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An Old Song

Martin don't go out tonight, Martin stay at home
You know I die a thousand times for every hour you're gone
One more night of waiting for the knocking at the door
That will make another widow curse this endless bloody war

And for all your talk of freedom we're all prisoners of a cause
That's stolen pity from the heart, crushed reason in it's jaws
It's put the nightmares in your eyes, the blood upon your hands
And made a senseless graveyard of our green beloved land

Refrain:

Sing of martyrs, sing of heroes
Make your song sound like a prayer
Bu who pays the price, who must sacrifice
The children that they bear?
Do you wonder I despair?

Martin, when I look at you, shall I tell you what I see?
An endless, timeless, silent line of women just like me
Through the anguished ages waiting for the knocking at the door
We won't wait any longer, we won't be silent any more

Refrain:

And you sing your song of liberty
As if I can't understand
Does the wild free spark in a woman's heart
Burn less than in a man's?
Do you think I don't love this land?