

Lost Cause: Lyrics

By Dmitri Shalin

CONTENTS

Bound for Exile	2
What If (Dialogue with God)	4
Immigrant's Waltz (For Mother)	7
Once Upon a Country	9
Nirvana (For Kurt Cobain)	10
Spare Me Your Self-Pity	12
Ho-Hum	13
MIA Blues	14
Tell Me (For Arie)	16
Song for the Road (For Gregling)	18
For Jany	19
Still Cross at Me	21
That Sinking Feeling	22
Morning Star	23
Rain, Rain, Rain	25
Lord, Are You There?	27

BOUND FOR EXILE

When your city is burning,
Your home is aflame,
Your people are hurting,
Your name is defamed,
Where do you go,
How do you strive,
What do you do
To keep hope alive?

Take your courage,
Stock up patience,
You'll be gone for a while,
Pack sweet memories,
Save the ashes,
You're bound for exile.

There'll be miles upon miles,
Fears upon fears,
Sorrowful smiles,
Joyous tears,
Exquisite heartaches
You'll never forget,
Grievous triumphs
You'll come to regret.

Wait no more,
Shake your woes,
There's no time to cry;
Bring your Torah,
Hit the road,
Bid your home goodbye.

In a faraway land,
Weather-bitten and numb,
You'll steady your hand,
You'll build a new home.
Getting help from the strangers
You will sink bitter roots,
You'll win, break and savor
The bread of galut.

Look around,
Touch the ground
Where your forefathers lie;
Make amends,
Hug the friends
You are leaving behind.

When your children grow older,
Own up to their past,
Learn about their true homeland,
Leave your dwellings at last,
They'll be thrust into bondage
By the evil decree,
Few in time would remember
What it meant to be free.

Don't pry,
Don't ask why,
No one knows for sure,
If you can
Walk again
Those well-trodden shores.

One day you will rise,
Stand up to your foes,
The Pharaoh will yield,
Let your people go.
Till this glorious feat,
You'll be saying "Lekhaim,
May next year we meet
In Yerushalaim."

Move along,
Sing a song,
It will nurture your hope;
Raise your head,
Press ahead
To the end of your rope.

Whatever your plight,
Think where you came from,
Keep your farthest sight
On your ultimate home.
Wherever you dwell,
The people of the book,
May your children be well,
May God be with you.

One last hug,
Yes, it's hard,
Face your imminent trial.
One more sigh,
Yes, it's time,
You are bound for exile,
You are bound for exile.



WHAT IF

What if dear God agreed to grant you
Another beginning, one more chance,
All the decisions that still haunt you
Were set aside by him at once;
You could revisit those places
Where as a carefree scamp you grew,
Behold the half-forgotten faces,
Talk to home folks – what would you do?

I would hurry to the cloud-sheltered land,
Find a river town with streets of cobble stone,
Fly above the bridges, rooftops, weathervanes,
And descend on the embankment soaked with rain;
I would mingle with the people for a while,
Share with childhood friends the good news from exile,
Get some respite for the soul that is bereft,
Tell them that I should have never-never left.

What if the girl that you once fancied
Came up to you and asked for a dance,
Told you how much she always missed you,
Tried to rekindle the old romance;
“Here is your heart you gave me back then,
It’s still alive,” she would have said,
“Let’s throw caution to the wind and
Have some fun we never had.”

I would tell her: “I remember those years,
No comelier girl existed anywheres,
I still dream about the heartaches of the past,
But this worn-out heart belongs to none of us;
There’s a woman dwelling in the netherworld,
Right beside her plays a red-head little girl,
Just can’t see myself without those two,
This heart is theirs, there’s little I can do.”

What if the tongue your mother taught you,
Now half-forgotten, frayed and thin
Recaptured its majestic glory,
Its powers as fresh as they’ve ever been;
Now that you have traveled widely,
Dwelled in a different house of being,
Who would you like to be this time with,
Where would you settle, what would you sing?

