

Brothers

The Skids

Stood in the field
And echoed a thunder
Dream of a hill
And valleys of gold
Summer of stream
And crystal-like fountain
A flower of joy
Free from the burden
Of man-made in toil
The sorrowful sight of
Brothers in mourning

Bathed in a garden
Of greenfield and plenty
Cleansed of a sin
And ready to call
The angel of woman
Divine in her reign
A flower of joy
Free from the burden
So sick and so old
The sorrowful sight of
Brothers in mourning

Brother watch over me, guard me day by day
Brother watch over me, your strength my need to fight

Alive and so sure
I'm ready to answer
Already a man
And steady in stand
I'm already there, I'm already there
Give me a lance
I'm ready to answer
The sorrowful sight
Of brothers in mourning
Brothers in mourning

Brother watch over me
Guard me day by day
Brother watch over me
Your strength my need to fight