

## The Innocent's Corner

### Caedmon's Call

Huddled in the light of a cellular billboard  
A family of four is a nation at war  
In her head are the echoes of weeping  
Of children the Sunday before

The promises made by her father  
Are no match for hunger's incline

And she fell to her knees as she cried  
In the Innocent's corner I'll hide  
You came around and lifter her up with the angels beside  
Would she be denied?

Ours is a land with a terrible shortage  
Of harvests to share and breathable air  
And a reason to live could be too hard to find  
Like a wage or a dime

But we sit here debating the meaning of justice  
With self-righteous spin and an upper caste grin  
We're still suffocating on quicksand indifference  
Where no choice is ever that hard

And she fell to her knees as she cried  
In the Innocent's corner she'll hide  
You came around and lifted her up with the angels beside

The promises made by her Father  
Would curb any hunger inside

And she fell to her knees as she cried  
In the Innocent's corner she'll hide  
You came around and lifted her up with the angels beside