

# 06- Sleep Well Brother

by Erin Lang Crowley

February 12, 2008

And on the complete flip side of my last song... The inspiration for the music on this was a challenge to write music using a mode other than the standard Ionian (major). So I started noodling around with a bunch of different modes and fell in love with the moodiness of the Mixolodian flat 6 or "Hindu" mode. For lyrics...I'd heard something on NPR yesterday about the death of a US senator—the only one who was a Holocaust survivor. They had clips of how disappointed he was that despite the lessons learned in WWII, we still hadn't learned enough to prevent genocides like Darfur and Rwanda. I tried to write the lyrics generically enough that they could have multiple applications, but the issue of human rights is close to my mind with this song.

---

Help me can you hear me  
I am standing right here  
Is there any deliverance  
For the daughter of fear

Sleep well brother may your conscience be clean  
Of all these things you're trying so hard not to see

If I speak with a different tongue, sing with a different song  
Pray on a different set of knees  
If I am not of your own tribe am I easier to vilify  
When did I become a disease

Sleep well brother may your conscience be clean  
Of all these things you're trying so hard not to see

You may perpetuate a tolerance for others hate  
Still I know you're not the one to blame  
But as I am forced to flee the last pale dregs of dignity  
I wish that you could help ease this pain

Sleep well brother may your conscience be clean  
Of all these things you're trying so hard not to see

Sleep brother sleep