

Caedmon's Call "The Innocent's Corner"

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Huddled in the light of a cellular billboard
A family of four is a nation at war
In her head are the echoes of weeping
Of children the Sunday before
The promises made by her Father
Are no match for hunger's incline
So she fell to her knees as she cried,
"In the Innocent's Corner I'll hide."
You came around and lifted her up
With the angels beside
Would she be denied
Ours is a land with a terrible shortage
Of harvests to share and breathable air
And a reason to live may be too hard to find
Like a wage or a dime
But we sit here debating the meaning of justice
With self-righteous spin and an upper caste grin
We're still suffocating on quicksand indifference
Where no choice is ever that hard
So she fell to her knees as she cried,
In the Innocent's Corner she'll hide
You came around and lifted her up with the angels
beside
The promises made by her Father
Would curb any hunger inside

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