

Ferguson

Shawn Mullins

All of ye fallen fathers and mothers
I hear you calling from deep in your graves
Songs about Jesus songs about freedom
Shackles and crosses and the way blood behaves

Sailed the great ocean sold down the river
White fields of cotton and green fields of cane
The sweat from our bodies the tears of our children
Washed in the blood and Promised Land rain

Brother fighting brother on ground we now hallow
And sad halleluiahs the angels did sing
For commerce is buried in fields that lay fallow
The bell is too broken to let freedom ring

All the dreams of the dreamers all misbegotten
There's mammas still crying for the dying and dead
And the world rages on and the whole thing is rotten
The blood we all bleed is the same shade of red