**Silent Witness**

An ancient tree of mighty girth

Rooted deep in the Flanders earth

Days and nights and months and years

The Silent Witness sheds not a tear

Sheds not a tear.

Warmed by the sunshine and bathed in the rain

Bent to the wind as the year turns again

No heed as the shouts and the thunder draw near

The silent witness seems not to hear

Seems not to hear

*Cries rent the peace like shattering glass*

*Metal filled flesh entangled in grass*

*Young bodies rot in the place where they fell*

*Blood rivers flow to the gates of hell*

Tall in the field stood that ancient tree

Trapped in the land unable to flee

As the lead pierced its flesh and fire burned it dry

The silent witness let out not a cry

Let out not a cry

*Murder of landscape, destruction of men*

*A lost generation, who’ll not come again*

*And the scars on the land of man’s folly will tell*

*Blood rivers flow to the gates of Hell*

Time the great healer wrapped round the old beam

The pain of the past can no longer be seen

And when the end comes, and it falls to the ground

The silent witness makes not a sound

Makes not a sound

Behind glass the remains of the tree lay at rest

Wearing its scars like wounds in its chest

A face is reflected as a woman draws near

And a silent witness sheds a small tear

Sheds a small tear