

The Station

(songtekst over iemand die zijn zonnebril opzet tegen de lichtflits van een nucleaire aanval in de verte..)

Along the silent train
The gathered crowd awaits
For suns shine at the horizon

The stairs of the station
Are dripping with tears
There's nothing to look back

On fields and streets they lived
Their joyful lives in sin and sorrow
With outstretched arms they took it all
What they couldn't get they would borrow

Wild eyes
Behind dark sunglasses
For the light of the suns
Is much too bright
As slowly morning passes

Bart Dumolyn