

We Must Look

Marc Almond

Behind the dirt
Sprawled before us
Behind narrow eyes
And faces of fat
Beyond those hands
Opened or closed
That strain in vain
Nor raise their fists
Further than frontiers
That barb our path
Further than misery
We must look

We must look at
What is beauty
The grey sky or blue
The women by the stream
The faithful friend
Tomorrow's sun
The fly to the swallow
The boat that returns
The faithful friend
Tomorrow's sun
The fly to the swallow
The boat that returns

Beyond the concert
Of sobs and tears
Of cries of anger
Of men in fear
Beyond the din of
Streets and singers
Of warning sirens
Of swearing porters
Stronger than children
Who recount the wars
And stronger than
The great who've made us make them

We must listen to
The bird in the wood
The murmur of summer
The rising of blood
The mother soft songs
The children's prayer
And the noise of the earth
Gently falling to sleep
The mother soft songs
The children's prayer
And the noise of the earth
Gently falling to sleep

We must listen
We must look