## **Voices On The Wind**

There's a man on the mountain Who hides himself away A voice on the wind there Is telling him to stay He knows on the outside The world has looked away From that night in the valley When they took them all away

Now the rock of ages Has broken at his feet The history of centuries Lies scattered down the street The houses are all empty now Left broken there to die The children's playground Burned and gone With no-one left to cry

Can you hear it Can you hear the sound of voices Carried on the wind

He dorwned himself in sorrow And he dorwned himself in drink He dorwned himself in self-pity Until it made him sick He knew he was no master Just a slave to himself To the voices that have tortured him That he'll take to his grave

Can you hear it Can you hear the sound of voices Carried on the wind

Time passes slowly Sometimes he's at a loss And he wishes he could change it all But you can't turn back the clock So he picks up the broken pieces Of that so sacred rock And he takes them to a safer place Where they'll be forever lost.