

Disamistade

The Walkabouts

What are these souls doing in front of the church?
These divided people, this suspended story

An daya ho
An daya ho

An arm's length away that is the distance of the
offense
Peace is considered but the peace is barely grazed

An daya ho
An daya ho

Two families without blood
Draw up and surrender
And for everyone involved
The pain is shared
The other's pain is half their own

The war of the heart is content
Content with empty causes
The lament of a dog struck down by the shadow of a step
Satisfied with brief agony
Long the street of the house
An eruption of blood
An absence prepared for the meal

And with the shots of the hunter
Surrounding, one begs for one's fortune

What are our daughters doing
Embroidering and sewing
All these stains of mourning
Who've given up to love

An daya ho
An daya ho

Amid them it still hides
Our wandering hope
That the enemy desires
Desires to be returned

An daya ho
An daya ho

Hastened hands caught in the act
The act of touching other hands
There must be another way of living
Of living without pain
A rush of eyes into eyes
Only to discover, that instead
It's only the pause of the wind
It's only hatred by half
And the authority is dedicated to the missing half

This disamistade

Is opposed to our misadventure
To this race of time
To the dishevel of our fate and fortune

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