

YELLER MOON

There's a rancid yeller moon in a stygian sky
With no stars to give perspective
Shedding ghastly light on a deadened land
And that light is coldly ineffective
It gives you no hope as you stumble on
It just burns inside your head
Urging you still to climb one more hill
And join the grateful dead

And the man in the moon looked down on this scene
And he sensed there was something wrong
Something was spoiling the geological gangrene
Something which didn't belong
And his mouth spread wide in a mirthless grin
When he spotted you so near death
He said "I'll have some fun with that son of a gun
Before he draws his final breath"

It's a malignant moon in a sombre sky, giving the earth its evil eye
It don't explain, 'cos it don't know why, it just wants to wipe your life away

"Hey you" it cried from the endless void
"I see you haven't got much time left
I could show you where the water is
But to drink there would be theft
We don't hold with thieves so nobody grieves
When we sit and watch them die
You got a lonely tomb for your impending doom
So now I bid you a final goodbye"

Refrain

"And who are you to choose" you ask
Who's to die and what's to be?
Your evil power has met its final hour
This land must be once again free
The past must be resurrected
Life lies sleeping in the sand
Let the sun bring light and the heavens bring rain
Let life return to this land"

When the evil moon he heard these words
His presence began to fade
And the sun was born in a heaven shorn
Of hatred, doom and shade
Clouds gathered round and filled the sky
And rain gave life to the sand
And the sleeping dead began to wake
On an innocent new born land

Lyrics by John Kirkbride
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