

# Victorian Decay

1. S&A 1. Cob - bles grey with cold, gas lamps fli - cker  
 3. Children 3. Poor, dis - eased, de cayed, we con - front our

7  
 dim, down a street that has no name stone walls block us in. Brok-en win - dows frame rooms where mem' - ries  
 fate, we are just the price you paid to make Bri - tain great. But as em - pire spreads to each fo - reign

11  
 mourn, yet this shat - tered space is still shel - ter from the storm. Spare us ea - sy tears, grief is not the key.  
 shore, so we start to raise our heads, wil - ling slaves no more.

16  
 Keep your pi - ty, fu - ture past, friend you could be me.

22  
 T&B 2. Some once worked the land, some were ma - kers too, now you count not men but hands in the work we  
 All 4. Gi - ven health and space, who knows what could be, what lies hid be - hind each face were we once set

26

do. Hands to tend machines, hands to dig and strive, bent in blood and si-lent tears, strug-gling to sur - vive.  
free. Freed from mind-less toil, nei-ther sick nor poor, mov-ing on in - to the light through this sha-dowed door

31

Spare us ea-sy tears, grief is not the key. Keep your pi-ty, fu-ture past, friend you could be me.

37

CODA

Spare us ea-sy tears, grief is not the key, for the wheel will su-rely turn,

42

poor be-come the free. Keep your pi-ty, fu-ture past, friend you could be me. Do not weep to see me die,

rall.

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you are sure - ly me.