

Bill Miller, Brave Heart

Some are born to wealth, and given shelter from the storm
Some were always held and had a fire to keep them warm
Some are born to poverty with no roof above their head
Some are facing suicide and wishin' they were dead

There are those with flowing rivers right outside their door
Refugees in boats who may never reach the shore
Some pray for rain and the pay for it in blood
When it rains for forty days we are all victims of the flood

Somewhere a brave heart must survive
Yes someday the truth will bury the lie
Yah somewhere a brave heart must survive

Too many here been prisoners deserving to be free
Too many in the darkness and they have no eyes to see
In the middle of the night they are taken from their homes
And they dig a common grave to cover up their flesh and bones

But a new day in dawning for the beggars and the blind
For those who have suffered and were always left behind
But the chains will be broken and the fences will come down
And we will walk as brothers once again on the sacred ground

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