

Rez Band, Irish Garden

Sitting in Irish garden, you melancholy bride,
Oh, your children are dying - blood on the roadside,
Your people are helpless, and no one consoles you, yeah, yeah, as bullets keep flying, filling you w

Why, oh, why did you run and hide?
It's a cultural shock to the soul,
You sit in the flames of the fire you set,
The nation is out of control.

Sitting in an Irish garden, you broken bride to be,
Rise up through your sorrow, Jesus makes you free, yeah, yeah.

Olden days gone by, it was no so then,
Time to play, sing and dance in his holy land,
Why did I hide from you, with the serpent at my heel?
I'm sorry for the way I must have made you feel, must have made you feel.

Lord, I'm sorry for the way I know I made you feel.

I'm sorry for the way I know I made you feel.

Humble us to seek you, Father,
Heal our land so lost in sin,
Draw us from the bitter water to the garden once again.