I would go to the place that's near and far,
Take with me my native language and guitar,
Settle down by the river near Threehills,
Where the golden rye is wilting in the fields;
I would sing about the cruel world I've seen,
Life among foolhardy souls that have sinned,
Piercing harmonies no one here ever heard,
Soaring hopes and searing hearts that have been hurt.

What if dear God agreed to meet you,
Brought you to heaven, showed you around,
The sages of old came down to greet you,
Their wisdom great, their goodness renowned;
"If there's a question you have ever
Wished to ask us, this is your day,
Go right ahead, don't stay bedeviled,
We'll try to help you," they would say.

I would ask the sages: "Tell me, tell me why
All that's mirthful in this world is bound to die,
Why the tide of tears we wade through is so deep,
And the mount of truth we climb up is so steep,
How did God allow this to be the case,
Why would he refuse to lift the human race,
Does this place deserve to bear his name,
Is this all my fault or do we share the blame?"

What if the sages told you henceforth:
"This is a very old charade,
We've been debating those issues
Forever and ever, we're afraid;
There is some good and there's some evil
In this mysterious teeming world,
It's up to you to aid the devil
Or offer a hand to our Lord."

I would tell them: "It's so hard to understand
Why Almighty Lord would need my helping hand,
He has made me in His image kind and free,
Why I feel like crying, "Woe is mir!"
I'll do anything to please our gracious God
Till he turns my tired body back to mud,
I won't pine about having been forlorn,
Still, I wish I had been never-never born."

IMMIGRANT'S WALTZ
(For Mother)

Come, let me hear it, what did you say,
Recalling a country that is far away,
Where living was rough and manners uncouth,
Where you met your first love and buried your youth?

Another time, another place,
Another smile, another face,
Another word, another tongue,
Another song that isn't sung.

Come, let me feel it, your anguish is real,
Has immigrant life lost all its appeal,
Or is it your children who left you alone,
Who won't speak your language when they are at home?

Another sky, another sun,
Another site, another fun,
Another Vienna, another Rome,
Another city that isn't home.

Come, let me help you, wipe off those tears,
I know, my dear, what is feeding your fears,
What's ailing your soul and bleeding your heart –
Will emigration drive us apart?

Another chance, another draw,
Another dance, another beau,
Another husband, another wife,
Another passion without life.

Come, let's remember, let's breathe it again,
The city on the river from which you were banned,
The bridges, the trolleys, the backyards, the friends,
I see them in my dreams whenever I can.

Another day, another night,
Another ray, another light,
Another morning, another dawn,
Another memory all your own.

Alexandra, Alexandra,
Chto tam vietsia pered nami.
Eto iasen v pereulke,
Vietsia pyl nad mostovoi,
Iasen s vidom derevenskim
Priobshchilsia k valsam venskim,
On probietsia, Alexandra,
On nadyshitsia Moskvoi.



ONCE UPON A COUNTRY

Although the day is nearly done,
The evening fast approaching,
And better friendships have succumbed
To time's relentless poaching,
I still can see those cheerless morns,
That autumn we had such an early frost,
The trees were raising up their frozen arms –
I can't put out of my mind once upon a country that was.

Although many a brighter sun
Light up the blue skies elsewhere,
And sailing West is a malaise
No one should gladly foreswear,
I still recall the tree-lined street,
The sudden rain, it came and went so fast
That you could barely wet your own bare feet –
Is that world forever lost, will this image always last?

Although memories are lulled,
The colors lost their brilliance,
And searing pain has grown dull,
The spirit spells resilience,
I still remember how it felt
The first time I crossed Sorot' on my own,
A little river snaking through the Northern veldt –
Where is that forgotten land, will I ever wake there again?

Although my home is now here,
The neighbors fairly friendly,
And language torments disappeared,
Our chit-chat flows grandly,
I still keep seeing those dreams:
The crowded quarters packed with human flesh,
Half-empty glasses, smoked-filled air, ear-splitting din –
Who the hell has woken me up, were they really meant to be dashed?

