

# Roger Waters - Flickering Flame

Flickering Flame 13th May 2002

Each Small Candle (Live)" (Waters)

Not the torturer will scare me,  
Nor the body's final fall.  
Nor the barrels of death's rifles,  
Nor the shadows on the wall.  
Nor the night when to the ground,  
The last dim star of pain, is hurled.  
But the blind, indifference,  
Of a merciless, unfeeling, world.  
Lying in, the burnt out shell,  
Of some Albanian farm.  
An old Babushka,  
Holds a, crying baby in her arms.  
A soldier from the other side,  
A man of heart and pride,  
Breaks ranks, lays down his rifle,  
To kneel by her side.  
He gives her water,  
Binds her wounds,  
And calms the crying child.  
A touch gives absolution then,  
Across the great divide.  
He picks his way back through the broken,  
China of her life.  
And there at the curb,  
The Samaritan Serb, turns and waves ... goodbye.

And each small candle,  
Each small candle,  
Lights a corner of the dark.  
Lights a corner of the dark.  
Each small candle,  
Each small candle,  
Lights a corner of the dark.  
Lights a corner of the dark.  
Each small candle lights a corner of the dark,  
When the wheel of pain stops turning,  
And the branding iron stops burning.  
When the children can be children,  
When the desperados weaken.  
When the tide rolls into greet them,  
And the natural law of science,  
Greet the humble and the mighty,  
And the billion candles burning,  
Lights the dark side of every human mind.

Each small candle,  
Each small candle,

Each small candle,  
Each small candle,  
Each small candle,  
Each small candles lights the dark side of every human mind.

And each small candle,  
Each small candle.  
Lights a corner of the dark.

