

Ben & Jason

"Orphans"

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Roll the blankets, we're leaving
Running from memory
Hide behind our thinking
And hope to God that Hell will set us free

A woman gave tooth for a child
While Hercules bandaged his hands
The flesh was torn and bleeding
At his feet lay the mother in the sand

Let's Feed the orphans
Cut with a razor blade
All of the ties we made
But if we can't save the orphans
Let the wingtips of the angels brush their eyes

I'll tear the river up by the roots of good and evil
I'll talk water with a dry man until he's drunk
I'll separate observation from preconception
In a world where preconception takes the stage
But I guess that's just a symptom of our age

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