

The Mighty Wall, by Alan Reid

There was a wall, an ancient wall
It snaked across a distant country
No one let in, no one let out
And many died to build that wall.
There was a wall, another wall
Upon a ridge, along a valley
2000 years of wind and rain
Have worn it down it is no more.

And there are walls you cannot see
The walls of fear, mistrust and anger
Just like the walls of brick and stone
We must reach out and tear them down.

There was a wall, a mighty wall
A cage that kept and cowed a people
Machine gun towers and guards with dogs
A wall of grief, it is no more.
There is a wall, a mighty wall
A wall that casts a looming shadow
Upon a land, a desert land
A cold, cold wall that sheds no tears.

And there are walls you cannot see
The walls of fear, fear, mistrust and anger
Just like the walls of brick and stone
We must reach out and tear them down.

A wall may stand a 1000 years
Another wall may quickly crumble
And every bridge that rises up
Can carry hopes, can bring ideas.

For there are walls you cannot see
The walls of fear, mistrust and anger
Just like the walls of brick and stone
We must reach out, reach out and tear them down
We must reach out and tear them down.

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