Food For Thought

S.B.V.

Ivory madonna dying in the dust,
Waiting for the manna coming from the west.
Barren is her bosom, empty as her eyes,
Death a certain harvest scattered from the skies.
Skin and bones is creeping, does`nt know he`s dead.
Ancient eyes are peeping, from his infant head.
Politician`s argue sharpening their knives.
Drawing up their bargains, trading baby lives.
(chorus)
Ivory madonna dying in the dust,
Waiting for the manna coming from the west.

Hear the bells are ringing, christmas on it`s way.
Hear the angels singing, what is that they say?
Eat and drink rejoicing, joy is here to stay.
Jesus son of mary is born again today.
(chorus)
Ivory madonna dying in the dust,
Waiting for the manna coming from the west.
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