

Abney Park, Holy War

Death hue falling on the faces of the streets lost children as the mortar fire broken in
Nights cold, slipping through the cracks
Breaking through the cracks of crumbling plaster
Hunger gnaws, I can feel its claws but the pain of a bullet would burn much hotter in the spot light,

Holy war, deliver me, rest my fear, I can not see

Nameless, but I know the faces of the kids I sleep in Jezebel's lair with
Thoughtless breaking my bread tween the mine fields flowers and gullies with daises
Some times I can find some rations that a soldier let fall when the wind or life left him
Some times I can find a gun or a pistol or a knife to use

Holy war, deliver me, rest my fear, I can not see
My eyes are blind, my bodies lame, my families gone, in my god's name, Holy Wars

Nameless, faceless, but a tear or a dollar won't buy my justice
Fearless, clothed less then a war torn child should sleep or focus
Once I watched as a cannon slot fell through the stained glass window of a church on my street
Once I sat on a steeple now laying in the church yards playground

Holy war, deliver me, rest my fear, I can not see
My eyes are blind, my bodies lame, my families gone, in my god's name, Holy Wars