

## Each Small Candle

Roger Waters

Not the torturer will scare me  
Nor the body's final fall  
Nor the barrels of death's rifles  
Nor the shadows on the wall  
Nor the night when to the ground  
The last dim star of pain, is held  
But the blind indifference  
Of a merciless unfeeling world

Lying in the burnt out shell  
Of some Albanian farm  
An old Babushka  
Holds a crying baby in her arms  
A soldier from the other side  
A man of heart and pride  
Breaks ranks, lays down his rifle  
And kneels by her side

He gives her food  
And binds her wounds  
And calms the crying child  
She gives him absolution then  
Across the great divide  
He picks his way back through the broken  
China of her life  
And there at the kerb  
The samaritan Serb  
Turns and waves.. goodbye

And each small candle  
Each small candle  
Lights a corner of the dark...  
Lights a corner of the dark  
Each small candle  
Each small candle  
Lights a corner of the dark  
Lights a corner of the dark

Each small candle lights a corner of the dark  
When the wheel of pain stops turning  
And the branding iron stops burning  
When the children can be children  
When the desperados weaken  
When the sea rolls into greet them  
When the natural law of science  
Greets the humble and the mighty  
And the billion candles burning  
Lights the dark side of every human mind

And each small candle  
Lights a corner of the dark...