

Sorrow

Off With Their Heads

Father, can you hear me?
How have I let you down?
I curse the day that I was born
And all the sorrow in this sorrow

Let me take you to the herding grounds
Where all good men are trampled down
Just to settle a bet that cannot be won
Between and prideful father and his son

Will you guide me now, for I can't see
A reason for the suffering and this long misery
What if every living soul could be upright and strong?
Well, then, I do imagine

There will be sorrow
And there will be sorrow
And there will be sorrow no more

When all soldiers lay their weapons down
Or when all kings and all queens relinquish their crowns
Or when the only true messiah rescues us from ourselves
It's easy to imagine

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