

## 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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