

# RED BEARD

I see them cross the tracks ahead  
and disappear into the hill  
They've wandered lost in this endless land  
for over fifty years  
far from home and forgotten  
Prisoners of the ideas of man  
that sent them  
To rot and make fertile these fields again  
in a reign of blood

You can smell them on the breeze  
as they stir from their dusty graves  
and sing a song of seduction to new ears  
that do not remember

Who believed it could survive  
with its heart cut out  
at the City of Steel  
Did you think it bled to death  
with your murdered family  
here, near Kursk and Orel

And when you finally crushed its skull  
and found only phantoms and stench  
Who knew then it had already slipped away  
from its broken concrete trench

Can you smell that? Smoke,  
it still hangs in the air  
burning oil and hair, I hear a deafening roar  
A fire still burns, it grows  
They are everywhere, ghosts  
more than a million souls  
moan with hunger and cold  
but shoulder their seduction  
Someone is calling them  
to carry on from where they fell  
wait patiently for their resurrection day

Gray and mindless forms  
I see them in the storm  
A whistle blows, the train is moving  
an ancient woman screams, is crazy  
she recognizes a face  
of a long ago summer day

Who notices as they collect in the stations  
on this bone strewn steppe  
where wildflowers now grow and hide our passive shame  
A train is coming into the station  
a horrible breath  
Did anyone notice, we are leaving early  
and turn our backs as we roll out  
There they are from my window as we pass  
in this timeless scape  
Again. Bold and ugly empty eyes  
that straighten my spine

The air is charged  
the gypsy leaves the land  
The farmer is relying on his terrifying superstitions  
In the towns and cities no one talks  
and the spirit of the world prepares a feast