

He beat the drum and lit the fires
He sent the messages in vain
But the sound of his philosophy
Rose above the falling rain

And to you who find it difficult
To believe in anything
I praise you for the outrage
At the horror you have seen

So I'm trying to remember
I try to understand
Every holocaust has meaning
Not set in stone but drawn in sand

And in some cold and barren place
He spoke the phrase and thus I heard
With every small decision
You change a heart, you change the world