

Abraham

Greenberg/Harpeth Rising

Abraham, Abraham
Where you goin' with that knife in your hand
Why are we lost in this foreign land
Where are we goin' now Abraham?

Abraham my father my son
Where will we be when this day is done
Who will you embrace, who will you shun
And who will greet the morning sun?

CHORUS: Many are called few are chosen
Your faith will lie where the truth is spoken
Abraham my father my son
Can this ever be undone?

Abraham, Abraham
What'll we do now we have the truth
What were we really tryin' to prove
And how can we ever heal these wounds?

Abraham my father my son
Where will we be when this day is done
Shall I hide or shall I run?
Do not march to that ancient drum

CHORUS: Many are called few are chosen
Your faith will lie where the truth is broken
Abraham my father my son
Can this ever be undone?

Abraham, Abraham
Who can say they've seen the night
Until they've marched at darkness side
And collected souls for eventide?

Abraham my father my son
Tell me now the silence grows
In the empty fields and the crowded rows
You should have told him no
You should have told him no

CHORUS: Many are called few are chose
Your faith will lie where your heart is broken
Abraham my father my son
Can this ever be undone?