

Orenda Fink, Les Invisibles

I make it each day
With the help of the good lord, but laid my (?)
I comb the streets
Looking for a way to feed
Hell came and away
Of a war and a child
That never returned
That never returned

We raise our hands and pray
Les invisibles
We hold our heads in shame
Les invisibles

And as my weathered hands scrapped and coloured
With years of pain of the brokenhearted
Frame their plates of whitened bone
You take no note of your one presenter
Would you like to know what I'd done for dinner
And I've my outlived my boy

Just to serve it to you
You have waged this war
The rich wage wars
The rich take more

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