

FAREWELL MINER

In 1994 my brother Geoff Mazzer and 10 other miners were underground in Moura Mine Number 2, when a massive gas explosion occurred. Due to the dangerous conditions, rescue crews could not go in, and the entrance to the mine was closed permanently leaving those eleven miners entombed forever -

They told me you were lost down in a smoky Moura mine.
They told me they were leaving you and all your mates behind.
But were you down there waiting, hanging on for help to come?
Were you praying with a mate that some miracle be done?
*These questions are my nightmare, and as we pause to cry,
We ask God to convince us that these good men **had** to die.*

They told us you were buried and this picture haunts me still?
But Pharaohs were entombed you know, they chose it free of will.
So if it's good for Kings old mate, then surely it must do,
That a miner starts for glory from the shaft of Number 2.
*Though coal dust steals the daylight and walls of rock confine,
Not even they can trap the soul with Heaven on its mind.*

It seems so easy now to blame man's ruthless quest for fuel,
To turn upon those bureaucrats, appearing oh, so cruel!
Preying on our loved ones to toil and sweat for them,
But blame would never blossom in the hearts of these true men.
*So we too must forgive, let go, so they may seek that place
Where springs eternal pleasure to an ever-blackened face.*

Bare with us, merely mortals, lost in grand and selfish grief,
Searching for some justice, while you Dearest, lay beneath
That closed down Moura Mineshaft, while suffering in vain,
We wait for talk of heroes so your name can ring again.
*Though coal dust steals the daylight and walls of rock confine,
Not even they can trap the soul with Heaven on its mind.*

Marco Gliori

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