

# 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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someone's calling in the night  
someone's calling in the night  
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