

Resurrection

"Land Of Stolen Breath"

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Dust along a broken road chokes the golden sun
In the land of stolen breath a shot rings out from a
Child's gun

And chaos rains without a tear upon unburied treasures
Here
They find no honor or respect in the land of stolen
Breath

A woman sold tea in the square and brought the
pennies
Home
But not today, her pennies lay beside her on the stone
Her children wait, the shadows fall on hopes for her
Return
They wait to hear a lullaby they have not yet learned

He took sides with bread and bullets in no-man's-land
He's an orphan king
Father died in diseased abandon, power owns what
widows
Bring

Townships float upon the sea of a human greed and
misery
The deserts feed on refugees - we watch it all on TV
Pure religion is just this: to greet the widow with a
Kiss
Feed the orphan, love the poor of these bloody civil
wars
And chaos reigns without a tear upon unburied
treasures
Here
They find no profit - just neglect
In the land of stolen breath

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