

Sting, Something The Boy Said

When we set out on this journey
There were no doubts in our minds
We set our eyes to the distance
We would find what we would find
We took courage from our numbers
What we sought we did not fear
Sometimes we'd glimpse a shadow falling
The shadow would disappear
But our thoughts kept returning
To something the boy said
As we turned to go
He said you'll never see our faces again
You'll be food for a carrion crow

Every step we took today
Our thoughts would always stray
From the wind on the moor so wild
To the words of the captain's child
Something the boy said

In the circles we made with our fires
We talked of the pale afternoon
The clouds were like dark riders
Flying on the face of the moon
We spoke our fears to the captain
And asked what his son could know
For we would never have marched so far
To be food for a crow

Every step we took today
Our thoughts would always stray
From the wind on the moor so wild
To the words of the captain's child
Something the boy said

When I awoke this morning
The sun's eye was red as blood
The stench of burning corpses
Faces in the mud
Am I dead or am I living?
I'm too afraid to care, I'm too afraid to know
I'm too afraid to look behind me
At the feast of the crow
We spoke our fears to the captain
And asked what his son could know
For we would never have marched so far
To be food for a crow

Something the boy said