

# The Nightwatchman, Battle Hymns

Battle hymns for the broken  
Battle hymns for the misled  
Battle hymns for the wretched  
The forgotten and the dead  
Battle hymns of redemption  
Of solidarity and pride  
Battle hymns we will be singing  
At the turning of the tide  
Can you explain to the mothers  
And the fathers of those  
Who come riding home in coffins  
In their military clothes  
Shiny medals pinned  
To their dead teenage chests  
While the trumpets blare  
And you lie your best  
So ask all you want  
From the dusk til the dawn  
The answer's still no  
Cause brother I'm gone  
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Battle hymns for the misled  
Battle hymns for the wretched  
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Battle hymns of redemption  
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At the turning of the tide  
Can you explain away the sleight of hand  
And the criminality  
Of spending souls for oil  
Well in the mirror I can see  
I am the path that leads down  
I am a dark and bloody hall  
I'm the reaper, executioner  
Hangman, judge, and the law  
So tie a yellow ribbon  
Round the oak tree on the lawn  
But the cavalry's not comin'  
Cause brother they're gone  
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So I'm sharpening my shovel  
I'm firing the kiln  
I'm blind and I am purposeful  
A martyr on the hill  
The dream you might be dreaming  
Might be someone else's dream tonight  
I'm the whisperer of misgivings  
I'm the fading tail light  
I'm the call for retribution  
From the back of the smoke filled hall  
I'm the vow of bitterness  
I'm the poison in the well  
I've a photographic memory  
Of the deeds I will avenge  
I'm the cold in the river hollow  
I've a hatpin, I've a plan

I don't care of cause or consequence  
Head shaved and body lean  
I'm the go-getter, the score settler  
I'm the shadow on the green  
There's a flock of blackbirds flying  
Nearly ten thousand strong  
Who set off this morning  
And brother they're gone  
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