

# Arcade Fire, Abraham's Daughter

In the hurt of Isaac's hand and led him to the lonesome hill.  
While his daughter hid and watched,  
she dare not breathe. She was so still.  
Just as the angel cried for the slaughter,  
Abraham's daughter raised her voice.

Then the angel asked her what her name was,  
she said: "I have none."  
Then he asked: "How can this be?"  
"My father never gave me one"

And when he saw her, raised for the slaughter,  
Abraham's daughter raised her bone.  
"How then this torture define the father?"  
You better than your Isaac hope.