

## State Radio

### "Uncertain"

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Heavy from walking  
We stopped for the night  
Near the shallow river  
A never fright  
But night fell on us before dawn  
'Till all of our hope was over drawn

If every man lay down his gun  
We would no longer be

'Cause your war is your sickness  
And so it's our disease

O distant constant quarrelling lot  
Your risk is greater than what you've got  
Open your high road  
You drag us along, the long road  
Of our brothers gone

We didn't fight back  
We fought to escape  
Smuggling gasoline for food  
Before we were of age

Your war is your sickness  
And so it's our disease

O distant constant quarrelling lot  
Your risk is greater than what you've got  
Open your high road  
You carry us along, the long road  
Of our brothers gone

'Cause we are so uncertain  
Of the future, that we may face  
And we don't like the burning  
Of the very flame we had in place  
Some day we will be replaced by the guns of the sons  
and their fatherless rage  
And we are not deserting  
But we see no course to take

You hear the curtain falls  
And heralds the curtain calls  
Come out, come alive  
Time is no lie  
Everyone now in a row  
So quiet and so devout  
Can you resign yourself to accept  
A better hell  
We'll not fall in their curse  
Facing life in prison or possibly worse  
Our fathers are calling mass  
Asking us to drink from the pain of their past life

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