

Modern English, Someone's Calling

turning 'round as if in flight
I sense your breath cut like a knife
a thousand shadows all in pain
what they feel (fear?) must be the same

the tension's mounting (mounted?) with the tide
I see the heat rise to the sky
I search the faces for a clue
a thousand hate(s), some laughter too

the flames were dancing as the people shouted
the streets they were alive as the stage was mounted
a thousand cries of jubilation
from the throes of this great people's nation

and as our bridges burned to dust
a useless theme was quite enough
I felt as you, one with the night
someone's calling in the night

I start to think, I start to cry
the choice is always mine
but I'm too scared to dance (judge?)
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