

# 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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