

Someone's Calling

Modern English

turning 'round as if in flight
I sense your breath cut like a knife
a thousand shadows all in pain
what they fear must be the same the tension's mounting 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 judge
but I'm too scared to judge
but I'm too scared to judge
but I'm too scared to judge turning 'round as if in flight
I sense your breath cut like a knife
a thousand shadows all in pain
what they fear must be the same
someone's calling in the night
someone's calling in the night
someone's calling in the night
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