

Sirrah, Passover 1944

Father of our guilt I rejoice at golden heaven's
Birds eye view to earth
All is mine today
There's no word like hope
As the sun is hidden by the mist
Now the fortune's turning
Mix your gold with ash
Look around your nation's dead
And god forgot your name
Six feet under we lie
Strong our faith now dead
Paint with blood on these cryptic walls
Of our forlorn defeat
Bend your knees in prayer now
That is what they're for
Father did you see
Legions marching through my land
Trodden flowers dead
All has gone today
Father smiles when we forgive
The wound that leads to eden
The years of slavery remain
And mean nothing
Again