Although I'm sated with my days,
Blind fate has smiled upon me,
And kids are mostly squared away,
No room to spare for envy,
I still can hear that silent laugh,
Her hand would touch my shoulder just because,
How much alive we were back then, how much we loved –
I can't, I simply can't forget once upon a country that was.

NIRVANA
(For Kurt Cobain)

Whether I am mad or you are crazy
Doesn't matter if I'm dead.
Yes, it's true the treatment is invasive,
And it makes me kinda sad.

Sorry, Mom, I love you Gregy,
Jany dear forgive me please,
Hug for me my angel Arie,
Can't endure this old disease.

Patience, need some patience
To untie this Gordian knot.
Ration, where's my ration?
A friendly needle's all I've got.

Thought I had discovered my nirvana,
Music, sex, dope, all that mirth.
Found out it wasn't any manna,
More like private hell on earth.

I'll be watching you from heaven,
Jany dear, I promise you.
We won't reach the seventh heaven,
But I'll make it up to you.

Kindness, I crave kindness,
Let me sense its gentle breeze.
Blindness, I see blindness,
Will this ruckus ever cease?

Whether I am in or I am out,
Doesn't matter, I've been told.
We all know what it's all about,
You might say it's all my fault.

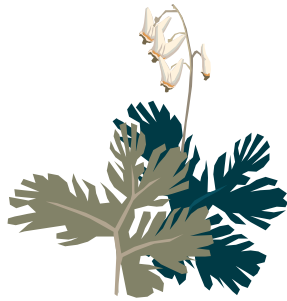
Well, I've tried and tried again,
Nothing worked, it's quite enough.
Real fun is still ahead,
But getting there is kinda rough.

Sanity, where is sanity,
Let me feel its healing touch.
Vanity, it's sheer vanity,
I'm jerking in its clutch.

Nothing else to say, my life is up,
I've been lucky, I've been loved.
Time to take one last, eternal nap,
Someone's calling from above.

Bear with me a little longer,
The witch's spell is being undone,
I feel better, I feel stronger,
One more breath and I'll be gone.

Silence, I hear silence,
Let it cure my rotten core.
Violence, no more violence,
Can't imbibe it any more.



SPARE ME YOUR SELF-PITY

I was only trying like everybody else
To stretch the rules a little without setting off those bells.
With some better foresight, with a bit of luck
I might have pulled this caper off, fooled them, made a buck.
Crime, it's a crime, time, time's running out.

But as fate would have it, I couldn't smoke them out,
Lady luck has frowned on me today, lady luck freaked out.
Such a breezy woman, such a crazy broad,
Now I'm in trouble, have to hit the road.
Waste, such a waste, chase, the chase is on.

Spare me your self-pity, we all live in hell,
What's the point asking for forgiveness from yourself?
You know you've botched it, you know you're caught at last
In your own devices, your own vices, your own past.
Damned, I'll be damned, scam, scam while you can.

You seem in a hurry to swallow the bait,
Did you really hope to fool her, to checkmate your fate?
What a bright idea, what a losing fight,
Don't feel too sorry for your pathetic plight.
Late, it's too late, mate, the checkmate's on the board.

What if you were lucky, what if you've been dealt
A better hand than this one from the start, wouldn't that have helped?
I don't give a shit, man, it don't matter either way,
However you should cut it, you're in the gutter all the way.
Hell, sure as hell, quell, quell that stupid rage.

Hear that siren voice, bite the bullet fast,
You are trapped for good now, buddy, you are going bust.
Open up your mouth, stick your gun up there,
Pull the trigger now, show them that you don't care.
Free, I am free; free, free at last.



HO-HUM

Ho-hum,
Uncomfortably numb,
The job is over, free at last, time to go home

Stand by,
You managed to survive,
Another day of absolutely ordinary life.

