

Private Sorrow

The Pretty Things

Heaven's rain falls upon
Faces of the children who look skyward.
Twisting metal through the air,
Scars and screams
So you might know his fury.

See shells whistle,
Let your mind drift away.
See shells whistle,
Let yourself hide away.

Men walking tall
Looking so small.
Green trees of life disappearing.
Mouthing the sounds.
Face clowning the frowns
Black the lips of command.
Torn in the heart.
You're playing the part
Courage it is so demanding
Loud brass in bands.
Marching through lands.
Life snatching hand is near.

Heaven's army falls upon.
The skirts of Mother Earth and then flies skywards.
Twisting wings through the air
Lift the souls,
So you might know his fury.

See shells whistle,
Let your mind drift away.
See shells whistle,
Let yourself hide away.

Dressed in white silk of rain
You marry the pain.
As you kneel in a Church of bright steel
A new morning arrives.
You share the same skies.
Umbrella-ring a land full of peace
As the memory fades
On the edge of a blade.
You'll return you 're sure that you will.
From the frame in your hand
A smile expands.
Hangs from a thread of glass tears.