

Darklands

He clings to the high cliff a mountain in hand
See's seagulls cry in the breeze
Looked down o'er the sea wondering how free
Is a man who wishes for wings

He's walked through the high hills since he was a child
Over moors of deep snow and ice
And in a summers morning mist stood alone in the midst
Of a silence too quiet for sighs

*Lowlands, Darklands, Fell-side and Moor
Carry me home
Lowlands, Darklands, Fell-side and Moor
Carry me home.*

But now that he travels so far from his home
Of highland and moorland and shore
The days that he's blind the city's the grime
He thinks of the silence at home

Saw a kingfisher fly, watched a blue dragonfly
Heard the grouse that run crying for cover
And in the days as a lad with the heather for bed
Wrapped in the arms of a lover