

Peter Koppes, Anthem

I was the man that gave life a hand
I was the man who covered the land
The kind of a man not lost and damned in my trail

In silence I sang
But like a lamb
My heart did beat that the world would eat from my hand

All that's left is the stand
All that's left is the stand

I was the man
Who cried like a man
A matter of fact you could tell by the hat on his head

In my command
I summoned a stand
It bleeds me not delights, not got on demand

I was the man
Who gave life a hand