

Road Memoir : libretto

EPISODE #12 : "Autumn"

The Woman (sung) :

On a TV screen
In a shop window
I see pictures
From home -

London is dead.
And all that is left
Within her rigid embrace
Is burnt or starving now.
Then can rebuild
But they can't replace
What we killed with our greed,
With our passivity,
Our selfishness.
With our fear.

We walk out of town,
Into a changing land.

The painted face of autumn
Is scattered in the leaves
That dance to the tune
Of the wind about my feet.
It is a dance of innocence
And with it comes
A metamorphosis.

We are these leaves,
Scattered by fate.
Blown to the fringes
Of this scoured earth.
There to be absorbed
Into a new ground.
To begin again.
To grow again.

My baby sleeps in my arms.
We walk in sunlight.
A stranger smiles.
I feel my heart
Lift out of grief.
Out of fear.

I am a planet
Free of it's orbit.
I am a ray of light finding,

For one deep joyful moment,
A ripple upon the surface
Of a boundless sea.

I come alive.
I come alive again.
I come alive.
I come alive again.