

# Sting, Something The Boy Said

When we set out on this journey  
There were no doubts in our minds  
We set our eyes to the distance  
We would find what we would find  
We took courage from our numbers  
What we sought we did not fear  
Sometimes we'd glimpse a shadow falling  
The shadow would disappear  
But our thoughts kept returning  
To something the boy said  
As we turned to go  
He said you'll never see our faces again  
You'll be food for a carrion crow

Every step we took today  
Our thoughts would always stray  
From the wind on the moor so wild  
To the words of the captain's child  
Something the boy said

In the circles we made with our fires  
We talked of the pale afternoon  
The clouds were like dark riders  
Flying on the face of the moon  
We spoke our fears to the captain  
And asked what his son could know  
For we would never have marched so far  
To be food for a crow

Every step we took today  
Our thoughts would always stray  
From the wind on the moor so wild  
To the words of the captain's child  
Something the boy said

When I awoke this morning  
The sun's eye was red as blood  
The stench of burning corpses  
Faces in the mud  
Am I dead or am I living?  
I'm too afraid to care, I'm too afraid to know  
I'm too afraid to look behind me  
At the feast of the crow  
We spoke our fears to the captain  
And asked what his son could know  
For we would never have marched so far  
To be food for a crow

Something the boy said