

Pride and Passion

Mountain

One man's life has stalled in needing.
Words out loud that want repeating.
Fathers passed to sons their craving.
Woman's loved their children saving
Kings who walk in banners waving still. I have no heart for listening, to the men who talk of
Peace.
They're putting all their nonsense in my way.
Won't you please my love, please rest your tired little
Hands.
We've been talking half the night, and there's so much
More to say. Mothers asking for this one more time, before their
Babies come
They're misled in the smells of dusty tea
Someplace there is better, where time looks nothing
Turned to stone
But the sun is shining yellow, and it's turned to shine
On me Someone breathing discontent in the circling vapour
Light
And frozen little soldiers guard their homeland through
The night And the million nameless cattle, weather out just one
Last time
And the heartbeat in that aching crowd no it will not
Beat with mine The answer we're all given, to the base analogy
And hither led us all into the war
The children who once laughed at this, would breath
Behind the song
It's the season for re-living, but they're living in
The heart Someone breathing discontent in the circling vapour
Light
And frozen little soldiers guard their homeland through
The night
So a million nameless cattle, weather out just one last
Time
And the heartbeat in that aching crowd no it will not
Beat with mine Hearts all filled of pride and passion
Sacrificed in royal nations
Stand we here in humble breeding
Save the souls who in retreating

Prayed for and even needing now

Songwriters

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