

## Christmas Eve (Sarajevo 12/24)

Savatage

When the shells had ceased their falling  
The young muslim and the serb  
Listened for the old man's music  
But now not a note was heard

And fearing what had happened  
Each did, what should not be dared  
And made their way through no man's land  
To the old medieval square

They arrived at the same moment  
In the cold december air  
But neither pulled a weapon  
For each knew why they were there

And they walked over to the fountain  
And found him laying there in death  
There was blood upon his face  
The smashed cello on his chest

But then a single drop of liquid  
Fell from out the cloudless sky  
And it fell upon the cheek  
Of the man who had just died

And the soldier felt a shudder  
For the worst had come he feared  
When the only sign of pity  
Was a single gargoyle's tear

He turned to the young woman  
And he said let's leave this war  
But a soldier and his uniform  
Was all that she now saw