

My Land's Shore

"Air For A Wise Celtic Fool"

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A butterfly with broken wings,
Songbird that will never sing.
Cruel nature gives birth to many things,
That I will never understand.
The sky is red, the valley bleeds,
From screams of death injustice breeds,
Master's ears will hear, but never heed,
They will never understand.
Men who'll die to feed their hunger
Men whose greed scoffs at pauper's anger
They do not share an equal blame,
But they'll meet their maker all the same.
Call your puddler, blacksmith, laster;
Magistrate or Iron master.
Saints and heroes, fools and knaves,
All make their journey to a lonely grave.
I sense the end is almost here,
Our hatred stronger than our fear.
Men will soon shed blood, while women shed their
tears;
Still they'll never understand.
I'll stand and fight; I will not run,
But when this bloodstained day is done-
I am not sure that anyone,
Will ever, ever understand.
Will you ever understand?

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