

# The Incredible String Band, Cold February

As I beside some winter's fire  
Sat writing words strange and steady  
Amongst my own internal choir  
Came voices to my mind unready  
Of those who died on either side  
While friends cry o're their bones unburied  
Go sighing through the north east winds  
These cold days of February

Some clerk with papers and his pen  
Some banker with his poison pity  
Some captain careless of his men  
These fan the flames that maim the cities  
And bigots in the name of Christ  
By thorny paths obscure and muddy  
Can fear to roam through years of cold  
Bewailing how their hands are bloody

Whether they were from here or there  
Their race and place I would not be heeding  
The men who caused such bitterness  
If hearts they have let their hearts be bleeding  
Who neither for age nor the young child  
Would turn the shot of the arms they carried  
Go bear the guilt a weary ways  
For the cold days of February