No doubt,
Everything I dreamt about:
Going places, having fun – all has come to naught.

Moving slow,
Getting nowhere, feeling every blow,
Hope this mellow tune will cheer you up when you are low.

No thrills,
Got to pay those bills,
Stupid job – it soaks you up without any frills.

Day, night,
No will to fight,
Say goodbye to your ambitions, face your wretched plight.

Is there
Anything as damn pathetic
As the dead-end jobber's grind that gets you nowhere?

Rest your butt,
Turn on the radio, this is where it's at,
A little cruising at the day's end is all that you've got.

Looks like
We're ready for a ride,
No two joints you have ever rolled are quite alike.

So what,
I'm going to pot,
Getting through this goddamn life is what it's all about.

Bad dream,
You can holler, you can scream,
Nothing's gonna make a difference in my life it seems.

Hang along with me, man,
Will you, we'll get by and by
Through one more day of this extra-ordinary life.

MIA BLUES

It happened long ago when long hair was the thing,
When Nixon was the president and Elvis was the king.
We knew we'd live forever, forever and a day,
With pot and rock and roll who needs tomorrow, anyway.

Then I've got the notice, the notice for the damned,
It said, "Got you, sucker, you're going to Vietnam."
"Great," I thought, "why now?" "Shit," I thought, "Why me?
I would rather pick and strum." But that was not to be.

Next thing I remember I was in boot camp,
Marching up and down, getting sore and numb,
Eating crow, digging dirt, cursing all day long,
No war could be much worse I thought – Boy, I was wrong.

By the time they flew us to some place near Saigon
The war was all but over, the frightful flight began.
We tried to hit them harder, then negotiate,
But it was too feeble, too little and too late.

The Vietcong was embarking on its last offense,
We couldn't smoke them out, couldn't mount defense,
It still makes me shudder, it still gives me chills
Every time I look back at this hell on wheels.

Worst thing I remember was the searing light,
Scalding fire, scorching heat, shelling day and night,
Crippled bodies, ripped-up guts, grisly paradise,
Your last buddy blown to pieces right before your eyes.

One day came the order, we were to withdraw,
"Peace with honor" wasn't that what we were looking for?
We packed our munitions, folded up our gear,
But someone had to stay behind to secure our rear.

No, I wasn't chosen, I just volunteered,
Goddamn war, it got to me, how stupid could you be!
Thought they'd bail us out, thought they'd rescue us,
Instead they brought the friendly fire right up our ass.

Last thing I remember was that piercing noise,
Something hit me in the chest, it felt warm and moist,
Tried to swallow, gasped for air, couldn't breathe or cough,
Then the noise stopped at last and the lights went off.

My name's not on the roster of the living or the dead,
My soul's not in heaven, my butt is not in bed.
My buddies are all goners, myself I'm on the way,
I'm nobody, I'm an MIA.

Don't care for politics, don't dig the news,
Whistling past the graveyard the MIA blues,
Looking back and wondering what were we fighting for,
Was it worth the sacrifice, all that blood and gore?

One more thing to tell you about you and me,
About all my buddies dying to be free.
Don't feel too sorry, don't feel too blue,
Rock this place for all of us, it's the least that you could do.



TELL ME
(For Arie)

Tell me, daddy, why the sun is shining,
What makes the river flow into the sea,
Where the day is hiding when the night falls,
Shall we last forever – you and me?

Well, let me think, I'll draw you a picture,
You see, my dear, it's always been that way,
Things have to follow the laws of nature,
They come to be, get older, then decay.

Nothing lives forever under those skies,
Everything that grows someday has to die.
You and I are living beings, so we'll grow old,
But my love for you, dear girl, will outlast the world.

Tell me, daddy, why are some people homeless,
Have they been always living on the streets,
What are they looking for in those trashcans,
Where do they go when it's time to sleep?

