

## December 1943

Defeater

I can't remember (Remember)  
Each time it slipped right through my fingers  
The eyes and faces of my brothers (My brothers)  
They never made it back home to their mothers

And all I remember (Remember)  
Of 1943 December  
Me and Sullivan behind the line  
We gathered the flock to hold a mass with the father  
The smoke lead the way back to death and flames

My disbelief in what laid before me.  
Bombed out with no warning, no hope  
No hands to hold, no hands to pray for me

No hands to hold, no hands to pray  
No hands to hold, no hands to pray  
No hands to hold, no hands to pray  
No hands to hold

And I remember  
The prayers my mother's mother taught her  
And no, I don't believe her  
I'd be dead with my fellow men and the preacher

No hands to pray

If I should die before, before I wake  
I pray the lord for my soul, my soul to take

No hands to hold, no hands to pray  
No hands to hold, no hands to pray for me  
No hands to fold, no hands to pray  
No hands to hold, no hands to pray for me  
No hands to fold, no hands to pray  
No hands to hold, no hands to pray for me