

# 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 pray  
Father, 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 for  
Death waited in the shadows  
As he crawled by night for his country  
His enemies was many  
Including the habit he still cannot break  
Father, 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 home  
And 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 pray  
And 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 help  
I 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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