

Road Memoir : libretto

EPISODE #4 : "Evening"

The Woman (sung) :

Before.
Before fear.
Before this road.
Before I stood
Beside death.
Before this hopelessness.
On evenings such as these
I lived and laughed
And gave away
The kisses of my smile
As if they had no value.

Chorus : Before these dreams
I lived the dreams
I dream I'll live again.

The Investigator (spoken) :

At the time the the fighting began I was in America, on a research grant. I couldn't return for a year but when I did it was to work for the UN. At first I tried to see it as just a job - an important job, yeah, but a job all the same. I tried to stay detached from the human side of it and, for a while, I did pretty well. It wasn't easy - I mean, the city that I knew, that I'd grown up in, was changed beyond all recognition, almost uninhabitable in places - but I kind of closed myself off to all of that. I felt I had to.

In retrospect, I'm not sure that was a healthy thing to do, but that's what I did and it worked... for a while. But then this phone landed on my desk and what I heard, what I found there... it changed me. Destroyed that wall I'd built up and let the world in...

The Woman (sung) :

The women bow their heads.
The men turn their eyes
Toward the blue hills.
The children play
Amongst the litter
Of shell casings
In the last warm light
Of the dying day.
The bodies lay off away,
In the long grass

Beyond the road.

All about us
There is a darkness
That pools and clots
In the soil of this
Condemned land,
Offering us the scent
Of it's morbidity.

I expect death
To overtake me.
Today maybe, or tomorrow.
Anything else
Is beyond expectation.

The world turns
And we move on.
We move on.