

# Someone's Calling

Modern English

Turning 'round as if in flight  
I sense your breath cut like a knife  
A thousand shadows all in pain  
What they fear must be the same

The tension is mounted with the tide  
I see the heat rise to the sky  
I search the faces for a clue  
A thousand hates, some laughter too

I start to think, I start to cry  
The choice is always mine

But I'm too scared to judge  
But I'm too scared to judge

Someone's calling in the nights  
Someone's calling in the nights  
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The flames were dancing as the people shouted  
The streets, they were alive as the stage was mounted  
A thousand cries of jubilation  
From the throes of this great people's nation

And as our bridges burned to dust  
A useless theme was quite enough  
I felt as you one with the nights  
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