

On Toulston Road

As I walked out on a still Spring night ,
Along the road that the legions trod ,
The insect brush on the skin felt right ,
My world seemed abundantly close to God .

But as I walked out on a Summer 's night ,
On the edge of the fields that the labourers tilled
With a pair of shires , and their muscles tight ,
Enslaved , so their babes had their bellies filled .

And as I walked out on an Autumn night ,
Down in the dip where the footpads wait ,
And the souls of the butchered forced to fight
Are trapped there still in a mist of hate .

So as I walked out on a Winter 's night ,
And crept past the place where Percy fell ,
With the drifting snow and the full moon 's light ,
The ghosts in the wind had a tale to tell .

And the tale they told was worked in blood
In the metalled road as it rang out right
To the crunch of my feet and the slap of my hood
As I walked in fear at the dead of night .