

War Is Kind

Jakob Dylan

Mother you saw my eyes
On the fourth of July
Under a banner of roman candles
Mother war is kind
Like hell but I am fine

Brother have you gone west?
You followed through once yet
You are still younger, how dare you forget?
Brother war is best
In the morning when you've had rest

Like a lost dog between houses
In the unknown open country
Line up at dawn to see who's missing
My age is a metaphor
That only speaks of everything before

Daughter you wear my name
Those are my eyes, keep 'em raised
I may have scars but I give more than I take
Daughter war is safe
Where you are far away

Lover are you gone?
My heart has taken too much on
One octave lower than thunder it drums
Lover war is done
In more ways than just one

Like a lost dog between houses
In the unknown open country
Like an outlaw now standing
At the foot of infinity
The sun is wild and just in front of me