Those ill-clothed people are forsaken souls,
They were once children just like you and me,
They had their dreams, high hopes, and lofty goals
Bad luck has tripped them, no one hears their pleas.

There is much injustice in this wondrous world,
Some people have poor parents, some have none at all,
Some have lost their sanity, some couldn't find a job,
You can say hello to them, that might cheer them up.

Tell me, daddy, why's my tummy hurting,
Doesn't God watch over us from above,
Is he angry cause I've gotten dirty,
Would he punish those whom he loves?

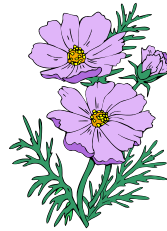
This is a hard one, wish I knew the answer,
Some people think we get what we deserve,
But others say God must be looking elsewhere,
Or he would never let us suffer so.

Better take this syrup, it will soothe your pain,
Stop your tummy aching, wash it down the drain,
As for real heartache, it's hard to keep at bay,
But I'll sing my song for you until it goes away.

Tell me, daddy, why are you unhappy,
You are smiling but your eyes are sad,
Are you badly missing our mommy,
Do you think she might someday come back?

What can I say, now that you've asked me,
It has been rough, here, let me hold your hand,
Whenever I do look back at the last year,
I know I'd have lost without you, my friend.

As for our mommy, God knows what she thinks,
We'll have to wait and see what the New Year brings,
Wish she could be here with us, Arie sweetie-pie,
But we'll do the best we can, now it's time for beddy-bye.



SONG FOR THE ROAD

Wake up with the morning sun,
Pack your knapsack for the road,
Time to leave this place my son,
One more hug before you go.

A rugged journey lies ahead,
As you strike out on your own.
If you feel a little sad,
You should know you're not alone.

Wherever you're going – call me when you're there,
Whatever you may find – don't leave me unaware,
Whenever you feel low – remember that I care,
My son.

I'd travelled once this way,
Searching for a better rhyme,
But discovered rather late
That the best I left behind,

Scurried back to tie loose ends,
Bearing tales of what I've done,
Stopped to see my dear old friends,
Found out they were gone.

Whichever way you wander – know where you're from,
Whomever you might fancy – think how you've grown,
If ever you'll stumble – reach out to those at home,
My son.

Hate to think you might burn out,
Caught up in a daily grind,
Hope one day you'll come around,
Check out those you left behind.

Yes, I know we have to part,
You have so much to explore.
Still, it really breaks my heart
To see you walking out that door.

Whatever is your fate – hope you won't regret,
However you should rhyme – just imagine that
Forever lies in wait – home is where it's at,
My son.

FORJANY

Hey, hey,
What do you say,
When the day is grey –
You want to talk to Jany.

Hey, ho,
Where do you go,
When you're feeling low –
You want to touch your Jany.

She is sweet and generous
Almost to a fault,
Humorous and amorous,
Smart and very bold.

Where else would you find
Such a friendly smile, such a lovely face?
What luck to meet a girl so fine,
To savor her embrace.

I can't even imagine
My life without her,
My days would be a drudgery,
My weekends just a blur.

Hey, hey,
Let her sway,
Whichever way she may,
I badly need her magic.

Lit the sky,
For you and I,
So we could rhyme
And scare away the tragic...

I looked the other way just once –
She was gone in a flash.
Will there be another chance?
I'm ruined, I am crushed!

I want to touch her lovely face,
I want to see her friendly smile,
I want to write a poem just in case
She'd let me make it worth her while.

It hurts, it hurts so badly
To live without you.
I love, I love you madly,
Please give me just a clue.

Hey, hey,
Is there a way
To make you hear
The song I write about you.

Hey, ho,
Don't say no,
Life's just too raw
To wade through it without you.

Things haven't bubbled ever since,
It rains and snows too much,
Night never ends, time's standing still,
And there's no one to touch.

I do remember better days,
When laughter welled up just because,
And every rhyme leaped to its place,
What a miracle it was!

