

## Bravest Face

Peter Hammill

Here's the edge,  
This is the moment  
When all the fear floods in apace.  
Time to clear my head,  
My demeanour emboldened,  
Of trepidation betray no trace.  
Time to put on my bravest face.

Quite the nine-stone weakling,  
Who am I trying to kid  
That I can carry all before me  
As my heroes did?

Unafraid, oh what I'd give  
To walk the walk with my head held high,  
To stare down my demons.  
But sadly I'm not remotely like  
That kind of guy.

Bluster and bravado, every human power,  
I summon up what strength I have  
To face what cows me down.

Now's the hour.

Frozen in the spotlight,  
Frightfully exposed  
In my sad efforts to sustain  
A heroic pose.

Though I'm scared as hell  
Still I know it's only natural  
To feel so vulnerable and alone:  
In extremis we're on our own.  
It's time to take my place  
And hold my head up,  
Time to wear with grace  
My bravest face.