

# 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