

TIME TO KILL

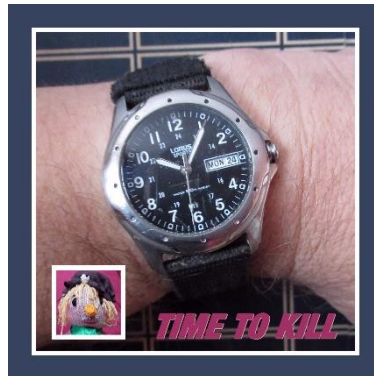


(Words and music: Robin Hill)



www.scarecrowsongs.co.uk

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INSTANT DREAMS

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

So, then, friend, what have you achieved?
What was it about? Has it all worked out?
And do you feel, now, you will be believed,
Justified as right, peaceful now at night?
Your uncle loads a rifle,
Your cousin dons a vest,
Your sister walks among us,
A bomb strapped to her chest:
Everything you need for instant war,
Except that sense of what the fight was really for.....

So, then, friend, did you find your goal?
Victory complete, utter and replete?
And with it, did you find your soul,
The fury of the past put to rest at last?
Driven on by certainty,
Refusing once to doubt
That hatred of the little things
Your world was not about:
Everything you need to fuel the bile,
Except that sense of what made it all worthwhile.....

So, then, friend, are you now at rest?
Peaceful and contented, basking with the best?
With everything you need for instant dreams,
Except that final waking up, it seems.....

SLEEP ON

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

Sleep on,
This is the world in which you'll never lie awake
In bold imagined terrors that a troubled mind can make,
Of truths that well-worn lies could never break.

Dream on,
This is the world in which you'll never feel the guilt
Of closely guarded secrets, defended to the hilt
By all the subtle alibis you've built.

Denial of acceptance, acceptance of denial,
Contriteness mixed with cunning, conscience laced with guile,
Logic shaped with cold compelling style;

And less by hook than crook, more by foul than fair,
A reality more real than the one already there
Protects you from the restless midnight air.

Lie on,
This is the world in which you'll never count the cost,
Of bedsheets never crumpled, pillows never tossed,
Or innocence so firmly never lost.

I CAN'T BELIEVE

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

I can't believe in England
To the detriment of others
Who are equally my brothers
In the nation of mankind;
And I've never understood why
Superficial segregation
Should be a base for domination
While the rest are left behind.

I simply can't believe in
A primitive society
Which cannot conceive variety
Without apportionment of wealth;
And I can't believe in justice
in the way that others can,
For surely each and every man
Should be free to judge himself.

I don't believe in charity
When the unfortunate and lonely
Are kept in comfort only
By the strength of volunteers;
And I cannot share the viewpoint
Of the well-known public figure
Who defends his stand with vigour
Amongst democratic cheers.

I can't believe in God
In this world of isolation
Although in times of desperation
I often wish I could;
For where can I find faith
Without the misconception,
Achieved through self-deception,
That the world is just and good?

A BRIGHT TUESDAY MORNING

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

Eight forty-three on a bright Tuesday morning,
The city, bathed kind in a soft Autumn glow,
Fills the horizon with tall shimmering contours,
And a plane in the distance seems a little bit low;

Did I tell you just now that I love you?
Last weekend was simply sublime,
And I'm counting the days to next time.

Eight forty-four on a bright Tuesday morning,
The wall clock ticks steady that brisk a.m. flow,
The window beside me lit warm with the sunshine,
And a plane in the sky perhaps a little bit low;

Did I mention just then that I miss you?
These weekdays seem heavy and long,
But this yearning is keeping me strong.

Eight forty-five on a bright Tuesday morning,
I ought to start work now, the boss will soon show,
My spreadsheet reflecting the glare from the window,
And a plane in the sky seems unusually low;

Did I tell you that what keeps me going,
The certainty keeping me sane,
Is the promise that I'll see you again?

