

# Bring 'Em Down

Fairport Convention

Time stood dark and silent and the stars they gave no light  
I wandered in an endless dream, haunted by the night  
I saw four ghostly riders, the horses in a line  
Each in turn did point at me and say I'm on full ?rein?  
We are the sculptors of the land, the rulers of the sea  
We are the falcons of your sins, gardeners of the trees  
The air about you is burning and the sea below does drown  
And the legacy you leave your ?swan? will surely bring 'em down  
Bring 'em down Bring 'em down Bring 'em down  
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A curse upon you men of war, with gun or pen in hand  
The power sword or . . . the castles made of sand  
You always have good reason to take more than you need  
Your hearts are full of paper and your minds are full of greed  
Bring 'em down Bring 'em down Bring 'em down  
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What is deeper than the ocean, colder than the grave  
Stronger than your armies all and braver than the brave?  
Those who know and ?knowing know? will sow on fertile ground  
Those who don't and never would are those you will go down  
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