

Beside the hill

As I walk the valley of greener pastures wide,
the west wind bring music as it heaven do ride,
oh how I wish you could hear my prayer of old,
greeting my heart by summer when life's too cold.

There are many things I wish I could do in life,
with confidence strong yet self-esteem in strife,
I was foreseen for greatness and golden air,
yet my heart the ignorance of man couldn't bear.

I walk the road of a broken dream heading for home
a place I don't know when the thunder here does roam,
the bones get weary and the eyes grow older still,
my beard turns white during the night beneath the hill.

My unborn child who lives in the heart holds my hope,
where I have failed to reach my end she makes me cope,
in the flame of the lit candle at midnight's hour seen,
for a second I almost feel my sins get all wiped clean.

One day the soul might find its rest deep in the earth
and from my new bedded grave a flower is given birth,
there I hope my Wallonian bloodline greets me proud,
where I shall guide my children from heavens cloud.