

And who are they to know, as they are to achieve it  
And who are they to change, when they don't even know it  
An older sign of life upon their heads  
And all because they came around and touched you  
like you thought you had  
Blew it out into the sky and someone else could even die  
As always in their eyes they would be true  
And fly right up to you and say that they would always trust in  
you  
Now every night it comes  
An older sign of life upon their heads  
So when they came around and talked about the way  
they treat their children  
When they talked about their death and said that  
they would sometimes hold out  
When they crawled out between the boards alive and  
tried to stretch for air to survive  
How were they supposed to be alive at all  
So every night it comes  
And who are they to know, as they are to achieve it  
And who are they to change, when they don't even know it  
An older sign of life upon their heads  
How many souls have cried for years  
Thank God the angels make them see  
And take their souls to liberty  
Arise above the way that humans treat their children so, so low  
Pushing all the love away  
Showing them is this way to live  
How are they supposed to be alive  
(these are all the children)  
Without love how are they supposed to be  
(these are all the visions)  
without love (these are all the children)  
It's here in the horrible world  
In forces of the time  
In the garden of hate  
And the forces that lie  
It cuts into the vine  
Someone gets to bring a change  
You can help it in your mind  
These are all your children