Eight forty-six on a bright Tuesday morning,
The city laid calm in the sunshine below,
Peaceful, serene, a mirror of contentment,
And a plane in the sky, seems surprisingly low.

EASY ANSWERS

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

You can't beat easy answers,
The best thing that we've got:
The power of a simple phrase
That neatly matches means to ways
Will find the good in too good to be true,
And see us first in everything we do.

You can't top wishful thinking,
It hits the perfect spot:
The pairing of a simple thought,
With any satisfaction sought,
Will forge the best from hoping for the best,
And make us stand a cut above the rest.

You won't trump quick solutions
They offer us the lot:
The hatching of a simple scheme,
So snugly based on any dream,
Will make things so pretending that they're so,
And bring the spoils that others must forego.

AND STILL THEY COME

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

And here they come, searching:
You'd think they'd know by now you're out of sight,
Yet still they keep on searching,
Searching through the night.

And still they come, chasing:
You'd think they'd know by now you can't be caught
Yet still they keep on chasing,
Chasing for their sport.

Most of the lies were true,
Much of the truth was lies
And somewhere in between,
You've learned to recognise
That all your hopes and dreams have come to zero,
And left you here, a far from intrepid hero.

Most of your wins were empty,
Yet every loss complete,
And somewhere in that conundrum,
The reasons for your defeat:
Because of and not despite your well planned cunning,
You stand here now, so tired, so tired of running.

And here they are, still coming:
You'd think they'd know by now you're home and free,
Yet still they keep on coming,
Coming relentlessly.

THE TIME THAT YOU KILL (Part 1)

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

So simple to follow a will
These buses and trains make it easy,
The standing in shadows, alone in a crowd,
Invisible now, but determined and proud,
And, mettle now rising, your courage complete,
The path to perfection stretched out at your feet,
Your grip slowly flexes, relaxes again.
Awaiting that moment of maximum gain,
For this is the time that you kill.....

404

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

A shaft of rapier sunlight flits across the darkened room,
He pauses for a moment, his concentration gone,
Gets up and shuts the curtains, attempting, through the gloom,
To resume the solo quest that drives him on:
Yet beneath this sense of passion, this amazing iron will,
There's a flaw within his vision, a thought which holds him still,
That if you were to google what he's really searching for,
You'd only get a 404.

It doesn't make you lonely just because you're on your own,
He's been through all this a hundred times, so it must be true, as such:
For despite his endless solitude, he's a man who's in the zone.
His gadgets all he needs to stay in touch:
He's got all the latest downloads, keeps up with all the trends,
Two hundred feeds on Twitter, and a thousand Facebook friends;
Yet if you were to post a link to the ones who stuck around,
All you'd get is a Page Not Found.

Life can be that lonely word that the spell check never nails,
An endless loop of madness, an If Then Else that fails;
Yet for all the faulty logic, there's an output that prevails,
And the full on interaction it entails.

His unconcern was legendary, his nonchalance renowned,
Every guarded stranger hid a warmer stranger's smile,
Aloofness was his trademark, his lack of care profound:
The comforts of a life spent in denial:
Yet for all his offhand waving, he was lying through his teeth,
Steadfastly concealing the drowning man beneath,
Who, clicking on the help bar with each frantic gasping breath,
Could only get the blue screen of death.

THE LIES, THE LIES

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

Where others might founder on scandal and shame,
The lies are your glory, your absence of blame,
And lies they can't prove must be truth in but name,
So hurrah, hurrah for the lies:

The lies, the lies, just cling to the lies,
The failsafe on which your redemption relies -
When truth would be utter damnation,
Just cling to the lies for salvation.

Where others might fold under weight of their guilt,
The lies are the triumphs that back to the hilt,
And hold you aloft in the towers you've built,
So bravo, bravo, for the lies:

The lies, the lies, just cling to the lies,
Those wonderful precepts that justice applies -
When truth is the loss of your trial,
Just cling to the lies for denial.

