

Uncertain

State Radio

Heavy from walking
We stopped for the night
Near the shallow river
A never fright
But night fell on us before dawn
'Till all of our hope was over drawn

If every man lay down his gun
We would no longer be

'Cause your war is your sickness
And so it's our disease

O distant constant quarrelling lot
Your risk is greater than what you've got
Open your high road
You drag us along, the long road
Of our brothers gone

We didn't fight back
We fought to escape
Smuggling gasoline for food
Before we were of age

Your war is your sickness
And so it's our disease

O distant constant quarrelling lot
Your risk is greater than what you've got
Open your high road
You carry us along, the long road
Of our brothers gone

'Cause we are so uncertain
Of the future, that we may face
And we don't like the burning
Of the very flame we had in place
Some day we will be replaced by the guns of the sons
and their fatherless rage
And we are not deserting
But we see no course to take

You hear the curtain falls
And heralds the curtain calls
Come out, come alive
Time is no lie
Everyone now in a row
So quiet and so devout
Can you resign yourself to accept
A better hell
We'll not fall in their curse
Facing life in prison or possibly worse
Our fathers are calling mass
Asking us to drink from the pain of their past life

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