

Brett Randell

"Soldier"

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Watching the fields as he sped past the cities of wars
that have crippled and severed past friends.

A tree that has seen all the bloodshed of nations but
stands just as strong as the wars honored men.

And in his left hand was a love written letter; his right
hand gripped tightly the steel of a gun.

Off in the distance, he heard fire and explosion, but
inside his head just the voice of his son.

And he's gone, out in the gunspray. Will our eyes ever
see him again?

The blood of a warrior, the heart of a mourner. Oh an
angel heaven must send.

The love of a mother who kissed his cheek softly and
cried in her bed at the thought of him gone.

The wife who had shook with their son in her arms, and
the clothes he would wear well she'd sleep with them
on.

The mailman arrived with a drag in his step as he
knocked on the door with his eyes to the ground.

After delivering the note from the army, the world was
left silent with no use for sound.

And he's gone, out in the gunspray. Will our eyes ever
see him again?

The blood of a warrior, the heart of a mourner. Oh an
angel heaven must send.

Six months had passed and the pain never left her, a
photo could trigger her tears to flow free.

The doorbell rang twice as she cooked up her dinner,
another friend's gesture - she wanted to be.

Flowers collected so high at her doorstep, that miles
away you could smell their strong scent.

Her son would ask questions she'd find hard to
answer, she'd say when he's older he'd know what she
meant.

And he's gone, out in the gunspray. Will our eyes ever
see him again.
The blood of a warrior, the heart of a mourner. Oh an
angel heaven must send.

Another 6 months and she couldn't accept it, as flowers
once gifts would just die on the ground.
A dinner alone in her now broken home was once again
cut by the doorbells smooth sound.

She opened the door and she looked at the man as she
fell to the floor and he grabbed her left hand.
Under a beard dressed with scars from the war was the
man that she loved, she wouldn't be alone anymore,
anymore, anymore, anymore!

He's back Â– out of the gunspray, breathing warm
breath, oh my lord we can see him again!
The blood of a warrior redeems all the mourners, oh an
angel, oh an angel!
He's back Â– out of the gunspray, streaming sweet life
into every last link of his body.
The blood of a warrior redeems all the mourners, oh an
angel, oh an angel
Oh an angel heaven had sent.

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