

# Asia, The Longest Night

(Downes/Payne/Woolfenden)

"What passing-bells for these who die as cattle?  
- Only the monstrous anger of the guns.  
Only the stuttering rifles' rapid rattle  
Can patter out their hasty orisons.  
No mockeries now for them; no prayers nor bells;  
Nor any voice of mourning save the choirs, -  
The shrill, demented choirs of wailing shells;  
And bugles calling for them from sad shires."

(Wilfred Owen, 1918)

Now the day has run  
When the cover comes  
But any fool can see  
Ahead

Silence is my friend  
But it has to end  
Any fool can see  
Ahead

It's the longest night  
It's the longest night  
Cold winds may blow  
On the longest night

So we write our letters  
To those far away  
Any fool can see  
Ahead

The distant sound of thunder  
A choir of wailing shells  
Any fool can see  
Ahead

It's the longest night  
It's the longest night  
Cold winds may blow  
On the longest night  
I don't want to fight  
I don't know who's right  
Cold winds they blow  
On this longest night

It's the longest night  
It's the longest night  
Cold winds may blow  
On this longest night