

The Longest Night

Asia

"What passing-bells for these who die as cattle?
- Only the monstrous anger of the guns.
Only the stuttering rifles' rapid rattle
Can patter out their hasty orisons.
No mockeries now for them; no prayers nor bells;
Nor any voice of mourning save the choirs, -
The shrill, demented choirs of wailing shells;
And bugles calling for them from sad shires."

[Wilfred Owen, 1918]

Now the day has run
When the cover comes
But any fool can see
Ahead

Silence is my friend
But it has to end
Any fool can see
Ahead

It's the longest night
It's the longest night
Cold winds may blow
On the longest night

So we write our letters
To those far away
Any fool can see
Ahead

The distant sound of thunder
A choir of wailing shells
Any fool can see
Ahead

It's the longest night
It's the longest night
Cold winds may blow
On the longest night
I don't want to fight
I don't know who's right
Cold winds they blow
On this longest night

It's the longest night
It's the longest night
Cold winds may blow
On this longest night