

Holy War

Abney Park

Death hue falling on the faces of the streets lost children as the mortar fire broke in.

Nights cold, slipping through the cracks,

Breaking through the walls of crumbling plaster.

Hunger gnaws, I can feel its claws but the pain of a bullet would burn much hotter in the spot light, mounted on the cannon of the tank the prowls. Holy war, deliver me, rest my fear, I can not see. Nameless, but I know the faces of the kids I sleep in Jezebel's lair with.

Thoughtless breaking my bread tween the mine fields flowers and gullies with daises.

Some times I can find some rations that a solider let fall when the wind of life left him.

Some times I can find a gun or a pistol or a knife to use. Holy war, deliver me, rest my fear, I can not see.

My eyes are blind, my bodies lame, my families gone, in my god's name, Holy Wars. Nameless, faceless, but a tear or a dollar won't buy my justice.

Fearless, clothed less then a war torn child should sleep or focus.

Once I watched as a cannon slot fell through the stained glass window of a church on my street.

Once I sat on a steeple now laying in the church yards playground. Holy war, deliver me, rest my fear, I can not see.

My eyes are blind, my bodies lame, my families gone, in my god's name, Holy Wars.

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