

Roger Waters "Each Small Candle"

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Not the torturer will scare me
Nor the body's final fall
Nor the barrels of death's rifles
Nor the shadows on the wall
Nor the night when to the ground
The last dim star of pain, is hurled
But the blind indifference
Of a merciless, unfeeling world

Lying in the burnt out shell
Of some Albanian farm
An old Babushka
Holds a crying baby in her arms
A soldier from the other side
A man of heart and pride
Breaks ranks, lays down his rifle
To kneel by her side

He gives her water
Binds her wounds
And calms the crying child
A touch gives absolution then
Across the great divide
He picks his way back through the broken
China of her life
And there at the curb
The samaritan Serb turns and waves ... goodbye

And each small candle
Lights a corner of the dark
Each small candle
Lights a corner of the dark
Each small candle lights a corner of the dark
When the wheel of pain stops turning
And the branding iron stops burning
When the children can be children
When the desperados weaken
When the tide rolls into greet them
And the natural law of science
Greets the humble and the mighty
And the billion candles burning
Lights the dark side of every human mind

Each small candle
Each small candle (repeated)
Each small candles lights the dark side of every human
mind

And each small candle
Lights a corner of the dark

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