

Gone Jackals, The

"We Want Our Brothers Back"

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Too many believe
In some 'master plan'
'cause it's hard to accept
What's not shapen by hand.

But here, under the sun,
Where events can't be undone;
Once superstition's spent -
You gotta know,
We want our brothers back.

The hurt came down
From the clear blue sky.
The sands of time
Went rushing by.

It came as a shock,

We'd shut our eyes.
Is this all that's left,
Just a slow good-bye?

The curators frown
And they wax abstract.
But, man, if you've found love
What could matter more than that?

It's a crime and a shame (selfish and vain)
To try to justify this pain.
I guess they'll think what they will -
But before the dawn
They'll want their brothers back.

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