

Sirrah "Passover 1994"

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Father of our guilt
I rejoice at golden heavens
Bird's eye view to earth
All is mine today

There's no word like hope
As the sun is hidden by the mist
Now the fortune's turning
Mix your gold with ash

Looks around your nation's dead
And God forgot your name
Six feet underground we lie
Strong our faith now dead

Paint with blood on these cryptic walls
Of your forlorn defeat
Bend your knees in prayer now
That is that they're for

Father did you see
Legions marching through my land
Trodden flowers dead
All has gone today

There's no word like hope

As the sun is hidden by the mist
Now the fortune's turning
Mix your gold with ash

Looks around your nation's dead
And God forgot your name
Six feet underground we lie
Strong our faith now dead

Paint with blood on these cryptic walls
Of your forlorn defeat
Bend your knees in prayer now
That is that they're for

Paint with blood on these cryptic walls

Of your forlorn defeat
Bend your knees in prayer now
That is that they're for

Father smiles when we forgive
The wound that leads to Eden
The years of slavery remain
And mean nothing
Again

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