

Behold A Pale Rider

The Levellers

Bombs go off in London,
Stirring panics rhythmic creep.
The city turns it's shoulders,
Smooths the cracks and tries to sleep.

Split the Gulf sky red
As the oil fields start to blow
And weep a heavy storm of, black black rain
Onto the earth below.

And the millions cried, "Sweet Mary!"
A million more cried tears of shame
When they saw what they had done in the name of all of their ho
pes and fears,
When they realised what they became.

In hidden Eastern passes,
That defenders will not yield.
To a soldier from the Edgeware Road,
Come to burn the poppy-fields.

And the millions cried, "Sweet Mary!"
Million more cried tears of shame
When they saw what they had done in the name of all of their ho
pes and fears,
When they realised what they became.

Behold a pale rider
A New World partisan.
20 years still with the desert dust
Slipping slowly through his hands.

And from the water margins,
To Death Row Guantanamo,
You can hear that King's Cross countdown
As the detonators blow.

And the millions cried, "Sweet Mary!"
Million more cried tears of shame
When they saw what they had done in the name of all their hopes
and fears,
When they realised what they became.

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A New World partisan.
20 years still with the desert dust
Slipping slowly through his hands.