

Abney Park "Holy War"

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Death hue falling on the faces of the streets lost
children as the mortar fire broken in.
Nights cold, slipping through the cracks,
Breaking through the cracks of crumbling plaster.
Hunger gnaws, I can feel its claws but the pain of a
bullet would burn much hotter in the spot light,
mounted on the cannon of the tank the prowls.

Holy war, deliver me, rest my fear, I can not see.

Nameless, but I know the faces of the kids I sleep in
Jezebel's lair with.
Thoughtless breaking my bread tween the mine fields
flowers and gullies with daises.
Some times I can find some rations that a soldier let
fall when the wind or life left him.
Some times I can find a gun or a pistol or a knife to use.

Holy war, deliver me, rest my fear, I can not see.

My eyes are blind, my bodies lame, my families gone,
in my god's name, Holy Wars.

Nameless, faceless, but a tear or a dollar won't buy my
justice.
Fearless, clothed less then a war torn child should
sleep or focus.
Once I watched as a cannon slot fell through the
stained glass window of a church on my street.
Once I sat on a steeple now laying in the church yards
playground.

Holy war, deliver me, rest my fear, I can not see.
My eyes are blind, my bodies lame, my families gone,
in my god's name, Holy Wars.

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