

Brave Heart

Bill Miller

Some are born to wealth and given shelter from the storm
Some were always held and had a fire to keep them warm
Some are born to poverty with no roof above their head

Some are facing suicide and wishin' they were dead
There are those with flowing rivers right outside their door
Refugees in boats who may never reach the shore

Some pray for rain and the pay for it in blood

When it rains for forty days we are all victims of the flood
Somewhere a brave heart must survive

Yes, someday the truth will bury the lie

Yah, somewhere a brave heart must survive

Too many here been prisoners deserving to be free

Too many in the darkness and they have no eyes to see
In the middle of the night they are taken from their homes
And they dig a common grave to cover up their flesh and bones

But a new day in dawning for the beggars and the blind

For those who have suffered and were always left behind

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