

# Whisper A Prayer For The Dying

David Coverdale

I hear the sound of distant thunder, echo all around  
I see the tragedy of young ones lying on the ground  
I see the fathers' sons and daughters, I hear the mothers crying  
Nothing left for me to do, but, whisper a prayer for the dying

Oh, a prayer for the dying  
The suffocating heat of jungles, and burning desert sands  
Where everything reminds you, you're a stranger in a strange land  
The soothing words of politicians, those bodyguards of lies  
While guardian angels waste their time and every mother cries

Oh, a prayer for the dying, dying, dying  
Machine gun, battle cry, you pray to God when the bullets fly  
The bombs fall like black rain, and all your dreams take you home again  
Nothing but bad dreams

You can't read, you can't write  
You're so scared, you can't sleep at night  
You try to carry the heavy load  
Walking down Armageddon road

Oh, Armageddon road

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I see the tragedy of young ones lying on the ground  
I see the fathers' sons and daughters, I hear the mothers crying  
Nothing left for me to do, but, whisper a prayer for the dying

Oh, a prayer for the dying, dying  
Oh, a prayer for the dying, baby, baby  
Oh, a prayer for the dying, dying  
Whisper a prayer for the dying

You can't run, you can't hide  
You can't show what you feel inside  
You're going crazy, going insane  
You know you'll never be the same again, no, no

Whisper a prayer for the dying, dying, dying, dying, dying, no,  
no  
Armageddon road, Armageddon road  
I'm walking down Armageddon road