

# Rez Band, Little Children

Dead black kids in Atlanta - when will this insanity end?  
White or black, many or one; the killer poses as a friend,  
Fear grips the littlest children, they can hardly sleep at night,  
The Klan, the Nazis, and the FBI only adding to their fright.

In South East Asian refugee camp, to Haiti and beyond,  
The suffering of these little ones screams of a world gone wrong,  
The selfishness, greediness, and wars have crippled and killed them,  
We can roll in the shame of our sinful gain, but we can't replace our children.

Abort me, abuse me, rape and use me to buy your way to happiness,  
Swear and hit me, or just neglect me; it's only at a child's expense,  
What does it matter? - You'll get what you're after,  
But if I die before I wake, I'll be safe in the arms of my saviour,  
So much love for so much hate.

But if I die before I wake, I'll be safe,  
I'll be safe,  
I know the Lord my soul will take.