

Children

Mike Hayes - October 1970

My sweet child Xendrie,
Why can't you be free?
Oh please dry your eyes,
Let's hear no more cries.

My sweet child Peru,
What has happened to you?
You once were a song,
Now you gaze at the moon.

My sweet child Gradine,
Say what you've seen,
Why your eyes remain closed,
In a face pale, composed.

My sweet child Vandress,
From where your distress?
From whence is your pain
That makes you insane?

My sweet Child Glenore,
We will see you no more.
No one else fills your chair.
Saved for you in your where?

My sweet, sweet, children,
Oh no never again,
Will I ever face
A new human race.