

## Albatross

Dan McCafferty

Blood blood all around  
The land is crying out  
All men are dead underneath the sands  
And noone understands

Gold gold all is sold  
Ten thousands have been slain  
They stole their gold and destroyed their souls  
The prayers were all in vain

War war behind the shore  
All men are on the run  
They burned the earth until there  
But a wasteland in the sun  
A wasteland in the sun

But there's the albatross  
Flying circles through the wind  
The silent master of this land  
Far beyond the Southern Cross  
Nobody heard his cries

Wailing sadly through the skies  
Now his voice from up above  
is slowly dying

Home home we wanna go home  
The beach is bleak and empty  
All has burnt to ashes  
Nothing will grow  
We wanna go home

But there's the albatross  
Flying circles through the wind  
The silent master of this land  
Far beyond the Southern Cross  
Nobody heard his cries  
Wailing sadly through the skies  
Now his voice from up above  
is slowly dying  
There's just the albatross  
Flying . . .

September, 20, 1990: Early in the morning....