

# Roger Waters, Each Small Candle

Not the torturer will scare me  
Nor the body's final fall  
Nor the barrels of death's rifles  
Nor the shadows on the wall  
Nor the night when to the ground  
The last dim star of pain, is hurled  
But the blind indifference  
Of a merciless, unfeeling world  
Lying in the burnt out shell  
Of some Albanian farm  
An old Babushka  
Holds a crying baby in her arms  
A soldier from the other side  
A man of heart and pride  
Breaks ranks, lays down his rifle  
To kneel by her side  
He gives her water  
Binds her wounds  
And calms the crying child  
A touch gives absolution then  
Across the great divide  
He picks his way back through the broken  
China of her life  
And there at the curb  
The samaritan Serb turns and waves ... goodbye  
And each small candle  
Lights a corner of the dark  
Each small candle  
Lights a corner of the dark  
Each small candle lights a corner of the dark  
When the wheel of pain stops turning  
And the branding iron stops burning  
When the children can be children  
When the desperados weaken  
When the tide rolls into greet them  
And the natural law of science  
Greets the humble and the mighty  
And the billion candles burning  
Lights the dark side of every human mind  
Each small candle  
Each small candle (repeated)  
Each small candles lights the dark side of every human mind  
And each small candle  
Lights a corner of the dark