

We Want Our Brothers Back

The Gone Jackals

Too many believe
In some 'master plan'
'cause it's hard to accept
What's not shapen by hand.But here, under the sun,
Where events can't be undone;
Once superstition's spent -
You gotta know,
We want our brothers back.The hurt came down
From the clear blue sky.
The sands of time
Went rushing by.It came as a shock,
We'd shut our eyes.
Is this all that's left,
Just a slow good-bye?The curators frown
And they wax abstract.
But, man, if you've found love
What could matter more than that?It's a crime and a shame (selfish and vain)
To try to justify this pain.
I guess they'll think what they will -
But before the dawn
They'll want their brothers back.

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