

# Father

## Annals

A son will get sick  
A father will watch as life has left  
From his boy, helpless  
Hours still go by, like strangers  
Quick to close an eye  
But dear father just won't die

"What debt has my boy to pay?  
What crime has been to deserve this fate?  
Lord, What debt has my boy to pay?  
It's this weight you gave  
My baby's grave."

Night does not sleep for father  
He's fighting to find some peace  
Where he lives  
His son has died  
He stares at his wife, the woman  
Who held his boy inside  
But why? Oh, God why?

"Lord, how can I tell her it's okay?  
What words I know can dry her face  
Dear Lord, how could you take him in this way?  
It's this weight you gave, my baby's grave."

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