

A son will get sick.
A father will watch as life has left
from his boy, helpless.
Hours still go by, like strangers,
quick to close an eye,
but dear father just won't die.

"What debt has my boy to pay?
What crime has been to deserve this fate?
Lord, What debt has my boy to pay?
It's this weight you gave,
my baby's grave."

Night does not sleep for father.
He's fighting to find some peace.
Where he lives,
his son has died.
He stares at his wife, the woman
who held his boy inside,
but why? Oh, God why?

Lord, how can I tell her it's okay?
What words I know can dry her face.
Dear Lord, how could you take him in this way?
It's this weight you gave, my baby's grave