

## **Bolshoi "Barrowlands"**

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Walking through the Barrowlands  
I heard and felt the wind  
Was it the cold breath of history  
The soldier's last gasp, his last sin

Walking through the Barrowlands  
A field of crows took flight  
Or were they dark familiars  
Ministers of night

When it gets dark  
When it gets cold  
When the mist comes on down  
When you feel old  
When there's no more talk  
You will believe bones can walk

Walking through the Barrowlands  
I heard the distant guns

Or was it the dreadful Barrowbrook  
About his dismal fun

Walking through the Barrowlands  
I turned towards the spire  
Or was it once the highest height  
To which all men could aspire... Yes

When it gets dark  
When it gets cold  
When the mist comes on down  
When you feel old  
When there's no more talk  
You will believe bones can walk

When there's no more talk  
You will believe bones can walk

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