

The Battle

Blood, Sweat & Tears

While the king and queen lie sleeping
And their daughters smile so nice.
Brothers wait through windows
And the peasants die for rice.
And here I'm standing naked
Laughing madly at the sun.
Though I wanted to sleep late today
The Battle's just begun.

Oh, the Devil in all his wisdom
The father in all his grace
The servant's sons are washed in blood
And the man has run his race

A moving target looms behind the street where soldiers stood
Siren screams out desperately
Like only humans could
And standing on my balcony
I watch the battle run
Yes the war is never over
But the day is never done

Oh, the Devil in all his wisdom,
the father in all his grace,
The servant's sons are washed in blood
And the man has run his race.

Six-white horses like the wind are running,
Five are far behind
The captain lost his daughter,
The sergeant lost his mind.
The soldiers they still scream for riches
Even though they swore
That sons and daughters wouldn't live
Unless we won the war.

Oh, the Devil in all his wisdom,
the father in all his grace,
The servant's sons are washed in blood
And the man has run his race.