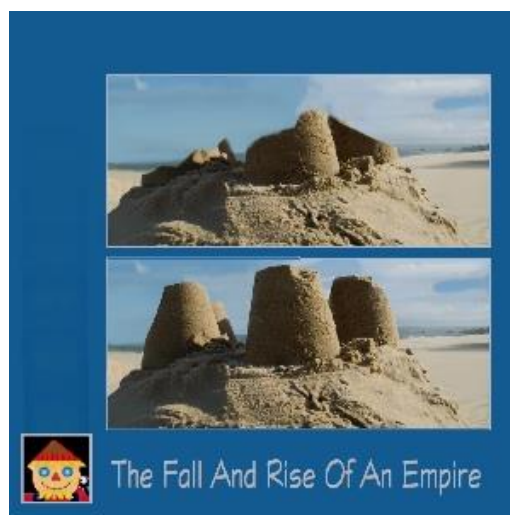


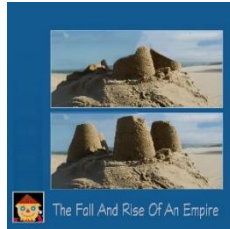
THE FALL AND RISE OF AN EMPIRE



(Words and music: Robin Hill)

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SO FAR, SO NEAR

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

You never seem to comfort,
You never seem to care,
And when I call you to me,
You nod but go elsewhere;

You never give direction,
You never show the way,
And when I ask for guidance,
You smile but turn away;

So far, so near,
You never seem to want to let me know
The way that I should go;
So dark, so clear,
You never seem to want to let me see
If you'll stay to the end to welcome me;

You never give me friendship,
Maybe you never will,
Maybe I ought to forget you,
Yet somehow I love you still.

ON THE TIDE

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

I never saw the tide turn,
All the things I could learn
Washed away by the minute.....

.....Then,
As time slipped away,
Your colourful face
Faded to many shades of grey,
Lasting the pace,
Leaving me anchored in the bay.....

.....For you were just the moment,
Your tide was passing through,
Your surf was bound to hold me,
But sea was all you knew,
And I was just the shoreline
Your rampant waters drained,
For when your tide was over,
I'd lie exposed again.....

.....So,
With time having lied,
The visions congealed,
Drowning the remnants of my pride,
The visions unreal,
Leaving me stranded on the tide.....

.....I never saw the tide turn,
But of one thing I did learn,
There was always nothing in it.....

ABANDON SHIP (Part 1)

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

Abandon watch,
There is nothing less than nothing fore or aft,
Our compass points have always been a lie,
Our navigation nothing less than daft,
As we sailed on blindly clinging to a raft,
Directed by the wrong co-ordinates.

Abandon ship,
Climb into the lifeboat, cling to me,
And hope for hope to see the storm go by,
While half the waves across our muddy sea
Are rolling out the shapes of destiny,
And all the others close approximates.

Abandon hope,
The galleon of our time has run aground
On banks of sand heaped high with you and I
Which lurked in wait beneath our troubled sound:
And in their twisted whirlpools we'll be drowned,
A fitting end for two inveterates.

ABANDON SHIP (Part 2)

(Instrumental. Music: Robin Hill)

ABANDON SHIP (Part 3)

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

The sea you gave was all I sailed you for,
The islands that you offered were my strength along the way,
Their sanctuary my compass to the paradise we shared,
Your comforting the stars by which I fared:
Everything you gave was strength to keep the storm at bay,
You'd become a vital part of me;
And even if I came to grief upon your darkening sea,
Then, knowing it, I only loved you more.....

.....I had to place a heart within a heart,
Transposed as one, and yet set well apart,
That you and I joined places, side by side,
To share the individual joys inside
The mind we shared together as a whole
Within those two abstractions of one soul:
I had to find a contradiction's source,
And set two wills against its tragic force,
So you and I could find, and rise above,
The dialectic metaphysics of our true love.....

.....And sharp, across the mists which threatened me,
Mis-shaped in illusions of a single word, 'Because',
I watched a hazy past where things are seldom as they seem:
If only you had really been a dream,
If only I had ever been the dream you thought I was,
Then I would still be sure, across the edges of the mist,
That all the shapes of beauty in a goddess I once kissed
Were really bound within eternity;

For I still felt a crossing in our lives,
I've never trusted time not to assert what it denies,
And, peering through the mist, I couldn't let that feeling go;
It tortured me that I might never know
The essence of a truth which makes it different from the lies:
Every misty vision took so many forms to me;
I couldn't help but wonder, was it you across the sea,
Or was it just deep feelings that survived?.....

