

Hymn To The Fallen

Katherine Jenkins

George Clinton And The Funkadelics

Cosmic Slop

March To The Witch's Castle

February 12th, 1973

The prayers of thousands were answered

The war was over, and the first of the prisoners returned

Needless to say, it was the happiest day in up to thirteen years for most

For others, the real nightmare had just begun

The nightmare of readjustment

And for those, we will pray

Whooa-ohh-ohhh

Whooa-ohh-ohhh

Whoa-oh oh-oh oh-oh oh-oh-oh whoaaaa

(5x)

Father, bless the soldier who has returned home from the war

He has fought with all his might

Yet he knew not for what or who he was fighting for

Death waited in the shadows as he crawled by night for his country

His enemies was many, including the habit he still cannot break

Father, we pray that we might understand what has happened to his mind

And help us understand his reaction

To the changes that has taken place here at home

And father, smile upon us, with your grace, for we will need you more than ever

Help him understand, that when his loved one remarried

They were truly under the impression that he was dead

And never would return

Oh lord, we pray

And father, why must wars be fought?

Someone said this war ended with "Peace with honor"

But can there truly be?

Is there such a thing?

Thousands of boys gave their life, and for what?

Do anybody know?

Oh lord, give us the strength to understand ourselves

For we are mysterious animals, man

And as the boys march home to the witch's castle

They will all need your help

I can hear them calling, calling out for you, father

For there is no one else that can help

Smile upon us, oh lord

For we are very weak

Very weak

Very weak

Very weak

Very weak

Very weak

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