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.