

Barrowlands

The Bolshoi

Walking through the Barrowlands
I heard and felt the wind
Was it the cold breath of history
The soldier's last gasp, his last sin

Walking through the Barrowlands
A field of crows took flight
Or were they dark familiars
Ministers of night

When it gets dark
When it gets cold
When the mist comes on down
When you feel old
When there's no more talk
You will believe bones can walk

Walking through the Barrowlands
I heard the distant guns
Or was it the dreadful Barrowbrook
About his dismal fun

Walking through the Barrowlands
I turned towards the spire
Or was it once the highest height
To which all men could aspire... Yes

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