(contd.....)

.....But I was far too bound in me to know
Of ways to ways I knew I couldn't go,
To a world in which a white gowned spirit lurked;
And had I but found out how that puzzle worked,
Then, as our bodies melted in the heat
To make our melded union complete,
That ghost within you would no more stir the sea,
Or cast these shapeless shadows over me;
So distant, so elusive, so unclear,
And yet so loud, so frighteningly near;

I had to find the keys to fit the locks,
To open up that awesome paradox;
I had to find the power, I had to clasp
That contradiction just beyond my grasp,
To feel its formless shape writhe in my hand;
I had to know, I had to understand
Just how to tie, while cutting loose the binds,
To forge that union of our individual minds:
To make the two things simultaneous,
So we were you and I, but also us.....

.....And as I wake in dreams upon the tide,
Drained of all my reason as the sea runs from the beach,
The steady roar of surf becomes a distant hum instead:
Yet though this gives me strength to lift my head
And view the shingled texture of the shore within my reach,
I know that still behind me is the open rolling sea;
And though the sand reminds me that some things cannot be,
I just can't help but wonder, deep inside.....

HERE LIES LOVE

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

Just past where the sounds of city traffic fade away,
In a small neglected churchyard, on a wild and windy day,
Hangs a heavy air of gloom, to match the shadows, deep and grey,
From the dark and dismal sunless April skies;
Where in a long forgotten corner, wild and overgrown,
Half covered by the leaves and twigs the desolate wind has thrown,
And colonised by dampened moss, is a grey green faded stone,
And a young man stopping by to recognise:
Here lies love.....

The wind cuts through the silence of the heavy gloomy air,
It dances round the young man`s feet, and ruffles up his hair;
Yet still he stays unmoved within his deep and thoughtful stare,
At something neither wind nor time denies:
The words which once adorned the stone are faded now and grey,
Their shape, their form, their meaning worn, now weathered right away,
Yet still the young man knows exactly what they used to say;
They stand out through the moss, and crystallise:
Here lies love. Love lies here.....

He stirs though, from his silent thought, then shrugs and turns away;
There`s nothing in this grey forsaken place to make him stay,
And so he buttons up his raincoat, strides firmly on his way,
No tears of sorrow welling in his eyes;
It isn`t that he`s learned to turn away without regret,
For love, though dead and buried, still commands such great respect;
It`s just that through the long slow death of love he`s learned now to accept
The pointlessness of grief for love for longer than it dies-
When love itself is grief in deep disguise:
Here lies love. Love lies here. Love lies.....

R.I.P.

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

Perhaps I ought to cry, only I could laugh
At how last night I tried to write my epitaph,
A poor forlorn young man, who never found relief
For that most fatal of diseases, deep grief.

I'd thought the words right through, but couldn't find a pen,
And when I finally did, the words had gone again;
I searched for them once more, but found I couldn't think;
And when at last I could, the pen ran out of ink.

(That's why, just when I tell the world why I am dead,
The writing changes colour, blue to red.)

"Here lies R.M.H. in hell, or - who knows? - heaven,
1956-77;
The fool believed he'd won, but then the twist
Drove the champagne bottle through his wrist."

It's daft- last night I cried myself to sleep in bed,
Perhaps tonight I'll kick myself to sleep instead;
For twenty four hours on, I'm damned if I can say
Quite what it was I died of yesterday.

LADY OF ONE NIGHT

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

Cheerio, then, lady of one night,
In just one hour the well's already dry;
And silent now, for fear of sounding trite,
I step outside your door to say goodbye:
I trust you took today your daily bread,
For I had come prepared for so much less;
And though I never doubted what you said,
You must stay meaningless.

So cheerio, my lady of one night,
We kept the simplest bargain rather well;
An ego traded for an appetite,
Or was it all vice-versa, who can tell?
And though I know there's nothing more to do,
That we are just two strangers once again,
I hope that deep in me, and deep in you,
Still something will remain.

I'm grateful, then, my lady of one night,
But rather feel that, should I take the chance
To peek into that diary that you write,
I'd leave without that glimmer of romance;
For after this, if I but only knew
The paltry score for effort that you gave,
What little love I may have had for you
Would turn within its grave.

