

In the Hour of Great Sorrow - Lyrics

Written by Le Scal

In the Hour of Great Sorrow

[Dedicated to Babylon 5, Hélène Grimaud & all the wolves and she-wolves of light]

Polished grounds, heights of glass and steel,

I'm walking fast in the cold breath of winter.

Night's falling; I'm late for the council,

The wolves of light are gathering higher...

Sweet kisses, joyful hugs and smiles,

They lick their wounds and tune their minds.

Together sitting, talking about the miles,

On forbidden roofs, high above the lands...

And they look down to the ground,

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To the city light and sound,

And they howl at the rising moon

They howl 'cause they know that soon

They'll enter in the Hour of Great Sorrow.... Arrroooooooooooooooooowwww!

They're watching, and what they see is sligher

They're listening, and what they hear is farther

They're touching, and what they meet is harsher

They're loving, and what they get is anger

They're talking about sensible notions

They're searching for potential solutions

They're smiling, they got a shining grain

But they grieve and anticipate the pain...

And they look up to the night,

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To the stars and the eagle's flight,

And they howl at the risen moon

They howl in the twilight gloom

They're sighing in the Hour of Great Sorrow.... Arrroooooooooooooooooowwww!

Polished grounds, heights of glass and steel,

I'm going home in the cold breath of winter.

Day's dawning; I'm late for the morning meal,

So much tougher can be the wolf's mother ...

And I look down to the ground,

To the grass and the trees around,

And I howl at the setting moon

I howl 'cause I know that soon

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I'll be leaving the Hour of Great Sorroooooooooooooow...

Arrroooooooooooooooooowwww!