

Yusuf Islam, The Little Ones

Oh they killed all the little ones
While their faces still smiled
With their guns and the fury
They erased their young lives.

No longer to laugh
No longer to be a child
Oh they've killed all the little ones
While their faces still smiled.

Now they're burying the little ones
And they're making the graves deep
So the world cannot see
That tonight we may sleep.

While they wash away the blood
The mothers all weep
Oh they're burying the little ones
And they're making the graves deep.
Oh they're burying the little ones
And they're making the graves deep.

Yet where will the devils go
When that day comes
When the angels drag them out
To face the little ones.

Oh they've killed all the little ones
With their eyes open wide
There was nothing to help them
On the day that they died.

No bed to run under
No cupboard to hide
Oh they've killed all the little ones
With their eyes open wide.

They'll be raising the little ones
With no sin to atone
In the light of high heaven
They will sit on tall throne.

Where playtime lasts forever
And God's mercy never ends.

They'll be raising the little ones
And they'll all be best friends.
They'll be raising the little ones
And they'll all be best friends.