

The Children

Renaissance

Hearing the wind blowing over the hill
Over the mountains so tall and so still
Down through the forests they're
Walkng alone
Walking alone
Out on the corners and out in the streets
This is their home now there's nothing to eat
These are the children longing to play
Maybe today will be the day

Children being brave
A symbol of the age
Touching people far away
Children kneel and pray
Children long to play
Some will find a way
To escape this living hell
Now only time will tell

Down from the village and into the town
Leaving their brothers and sisters behind
Innocent voices that cry in the night
Cry in the night
What did they do to deserve all this pain
Most of them won't see their mothers again
Taken from childhood they'll never return
Crying inside a silent pain

So small so weak
They rarely speak
The days go by
They wonder why
Will someone help
Take them away
Their hearts just break
On each new day

Up in the morning they never do sleep
Looking so helpless with nothing to keep
People walk past them not facing the truth
Facing the truth
Dirt on their faces and dust in their eyes
Life passes them - not even a smile
Holding their hands out is all that they know
Holding each other in the cold