Moon and Starlight, do you know
Where does Jany hide?
Have you seen her, Rain and Snow,
Is she still alive?

Hey, hey,
The day is grey,
My song is frail,
Where are you now, Jany?

Hey, ho,
No place to go,
I'm lying low,
Come back to me, my Jany.

I want to touch your lovely face,
I want to see your friendly smile,
I want to write a poem. . .

STILL CROSS AT ME

I feel low, I feel black and blue.
Weeks have gone since I've seen you last.
I've been trying to get back to you.
Will you hear me out,

Jany? You're still cross at me.
Baby, I need some reprieve.
Maybe, you will heed my plea.

Cause I miss you more than I could say.
I don't want to go on like this.
I've been struggling to mend my ways,
But the weight of being is

Heavy. Oh, I feel it now!
Honey, would you show me how?
Help me nip this nagging doubt.

Are you brooding, are you having fun,
Have you listened to our favorite song,
Are you lonely, have you met someone,
Can't you see I'm sorry

Jany? We can stop this hate.
Weigh in, don't tempt your fate.
I'm praying it is not too late.

Am I making any sense to you?
Is your proud self forever shut?
How could you be so cold and cruel?
Have you given up on

All that we had in the past?
Hold it, let that spirit last.
Call me, does it ring at last?

No, my telephone is just as dead.
Time is running out very fast.
My worn-out heart is filled with dread.
Is this really all there is for us?

THAT SINKING FEELING

The sun is still a-shining, the sky is calm and fair,
But the storm's already gathering – feel it in the air.
Your body's still a-shimmering, your heart is in my hand,
But I can see it glimmering – the beginning of the end.

Me, I always knew t'was just too good to last,
But it sure looked like this one wouldn't bite the dust.
Yes, I'd do anything to revive our love,
But I can tell it's no use, God help me, it is rough.

The wings are still aquiver, the eyes show no fear,
But the shadows grip the river, the vultures getting near.
Your kisses are still winsome, your shoulders drenched in sweat,
But I can sense that awesome feeling is already dead.

Me, I never let them get to me that close,
But you've trapped me, lady, bewitched me I suppose.
Yes, you've shown me what love is all about,
But I will get my old self back, there must be some way out.

Why is it so quiet, why this sudden chill,
Why is this free spirit all of a sudden holding still?
Why the head is reeling, why the soul's aghast,
Why do I have that sinking feeling – this is it for us?

Me, I couldn't care less, just going for a ride.
But for those teary eyes, there's nothing else to hide.
Yes, we had a blast, all things we've said and done,
But I'll survive this latest bust, wish you were already gone.

The sun is still a-shining, the sky is calm and fair,
But the storm's already gathering – feel it in the air.
Your body's still a-shimmering, your heart is in my hand,
But I can see it glimmering – the beginning of the end.

Me, I always knew t'was just too good to last,
But it sure looked like this one wouldn't bite the dust.
Yes, I'd do anything to revive our love,
But I can tell it's no use, God help me, it is rough.



MORNING STAR

I've been going through the motions,
Feigning I am still alive,
Help me find some crazy potion
That will end this dreary life.

Winds will howl fierce and high,
Suns will rise and suns will set,
Years will flow by and by,
I will not have touched you yet.

Like a morning star
Rising with the early sun,
You will shine, be still my heart.
Like the moon and earth
Pacing star-dust back and forth,
We're so close, we are apart.

I can brood and I can weep,
Nothing's gonna change my lot,
The sea of sorrow running deep,
Heavens' doors forever shut.

Springs will come and summers go,
Autumn leaves will blow away,
Winters freeze all that can grow,
My star-crossed love will not decay.

Like a shooting star
Wandering this way from afar,
You are bound to flare and burn.
Like a star-struck fool
Trying hard to play it cool,
I'll be left behind to yearn.

