

Weathered Man

While She Sleeps

I speak the words of a weathered man, there's blood on the streets
my son walks down
If we suffered for this, it has to change,
I speak the words of a weathered man, there's blood on the streets
my son walks down
If we suffered for this, it has to change,

We sing the sorrow of the dead from our souls.
And hope that they found peace, dying alone.
We sing the sorrow of the dead from our souls.
And hope that they found peace, dying alone.

They gave their lives to the streets, they saved.
They took the challenge to keep our faith
They gave their lives to the streets, they saved.
They took the challenge to keep our faith

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