

CITY OF SMILES

BY RICHARD PAUL

Wilhem was the first come home
-*_ -*_ -*_ -_*_

From the war in the west.
-_*_ -*_ -_*_

Through the valley, all alone, 1.

-----*----- -_*_ -_*_

By the river, spurning rest,
-*_ -*_ -_*_ -_*_

He longed to see before his eyes
-----*----- -_*_ -_*_ -_*_

The faces which in dreams would bide,
-*_ -_*_ -_*_ -_*_

The kin fate charged him leave behind
-*_ -_*_ -_*_ -_*_

Till fate seemed kind and blessed.
-*_ -_*_ -_*_ -_*_

The war was done and following
-*_ -_*_ -_*_ -_*_

Days behind, his comrades all.
-_*_ -_*_ -_*_ -_*_

He was sent for heralding, 2.

-_*_ -_*_ -_*_ -_*_

Sent to raise the joyous call
-_*_ -_*_ -_*_ -_*_

That they had won the victory
-_*_ -_*_ -_*_ -_*_

And smashed from sight the enemy;
-----*----- -_*_ -_*_ -_*_

Yet the farms he passed were emptied,
-*_ -_*_ -_*_ -_*_

Save one single skull sat smiling.
-_*_ -_*_ -_*_ -_*_

CHORUS

For whilst the stout were sent away,
-----*----- -_*_ -_*_ -_*_

The pirates came, the pirates played
-*_ -_*_ -_*_ -_*_

With fire and with knives.
* -_*_ -_*_ -_*_

From their sick and soulless revels
-----*----- -_*_ -_*_ -_*_

Came a city full of smiles
-----*----- -_*_ -_*_ -_*_

And no one left alive.
-*_ -_*_ -_*_ -_*_

CHORUS END

-_*_ (Syllable stresses)

The gate hung open and the guards
-_*_ * -_*_ -_*_

Lay heaped and meatless on the ground.
-----*----- -_*_ -_*_ -_*_ -_*_

From the walls they'd landed hard, 3.

-----*----- -_*_ -_*_ -_*_ -_*_

The crows a princely feast had found.
-----*----- -_*_ -_*_ -_*_ -_*_

Wilhem ran once shock released him,
-_*_ -_*_ -_*_ -_*_

Down the roads whose ways ne're left him
-----*----- -_*_ -_*_ -_*_ -_*_

With such smiles all around him,
-_*_ -_*_ -_*_ -_*_

To his house his steps were bound.
-*_ -_*_ -_*_ -_*_

(CHORUS)

He saw his shattered wooden door
-*_ -_*_ -_*_ -_*_

And thought he almost heard the screams,
-----*----- -_*_ -_*_ -_*_ -_*_

Thought he almost smelled the gore 4.

-----*----- -_*_ -_*_ -_*_ -_*_

Which now must haunt his every dream.
-----*----- -_*_ -_*_ -_*_ -_*_

He'd not the heart to go inside,
-*_ -_*_ -_*_ -_*_

To find their grins grown freakish-wide,
-_*_ -_*_ -_*_ -_*_

Their loveliness now wan and snide,
-_*_ -_*_ -_*_ -_*_

By rats and maggots nibbled clean.
-*_ -_*_ -_*_ -_*_

(CHORUS)