

The Innocent's Corner

Caedmon's Call

Huddled in the light of a cellular billboard
A family of four is a nation at war
In her head are the echoes of weeping
Of children the Sunday before

The promises made by her father
Are no match for hunger's incline

And she fell to her knees as she cried
In the Innocent's corner I'll hide
You came around and lifter her up with the angels beside
Would she be denied?

Ours is a land with a terrible shortage
Of harvests to share and breathable air
And a reason to live could be too hard to find
Like a wage or a dime

But we sit here debating the meaning of justice
With self-righteous spin and an upper caste grin
We're still suffocating on quicksand indifference
Where no choice is ever that hard

And she fell to her knees as she cried
In the Innocent's corner she'll hide
You came around and lifted her up with the angels beside

The promises made by her Father
Would curb any hunger inside

And she fell to her knees as she cried
In the Innocent's corner she'll hide
You came around and lifted her up with the angels beside