

Rick Gehrke

This folk rock epic ballad is a protest against militant ignorance, and a lament for the children caught in the crossfire. Based on the September 11th, 2001 attacks.

She brought me sad news  
with tears in her eyes  
four stolen arrows  
and blood in the sky  
on a September morning  
were thousands to die  
by the stroke of a desperate hand

Far away in dumb horror  
we watched and we listened  
as the takers and the taken  
struggled in combat unwitnessed  
'til their tangled misfortune  
had swept them all mingled  
into the uncaring earth

Then the heroes they battled  
through blazes and smoke  
'til the bones of the  
giants in agony broke  
and fell on their masters  
with sickening blows  
that woke up the tiger again

And high in the towers  
of ivory and gold  
the wisdom of ages  
is pondered, I'm told  
but the sins of the elders  
fall hard on the children  
our love warms them not  
as their ashes grow cold

With fire and steel  
we struck back year after year  
with vengeance insatiable  
blinded by hatred and fear  
like some wounded animal  
mindless with rage  
no thought for the future of man

And safe within refuge  
of weapons and stone  
mad confusion held sway  
over chamber and throne  
but for those left outside  
there was no place to hide  
no shelter for Aqualung's child

So they with their sticks  
and their rocks and their knives  
swore they would make us all  
pay with our lives  
and the drums pounded louder  
with each bloody dawn  
both sides calling their gods down to save them

And high in the towers  
of ivory and gold  
the wisdom of ages  
is pondered I'm told  
but the cries of the children  
could not cross the ocean  
hard luck for the young  
who will never grow old

Now the swords of the mighty  
ring out over hot crimson sand  
as the weak burn in flames  
of our misguided plans  
for the power and the glory  
and the games that we play  
for greed, for God, and forgotten

So the pendulum swings  
'til the end of all things  
for most of us want it that way,  
or so it seems  
'til the day it swings back  
turning blue skies to black  
and the bitter wind whispers our names

Dear Juliana, David,  
Dana, Christine  
oh where have you gone  
what new light have you seen  
may some brighter sunrise

find you tomorrow  
safe at last  
from our own stolen arrows

And high in the towers  
of ivory and gold  
the wisdom of ages  
is pondered we're told  
yet the sins of the elders  
fall hard on the children  
their love warms us not  
as our ashes grow cold

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