

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...