Heartaches ebb and heartaches flow,
Time will cure all those bereft,
Still, it can't expunge the glow
That remains since you have left.

Good years pass and famines follow,
Heavy rains ease up the drought,
Will they wash away the sorrow
That is lodged inside my heart?

Like a lonely star
Stealing hope from ruptured hearts,
You are such a mindless thief.
Like a black-hole void
Laying traps you can't avoid,
I have no more light to give.



RAIN, RAIN, RAIN

Come, come a little closer,
It won't take too long,
If you can spare a moment,
I'll sing for you a song.
It is about a woman,
It is about the rain
That came one day from nowhere
And washed away the pain.

The woman she was quiet,
Didn't notice her at first,
She shook her wet hair loose and pop –
The aching bubble burst.
No queen or raving beauty,
Her face was rather plain,
But how it glowed that afternoon
Completely soaked with rain!

We wandered through the town,
Her carefree hand in mine,
Our breaths suspended in the air,
My life and hers entwined.
I had the strangest feeling,
Like it was foreordained,
Like all the woes that weighed me so
Were washing down the drain.

But then the rainfall ended
As suddenly as it came,
The woman drifted someplace else,
I didn't catch her name.
The crowds filled up empty streets,
The cruel sun shone again,
And all my worries reappeared,
Undaunted by the rain.

The rain is very common
In the land where I was born,
It often comes from nowhere
And lingers on and on.
It is a different story here,
The sky's without a stain,
So when it's pouring like today
I sing about the rain.

Rain, rain, rain,
Wash away my sorrow,
Rain, rain, rain,
Come and cheer me up.
Rain, rain, rain,
Bring a better morrow,
Rain, rain, rain,
Fill this empty cup.



LORD, ARE YOU THERE?

We
Won't see the
End to this
Harrowing
Night
Untill He
Relents and
Relieves our
Plight. Please

Give us your
Mercy, please,
Give us your
Air to breath,
Give to your
People a
Sign that you
Care. To the

Haven't been
Patient, we
Haven't been
Fair, Light
Onto the
Nations is
Hard to
Bear. Still

I
Am
Yah-
Weh, my
People you
Are and my
People you'll
Stay. The

Soothe our
Blight and
Drain our
Tears,
Spare us from
Wars, famines,
Pestilence,
Fears. How

Law that you
Taught us we
Haven't been
True, but
Have we
Deserved the
Lot that we
Drew? How

Give us your
Mercy, please,
Give us your
Air to breath,
Give to your
People a
Sign that you
Care. You

Covenant
Stands, the
Covenant's
Fair, Light
On to the
Nations
You will
Bear. You're

Long can we
Suffer, is
Deliverance
Near,
Will You
Consent our
Wailings to
Hear.

Could you've
Chosen our
Children to
Strike, why
Punish the
Wicked and
Guiltless
Alike? Why

Lent us free
Will to do
Good and do
Evil, these
Two are at
War, these
Two are
Coeval. We

Made in my
Image, you
Ought to feel
Pain,
Feeling and
Freedom is
What makes you
Sane. So, our

Hey,
Hah,
Woe,
Ehr,
Lord are
Listening,
Lord are you
There? We

Do they for
Their fathers'
Sins have to
Pay, in
Harm's way
Be thrust and
Taken
Away?

Long from the
Evil once
More to be
Free, oh
Please, we
Implore you,
Rescind your
Decree! Take

Blood and our
Tears are
Not all in
Vain, with
Him we are
Sharing our
Affliction and
Bane.

Haven't been
Patient, we
Haven't been
Fair, Light
Onto the
Nations is
Hard to
Bear. Still,

Hey,
Hah,
Woe,
Ehr,
Lord are
Listening,
Lord are you
There? We

Back your free
Will and
Restore to us
Grace,
Relieve us from
All that is
Vile and
Base.

Forgive us, oh
Lord, that we
Were in
Uproar,
Bestow your
Mercy on your
People once
More.

