

Gone Jackals

"We Want Our Brothers Back"

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Too many believe
in some "master plan"
'cause it's hard to accept
what's not shapen by hand.
But here, under the sun,
where events can't be undone;
once superstition's spent -
You gotta know,
we want our brothers back.
The hurt came down
from the clear blue sky.
The sands of time
went rushing by.
It came as a shock,
we'd shut our eyes.

Is this all that's left,
just a slow good-bye?

The curators frown
and they wax abstract.
But, man, if you've found love
what could matter more than that?

It's a crime and a shame (selfish and vain)
to try to justify this pain.
I guess they'll think what they will -
But before the dawn
they'll want their brothers back.

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