

Orenda Fink "Les Invisibles"

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I make it each day
With the help of the good Lord
But late night
I comb the streets
Looking for a way to feed

Hell came in the way
Of a war and a child
That never returned
He never returned

We raise our hands and pray
Les invisibles
We hold our heads in shame
Les invisibles

And as my weathered hands
Cracked and colored
With years of pain
Of the brokenhearted
Frame their plates
Of whiten and gold
You take no note
Of your warm presenter
Would you like to know what
I'd done for dinner
And I've outlived my boy

Just to serve it to you
You've waged this war
The rich wage wars
The rich take more

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