

Nightwatchman, The "Battle Hymns"

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Battle hymns for the broken
Battle hymns for the misled
Battle hymns for the wretched
The forgotten and the dead
Battle hymns of redemption
Of solidarity and pride
Battle hymns we will be singing
At the turning of the tide

Can you explain to the mothers
And the fathers of those
Who come riding home in coffins
In their military clothes
Shiny medals pinned
To their dead teenage chests
While the trumpets blare
And you lie your best
So ask all you want
From the dusk til the dawn
The answer's still no
Cause brother I'm gone

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Can you explain away the sleight of hand
And the criminality
Of spending souls for oil
Well in the mirror I can see
I am the path that leads down
I am a dark and bloody hall
I'm the reaper, executioner
Hangman, judge, and the law
So tie a yellow ribbon
Round the oak tree on the lawn

But the cavalry's not comin'
Cause brother they're gone

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So I'm sharpening my shovel
I'm firing the kiln
I'm blind and I am purposeful
A martyr on the hill
The dream you might be dreaming
Might be someone else's dream tonight
I'm the whisperer of misgivings
I'm the fading tail light
I'm the call for retribution
From the back of the smoke filled hall
I'm the vow of bitterness
I'm the poison in the well
I've a photographic memory
Of the deeds I will avenge
I'm the cold in the river hollow
I've a hatpin, I've a plan
I don't care of cause or consequence
Head shaved and body lean
I'm the go-getter, the score settler
I'm the shadow on the green
There's a flock of blackbirds flying
Nearly ten thousand strong
Who set off this morning
And brother they're gone

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