

16 Candles

Danielle Dax

As the fire burned low
And the clouds rolled in
Tragedy came a-calling
For to claim the service
Of many a man
Ships that sailed in the morning
A swarthy neck
And a heart of oak
Fit to fight for a king
And they set their bows
To a heathen shore
To crush the pagan sin

And the poor girl wept
As she bade him farewell
Sworn to wait for her lover
And she'd light a candle
For every year gone
Memories fine and tender
A stolen kiss under
Spring's new moon
A secret shared in the dark
She would count the days
Till his sweet return
Would cure her broken heart

"Fight with me for victory!"
The ageing general lied
"The time has come
To take the throne
For god is on our side"

And the cannon roared
As the rivers ran red
Sick the song of a martyr
For on every side
Stank the stiff, blue dead
Sacrificed to disaster
Still the girl he had
Left behind
Keeps his memory strong
For she hopes in vain
For her love's return
Now 16 candles gone