

Len

"Empty Hands"

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He rode in town on a white horse
With nothing in his hands
He came to gather his people
And take them to his promised land
When he came he knew there would be bloodshed
But still no violence made his places
He came to fight in a battle
With no guns or money
But with his empty hands

With his empty hands

They said hey boy what you lookin' at
As they eyed his dreaded mane
He said my father has sent me
I've come back to reclaim
The children whose hearts
Were so whole and pure
Now it's you who'll die in pain
So they lynched the man
Who fooled the word
And all the children gathered
In his empty hands
In his empty hands

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