

Anais Mitchell

"Dyin Day"

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Be it work or be it rite?
Father, tell me
Brings us to the mountainside
Every day a dying day
Be it work or be it rite
Oh my sweet babe
We come to make a sacrifice
Every day a dying day

Be it ox or be it ram?
Father, tell me
Please the god of Abraham
Every day a dying day
Be it ox or be it ram
Oh my sweet babe
It is the blood of the innocent
Every day a dying day

And who are you to understand
The ways of him who holds the blade?
And who are you to stay the hand
Of him who made you?

Be it ill or be it good?
Father, tell me
Makes you bind me hand and foot
Every day a dying day
Be it ill or be it good
Oh my sweet babe
I am doing as I should
Every day a dying day [x3]

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