

Alabama

Deine Lakaïen

Alabama
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In the year 63 we heard a distant cry

Raging madness
Helpless sadness
And a voice choked with dismay
Asking why

We stopped breathing
We were listening
And the walls they resonate
With deep silence forever
Alabama

Someone joined in
Started singing
With his fingers
Sliding over his instrument

Took the grief in
With humility
At the sound of his horn
The room fell silent
He was breathing
We were listening
And the walls they resonate
With deep silence forever
Alabama

Whispered sighs in
Broken phrases
Stretching out
The warming blanket of compassion

Wisps of scales in
Broken melodies
Sounds that rouse
The minds of a new generation

And we're breathing
And we're listening
And the music lingers on
In deep silence forever
Alabama