing's familiar on the streets of the old town
And chaos is the currency.
It doesn't matter if no-one else can hear us now...
It's time to send in clear,
Send in clear.
(Here in the Safe House,
Fear in the Safe House.)

No messages for coding, no sense in subterfuge...
All hope's in flight, but here we are and here it's ending.
Last secrets to be whispered and the dying of the light
Are all that we have left now.
It doesn't matter if no-one else can hear,
Now we can say what we want, all is open.
At last it doesn't matter, no-one can get near us now...
It's time to send in clear.
(Here in the Safe House...
All clear.)

And they're coming for you now, if you're ready or you're not
And they're coming for you now - are you ready?
No, you're not and they're here.