WILLOW WALK

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

Yes, I have strolled the willow walk,
I've ambled down its winding lanes,
With nothing but the warmest thoughts
Inside me;

For I was innocent and free,
With gentle years upon my back,
And I sought nothing the world
Denied me;

But now I bore a greater load,
Made heavier still, with every heave,
By all the lithe deceit I used
To hide me.

And thus I swore on empty oaths,
Not seeing how the numbers fell
On she who trod the willow walk
Beside me;

Until they struck her gentle breast
And made the willows softly weep
For one whose grief, when mixed with mine,
Belied me.

Now locked in half-forgotten lies,
Like one who never lived at all,
Until her willowed kiss of life
Revived me;

And called me back to the willow walk
With wispy hair, and tender eyes,
Ooh and ready thighs which opened up
To guide me;

Taking from me what I could give,
Much more this time, in every way,
So that through her steady patience, she
Untied me.

ALL THAT GLITTERS

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

Sometimes I gape with awesome terror
At just how far I've yet to climb,
But when she brings the heather down,
The booty of the lovely highlands,
The mist which shrouds the lonely moor
Disperses, telling me for sure
That I will make the summit, given time.

Sometimes I stare through half-lit portholes
And wonder if I read the trade winds right,
But when she brings the treasure back,
The bounty of the million islands,
The colour of the endless sea
Turns grey to blue, assuring me
That very soon the land will be in sight.

Sometimes I gaze down from the tower
And wonder where the hero is today,
But when she brings my armour up.
The trophy of her crumpled nylons,
The hint of danger on her breath
Will lure me to a type of death
Which has no need for heroes anyway.

Sometimes I peer into the mineshaft
And wonder whether choice has set a trend,
But when she brings the crystals up,
The plunder of the sturdy pylons,
They sparkle, like her diamond eyes,
Revealing futures to the wise,
Who know that all that glitters is a friend.

ABANDON SHIP: EPILOGUE

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

And as I part with what remains of us,
Slipping through my fingers in the texture of the sand,
I lift my head to watch the phantom finally disappear;
But find instead the real you standing here;
And startled by your warmth, and by the firmness of your hand,
I finally turn a puzzle on its head,
Accepting, as we climb towards the clifftop overhead,
That you and I were only ever thus.....

THE GOLDEN LIGHT

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

Come, let's survey the scene,
There's a lovely view,
Everywhere we've been
Together, me and you;
And across those years,
Across the far and near,
Still one thing is clear,
I still love you.

For now I stand upon this hill and gaze
At shapes of former times now lost in haze,
Yet other times are lit by clear but gentle yellow rays;
A shaft of pure golden light shines from the skies,
And that's the beauty in your heart,
And now I realise.

Come, let's survey the sky,
It's a lovely hue,
Although in times gone by
There've been storm clouds too;
Yet through the wind and rain,
Through all the hurt and pain,
Still one thing remains,
I still care.

I've stood in darkness fumbling through my doubt,
Wondering what this crazy world's about,
Yet one light keeps on shining and has never been put out
A shaft of pure golden light shines from the skies,
And that's the beauty in your heart,
And now I realise.

Come, let's look ahead,
Can we tell somehow,
If it be hope or dread
That we should tread with now?;
Yet years may come and go,
Our lives will ebb and flow,
But there's one thing I know,
I'll still be there;
I promise you wherever you may be,
Rest assured whatever you may do,
Every time you turn your thoughts to me
I'll be somewhere near, and all my thoughts will be with you;
A shaft of pure golden light shines from the skies,
And that's the beauty in your heart,
And now I realise,....

FALL AND RISE

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

So now our time is almost realised:
The emptiness within us can no more be disguised;
Our emotions now are lifeless, our senses paralysed;
And with a harshness in our stomach, and a coldness on our skin,
We cannot help but let the long slow death of life begin;
A cancer spreading everywhere it can,
Through this pungent place,
Where your acid face,
And accusing eyes
Mark the sad demise
Of the single most fragile empire known to man.

But the cancer too will one day die away,
Giving back our souls to live another day,
And forging back the colour to a world once stained with grey;
And with a texture in our outlook, and a structure in our heart,
We'll rise and build the city our madness tore apart,
Resume again from where it all began;
In the place back there,
Where your shining hair,
And your sparkling eyes
All reflect the rise
Of the single greatest empire known to man.