

The Churchyard

Voltaire

A bell in a churchyard,
It yells for me to begin.
And my hands they tremble and shake.
While a chill grows under my skin.
It rains in the valley,
It rains from the skies.
And it's raining deep inside my soul,
And it pours up and out of my eyes.

A long ago, you were here in my arms
And I swore I would protect you from harm
Now here we are.
On this hill, 'neath the tree
In the Churchyard at dawn.
How could we've fallen so far?

The earth is a blood-red clay
That cakes to my heels.
And the stain grows heavy as lead,
And my heart it is heavier still.
In a bow there's a raven
And its eyes fix me with a stare.
Then he turns and screams at the sky.
And it burns like the truth in my ears.

Not long ago, you were here in my arms
And I swore I would protect you from harm
Now here we are.
On this hill, 'neath a tree
In the Churchyard at dusk.
How could we've fallen so far?

No one should find out how it feels
Standing here, hoping and praying
You'll awake from this awful ordeal.
No one should find out what it's like
Standing here, digging a hole in which to bury
Your child and your wife.

When they are finished
They look like wombs on a hill
Two graves, they lay side by side
For my life and my lover to fill.

No one should find out how it feels
Standing here, hoping and praying
You'll awake from this awful ordeal
No one should find out what it's like,
Standing here, not having the means
To buy the medicine to save their lives.