

## The Ghost

Cruachan

Where Am I, what has happened to me?  
I remember the sun, the grass, a tree  
...and the sisters, the hateful sisters  
always angry, always beating me

And the laundry, the iron press  
Working hard till late at night  
No time for me to be a child  
No colour, no joy, no light, no hope

Now I find myself alone  
I see shadows of my friends  
They are weeping, they are afraid  
I call out but make no sound

Again the sun and that lonely tree  
A lifeless child hangs low, that child is me  
A victim of the church and the 'love' they bestow  
On the shortest branch I see a crow.