

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