

# War Is Kind

## Jakob Dylan

Mother you saw my eyes  
On the fourth of July  
Under a banner of roman candles  
Mother war is kind  
Like hell but I am fineBrother have you gone west?  
You followed through once yet  
You are still younger, how dare you forget?  
Brother war is best  
In the morning when you've had restLike a lost dog between houses  
In the unknown open country  
Line up at dawn to see who's missing  
My age is a metaphor  
That only speaks of everything beforeDaughter you wear my name  
Those are my eyes, keep 'em raised  
I may have scars but I give more than I take  
Daughter war is safe  
Where you are far awayLover are you gone?  
My heart has taken too much on  
One octave lower than thunder it drums  
Lover war is done  
In more ways than just oneLike a lost dog between houses  
In the unknown open country  
Like an outlaw now standing  
At the foot of infinity  
The sun is wild and just in front of me

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