

Higher Walls

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On beaten grass of frosty grey
A chill wind blows on a silent day
Beyond the road these yawning gates
Screeching wheels and a burning fate

Machines are fed with stench and smoke
Tarnished tools and shackled hopes
Sunken eyes turn grey and red
From dust and fumes and the years of dread

Higher walls are running us all
You can walk but they'll make you crawl

We gamble, kick and trample on
Forge the years and build them strong
Bridge the gap of work and play
Ride the heels of a lonely trade

On trampled grass of midnight grey
A chill wind blows for the work we've made
Along the road our steps are straight
We pray for life beyond these gates