

The Energy

"Sixteen Brothers"

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Sixteen others take a fall for their brothers,
Reaching out for the people that they might have
saved.
Sixteen brothers hit the wall when the others
Turn their back on the visions that they might have
paved.

Someone mutters from the base of the gutter
While the shots rip the entrance to the musty fray.
Fifteen stutter while the lips of the brother
Breathe the hurt of a silence that is swept away.

Would you walk, if I called you my brother?
Would the sky fall down on my head?
Not a pal, or a spy, or a lover.
But something more... than what I said.

Sixteen mothers call and cry for the brothers,
As they flip through the fears of the passing days.
Sixteen others dry the tears of the mothers,
With a hand of an angel, but a demon's gaze.

Would you walk, if I called you my brother?
Would the sky fall down on my head?
Not a pal, or a spy, or a lover.
But something more... than what I said.

Sixteen brothers lose their brother,
To the gloom of their dismay.
Someone mutters from the gutter,
But his words are swept away.

Would you walk, if I called you my brother?
Would the sky fall down on my head?
Not a pal, or a spy, or a lover.
But something more... than what I said.

When we've won.
When we've won!

