

# The Shadow

Mary Black

And it's over now  
The guns have flowed  
The nightmare flashed  
On a cradle road  
As the guilty rain came down  
No child to hold  
Through anxious fears  
No gentle hand  
To catch the tears  
That soak this ancient ground

The smile that breaks so gently  
Belies a troubled head  
Like a voice that holds the secrets  
Of the life you might have led  
Eyes with pale indifference  
In danger and in grace  
But the glance that knows the death-knell  
Left it's shadow on your face  
In the deep enduring darkness  
As your loyal friends go down  
Touched by the violent crown  
'til their hunter's hunted down

The web is slowly woven  
The endless dreamers shed,  
In the dawn the curfew is broken  
On the sunday morning's dead.  
Centuries of thunder  
Take the castle in the flood  
To the cold night air of london  
Where you hands are bound in blood.  
Mid winter deepened  
As the parting turned inside  
A thousand times you cried  
But the shadow never died.

And it's over now  
The guns have flowed  
The night mare flashed  
On a cradle road.  
As the guilty rain came down.  
No child to hold  
Through anxious fears  
No gentle hand  
No graceful years  
Just bitter ancient ground.

But it's over now