

Black Letters

The Dreadnoughts

He was just 18
When he saw her smiling face
As she danced along the streets of Montreal

And in 1916
She gave her hand for him to hold
In the church beneath the ancient city walls

But now he lies awake, staring in up into the dark
At the eyes of a million tiny gods
And when the sun comes up, they'll go over the top, for good

So he writes her black letters
By the time you read these words
There will be no more war, for me
There will be, only peace

He was her only son
And she rocked him back and forth
In the cradle of the tall Alberta grain
And he was scarce a man
When he answered the call
Left her crying as he stepped onto the train

And she was all alone, staring at the moon
As his body hit the sand beneath Calais
And when the sun came up, his words were on the steps for her

And she read his black letters
By the time you read these words
There will be no more war, for me
There will be, only peace
Black letters

Well the day will come
We look into the eyes
Of a fate that is much greater than us all
And by the setting sun
We'll write the words we'd wish to echo
In the hearts of our loved ones should we fall
Those thin dark lines, so delicate and fine
Like a road that could show the way back home
But at the ending of the day, our memories will fade for good
Except for our black letters

By the time you read these words
There will be no more war, for me
There will be, only peace
Black letters