

Holy War

Abney Park

Death hue falling on the faces of the streets lost children as
the mortar fire broken in.
Nights cold, slipping through the cracks,
Breaking through the cracks of crumbling plaster.
Hunger gnaws, I can feel its claws but the pain of a bullet would
burn much hotter in the spot light, mounted on the cannon of
the tank the prowls.

Holy war, deliver me, rest my fear, I can not see.

Nameless, but I know the faces of the kids I sleep in Jezebel's
lair with.
Thoughtless breaking my bread tween the mine fields flowers and
gullies with daises.
Some times I can find some rations that a soldier let fall when
the wind or life left him.
Some times I can find a gun or a pistol or a knife to use.

Holy war, deliver me, rest my fear, I can not see.
My eyes are blind, my bodies lame, my families gone, in my god's
name, Holy Wars.

Nameless, faceless, but a tear or a dollar won't buy my justice
.
Fearless, clothed less then a war torn child should sleep or focus.
Once I watched as a cannon shot fell through the stained glass
window of a church on my street.
Once I sat on a steeple now laying in the church yards playground
nd.

Holy war, deliver me, rest my fear, I can not see.
My eyes are blind, my bodies lame, my families gone, in my god's
name, Holy Wars.