

Rez Band, Land Of Stolen Breath

Dust along the broken road chokes the golden sun,
In the land of stolen breath a shot rings out from a child's gun.

And chaos rains without a tear upon unburied treasures here,
They find no honour or respect in the land of stolen breath.

A woman sold tea in the square and brought the pennies home,
But not today; her pennies lay beside her on the stone,
Her children wait, the shadows fall on hopes for her return,
They wait to hear a lullaby they have not yet learned.

And chaos rains without a tear upon unburied treasures here,
They find no honour or respect in the land of stolen breath,
And chaos rains without a tear upon unburied treasures here,
They find no honour or respect in the land of stolen breath.

He took sides with bread and bullets,
In no-man's land, he's an orphan king
Father died in diseased abandon,
Power owns what widows bring.

Townships float upon the sea of human greed and misery,
The deserts feed on refugees - we watch it all on TV,
Pure religion is just this: to greet the widow with a kiss,
Feed the orphan, love the poor of these bloody civil wars.

And chaos rains without a tear upon unburied treasures here,
They find no honour or respect in the land of stolen breath,
And chaos reigns without a tear upon unburied treasures here,
They find no profit, just neglect, in the land of stolen breath.

Stolen breath,
Stolen.