

The Children Saw the Shame

The Skids

The master held on edge
And dogs are held at bay
The climax on its verge
As mother's taken away
The master looks for land
And preachers meet in fire
The master meets his land
And mother meets her choir
Oh tragedian, tragedian of my shame

But the children saw the shame
But the children saw the shame

The master cried aloud
The children can go home
The change is in the crowd
Our embassy is thrown
The master cried in shame
As mother joins her choir
The preachers all aflame
As mothers in the fire
Oh tragedian, tragedian of my shame

Forward go the children
Playground full of sadness
Forward go the children
Mother knew the answer
Forward go the children
Tragedian of my shame

But the children saw the shame
But the children saw the shame