

Katherine Jenkins

"Hymn To The Fallen"

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George Clinton And The Funkadelics
Cosmic Slop
March To The Witch's Castle
February 12th, 1973
The prayers of thousands were answered
The war was over, and the first of the prisoners
returned
Needless to say, it was the happiest day in up to
thirteen years for most
For others, the real nightmare had just begun
The nightmare of readjustment
And for those, we will pray

Whooa-ohh-ohhh
Whooa-ohh-ohhh
Whoa-oh oh-oh oh-oh oh-oh-oh whooaaa
(x 5)

Father, bless the soldier who has returned home from
the war
He has fought with all his might
Yet he knew not for what or who he was fighting for
Death waited in the shadows as he crawled by night for
his country
His enemies was many, including the habit he still
cannot break
Father, we pray that we might understand what has
happened to his mind
And help us understand his reaction
To the changes that has taken place here at home
And father, smile upon us, with your grace, for we will
need you more than ever
Help him understand, that when his loved one
remarried
They were truly under the impression that he was dead
And never would return
Oh lord, we pray

And father, why must wars be fought?
Someone said this war ended with "Peace with honor"
But can there truly be?

Is there such a thing?
Thousands of boys gave their life, and for what?
Do anybody know?

Oh lord, give us the strength to understand ourselves
For we are mysterious animals, man
And as the boys march home to the witch's castle
They will all need your help
I can hear them calling, calling out for you, father
For there is no one else that can help
Smile upon us, oh lord
For we are very weak
Very weak
Very weak
Very weak
Very weak

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