The lies, the lies, just cling to the lies,
Your soundness of vision, your brilliant disguise -
When truth is the damning conclusion,
Just cling to the lies for illusion.

THE TIME THAT YOU KILL (Part 2)

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

Yet something is nagging you still,
Disquiet that is making you queasy;
The touch of compassion, the laugh of a child,
The swell of your chest every time that she smiled,
And, deep in the raging, an almost lost voice
Still plays with the thought there was always a choice,
A half-suppressed question that runs through your head:
Why, given all that, you chose loathing instead,
For this is the time that you kill

YOU WON'T SEE ME COMING

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

You won't see me coming:
Like an eagle on the mountain,
I will fly:
Effortless and graceful
In the sky.

You won't hear me coming:
Like a shark within the ocean,
I will glide:
Silent, swift, and deadly
On the tide.

There is no hiding place I cannot reach,
No snow lined cavern, mountain top, or beach;
No stone clad ramparts I could never breach;

You have no deepest fear that I can't find,
No guiltiest secret buried far behind,
No straw to grasp at within your troubled mind.

You won't see me coming:
Like a cougar in the grassland,
I will run:
Tenacious, strong, and ruthless
in the sun.

THE WEEDS THAT TAKE ROOT IN THE CRACKS

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

The pale, pale sun
That slips from the horizon
When the feeble day is done;

The cold, cold land,
The chill that bites our fingers
As you offer me your hand;

So where did they go,
Those glories that we knew,
Now weathered down to brittle and bones?
Hiding away,
Quietly seeking shelter,
Like the weeds that take root under stones.

The long, long years,
The echoed sound of laughter
Or the taste of salted tears,

The foul, foul breath,
The deeply scented odour
Of a slow malignant death;

So where are they now,
Those moments that we savoured
Of compassion that this other world lacks?
Biding their time,
Clinging on to hope still,
Like the weeds that take root in the cracks.

ISLAND OF THE CITY

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

In the island of the city
Where the tumbril starts its journey,
There's a blackness in the shadows
That counterpoints the sun;
And from those darkest corners
You can just make out the wretched forms
Of those who're doomed to perish
Before the day is done.

On the rampart of the palace
Where the tumbril turns due northwards,
There's a hush of nervous tension
From the crowd that watch outside;
And in that half heard silence
You can just make out the anguished cries
Of those behind the panels
As they start their final ride.

Live or die,
The crossing of a river
With each tide that passes by;

Stand or fall,
The random ebb of fortune
That gives meaning to it all.

In the place of revolution
Where the tumbril ends its journey,
There's a flash within the sunlight,
Of steel against the sky;
And there beyond the statues
You can still make out the faintest smile
As the lady greets the travellers
Who disembark to die.

THE LAUGH OF A CHILD

(Instrumental - Music: Robin Hill)

BALLAD OF AN UNNAMED BADDIE

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

We felt the desert heat
And the blazing midday sun,
An unnamed baddie set the scene,
Riding up, and looking mean;
So the hero did what any hero would have done –
He reached for his gun,
Reached for his gun

We held collective breath,
Our sense of thrill complete;
The unnamed baddie got there first,
We gasped aloud as gunfire burst,
But the unnamed baddie, true to predefined defeat,
Missed by several feet,
He missed by several feet

Everyone scatters when things kick off,
The townsfolk diving behind a trough,
Hero and baddie beneath the sun,
And soon there will only be one,
Soon there will only be one

We breathed the deep relief
That justified our trust;
The hero next to fire his gun,
A single shot, the job was done;
The unnamed baddie left to do what baddies must,
Falling to the dust,
Lifeless in the dust

We burst into applause
And left for whence we came;
While in some unthought other life
An orphaned child, a grieving wife,
Laid, with silent love, their flowers all the same,
And whispered a name
At a grave with a name