

Ana's Mitchell, Song Of The Magi

When we came
We came through the cold
We came bearing gifts of gold
And Frankincense and Myrrh
And there were trumpets playing
There were angels looking down
On a west bank town
And he so loved the world
Wore we then our warmest capes
Wore we then our walking shoes
Opened wide the city gates
And let us through
A child is born, born in Bethlehem
Born in a cattle pen
A child is born on the killing floor
And still he no crying makes
Still as the air is he
Lying so prayerfully there
Waiting for the war
Welcome home, my child
Your home is a checkpoint now
Your home is a border town
Welcome to the brawl
Life ain't fair, my child
Put your hands in the air, my child
Slowly now, single file, now
Up against the wall
Wear we now our warmest coats
Wear we now our walking shoes
Open wide the gates of hope
And let us through
When we came
We came through the cold
We came bearing gifts of gold
And Frankincense and Myrrh
And there were shepherds praying
There were lions laying down
With the lambs in a west bank town
And he so loved the world