

## Grass Roots

### "Brother Esau"

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My brother Esau killed the hunter, back in 1969,  
Before the killing was done his inheritance was mine.  
When at first my brother walked away,  
Before a weary band,  
Esau gave his sleeplessness for a piece of moral land.  
Our father favored Esau, he was eager to obey,  
All the wild commandments, the old man shot his way.  
But all this ended when, my brother failed at war,  
He staggered home and found me in the door.  
Esau he's on rollerskates today,  
And he make a statement to someone in L.A.  
Sometimes at night I dream, he's still that hairy man,  
Shadow boxing the apocalypse, wandering the land.  
Esau holds the blessing, brother Esau holds the curse,  
I was thinking that the blame was mine,  
But suspected something worse.  
The more my brother looks like me, the more I  
understand,  
The silent war it bloodied both our hands.  
None of us can win.  
Outside that dream, still that hairy man.  
Well sometimes at night I think I understand.  
Shadowboxing the apocalypse, wandering the land

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