

1950

Attack In Black

Cold, cold 1950  
a year from now I'll be away  
a year from now you'll hear from me  
my chin on the water in the darkest time  
I'll cut through country, country bound  
with foot in mouth before the town  
that looks of shadow and of cloud  
and looking back be damned  
just underneath the line of visible (and well)  
before I'm found and cast to hell  
when minutes turn to months and kill  
my hopes of coming home  
I'll have a life somewhere, I know  
I'll have a life somewhere, I know