Father

Annuals

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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