

Sad

Jon Anderson

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