

# For a Dream

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Gray clouds hung like a misty shroud  
On the battlefield that day  
And the meadow was strewn with the heroes  
Who had fallen by the way  
And a soldier cries as he watches his blood  
Spill on the Belgian snow  
And he wonders if he'll live 'til the morning light  
Or die here in the bitter cold

Why was he here in the first place?  
He was much too young to die  
Could this be a cause that was worthy  
Of such a costly sacrifice?  
Then he thinks about a home in the Texas pines  
And a lady he'd love to see  
And something inside says it's worth the price  
The fight for liberty

R:  
It was for a dream  
For a dream  
For a hope that a child yet unborn  
Would know about liberty  
It was for a dream  
For a dream  
For the hope that a son that he's never seen  
Would know about being in the land of the free  
So he laid his life on the line for a dream

Another field of battle  
Another place and time  
A soldier hangs between heaven and hell  
His life now on the line  
Abandoned in the heat of battle  
He cries in silent pain  
Alone to face His enemies  
As they mock and they curse His name

Why was he here in the first place?  
Wasn't there some other way?  
Was redemption's plan for fallen man  
Worth this price He would have to pay?  
But in His mind He could see  
A people holy, strong and free  
Bought by the blood of a man who had fought  
And won their liberty

R:  
It was for a dream  
For a dream  
For a hope that a people who were yet unborn  
Could know about liberty  
It was for a dream  
For a dream  
For the hope that a people He's never seen  
Would know about living life abundantly  
So he laid his life on the line for a dream