

Brian Odlum / Composer

For Our Children

Yet another political protest in the aftermath of the events of 9/11. The musical inspiration for this song started with an old traditional folk tune "Red Iron Ore", used by several other song writers (notably Bob Dylan) as inspirational material.

LYRICS:

Just after the war I was born in this world to a family of wealth and great privilege
our country was sound and our leaders were known as men of great wisdom and courage

My parents believed that our country was great that it sheltered the poor and the shattered
that justice was blind and the laws were defined that honor and honesty mattered

In the days of my youth I was taught to be true when a man gave his word he stuck to it
and nothing was gained or ever obtained if you lied to yourself and you knew it

The war made us strong and we knew right from wrong democracy was our foundation
until JFK died and the whole world cried for it signaled the death of our nation

Our fear of the reds was a sickness that spread to proportions of paranoid obsession
'till our country became what we thought was insane our nation spread fear and oppression

The wars that were fought for profit and oil have destroyed almost everything I cherished
but the worst of it's knowing the lies that were told to deceive all the soldiers who perished

At the end of my days these thoughts fill my head though I know I can't answer the question
but without knowing why I still have to try to explain our imperial aggression

Looking back I can see how our freedoms were lost to banks and corporate deception
until all that remained was the uncontrolled greed of a country beyond all redemption

We polluted the water and squandered the oil the forests were raped and denuded
'till the air was on fire and our plight it was dire a disaster no longer disputed

The damage was spread 'till the oceans were dead we poisoned the earth for our children
and the dream we once knew spawned a nightmare that grew to proportions of mass devastation

I'm burdened with sorrow, remorse and regret my heart begs to make reparations
but I know it's too late to undo what we've done which now threatens the next generations

Now the guilt and the shame must be shared by us all for we all played the role of the villain
but what won't let me go and tortures my soul is to know I'm despised by my children

I'm old now and dying my life's at an end and I know I don't merit your kindness
though I deeply regret all the damage we've caused I still need to ask your forgiveness