

Behind the Smoke

Steve Hackett

Behind the smoke is black
There is no turning back
Our souls are burning on the stone

The road ahead is steep
There is no time to weep
We've come this way so far from home

And though the wounds are deep
The past is out of reach
We'll meet our future all too soon

A knife into our hearts
A world that's torn apart
A blood red hunter's moon

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There is no time to weep
We've come this way so far from home