

Side of the Angels

I protest. I confess.
I embrace our disgrace.

I endure this chore,
Crowns of thorns we wore.
I won't fight. Tie it tight,
Give proof through the night.

Chorus

We're on the side of the angels

In this land, with our needs
Thick wool blankets, thin glass beads

Now alone, we atone
For these things said and done.
Shining seas, name the deeds
Of this people's history

Can you tell? Can you see?
We bear witness to these tragedies.

How the past rushes fast,
Reaching out at last,
Touching all. How we crawl
To the end of this fall.

Shattered glass, tumbling past
Paper blown round the stones.

Now we wedge on the ledge,
Peering down past the edge.
And we stare, fall through air
In the rockets' red glare.