

Hine Rupert

"Anvils In Five"

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A space between three transverse lines

That move toward a point sublime

Each in its turn each turn in time

First one before then one behind

We lift the bell across the chime

The watcher sees with watchman eyes

Each in its turn each turn in time

First one before then one behind

We shield the soul with faces cold

To feed the young we eat the old

Each in its turn each turn in time

First one before then one behind

The grave is waste hear people cry

As peeling lips they wait to die

Each in its turn each turn in time

First one before then one behind

The point is named

where hands combine

eternally

doubtfully

zero

linger on

longer than known

What Pagan Jester planned our lives

And laid our heads on anvils five

Who civilised the fateful line

Between the point where hands combine

You've reached your turn

You're next in line

Step up my friend

I am behind...

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Lyric: David MacIver

Music: Rupert Hine & Simon Jeffes

Orchestra: The Martyn Ford Anvil Orchestra & Quartet

Linger on: The Anvil Chorus

Church Organ: Rupert Hine

Conductor: Gilbert Biberian

Orchestration: Simon Jeffes

There is an anvil for each sense

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