

Current Of The River

Young Knives

Father bring your sons and daughters,
Bring them everyone.
To leave them is to love them,
Now it must be done.
All you have taught them,
All you have talked about,
Has prepared them well.
Bring your songs and bring your daughters,
Bring the warning bell.

The current of the river,
The current of the river,
Brings voices on the water,
Brings voices on the water.

Lock your doors and all your windows,
Climb the rooves and spires.
Burning brightly in the distance,
Are the creeping fires.
All you have worked for,
All your prosperity,
Will not rescue them.
Father fighting,
For your family,
You will see again.