

# 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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In front of the church  
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