

Isaac

SubRosa

He's a long way from home
And the shots cut him him down
I saw it in a dream I had last night

I saw the shots cut him down
And smoke all around
And his broken body lying in the sand

Though I know that my son died for a new day
And for all the millions that would pass this way
If God himself should knock on my door
I'd turn him away, say I ain't got no more to give

Well, the prince keeps us down
Steals our money for his crown
And the lies he tells us never go away

In the darkest night
We had to stand up and fight
It was that or die forever on our knees

The day he left for war,
Silhouetted against the door,
I had to look away and hide my face for shame.