

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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