March to the Witch's Castle

Funkadelic

February 12th, 1973, the prayers of thousands were answered
The war was over and the first of the prisoners returned
Needless to say, it was the happiest day in up to thirteen years
For most, others, the real nightmare had just begun
The nightmare of readjustment and for those, we will prayFather, bless the soldier
Who has returned home from the war
He has fought with all his might
Yet he knew not for what or who he was fighting forDeath waited in the shadows
As he crawled by night for his country
His enemies was many
Including the habit he still cannot breakFather, we pray that we might understand
What has happened to his mind
And help us understand his reaction
To the changes that has taken place here at homeAnd Father, smile upon us with Your grace
For we will need You more than ever
Help him understand that when his loved one remarried
They were truly under the impression that he was dead
And never would return, oh Lord, we prayAnd Father, why must wars be fought?
Someone said this war ended with peace, with honor
But can there truly be? Is there such a thing?
Thousands of boys gave their life, and for what?
Do anybody know?Oh Lord, give us the strength to understand ourselves
For we are mysterious animals, man
And as the boys march home to the witch's castle
They will all need your helpI can hear them calling, calling out for You, Father
For there is no one else that can help
Smile upon us, oh Lord, for we are very weak
Very weak, very weak, very weak

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