

Brokenhearted

Sitting around wondering now when the next bomb is gonna hit the ground.

I can't live my life this way, waiting for that day.

I can't live my life in fear, fearing with my life that the end is near.

It all seems so clear then I shed another tear.

When will we learn to live again? How can we ever live free again?

Living this way I may as well be dead.

All of these thoughts going round in my head.

They keep me tossing and turning in my bed.

So I write once more.

It's been awhile that's for sure.

My inspiration, usually a broken heart I feel at mend.

These days, I fear right here, for the days violent end.

Sitting around wondering how my next bit of hope is gonna be found.

I can't live my life this way; I know it's a sin to say.

What I want to say? I shouldn't wish away my every day.

It all seems so clear then I shed another tear.

There's nowhere to run, there's nowhere to turn.

The only choice we have is to watch them crumble and burn.

There's nowhere to run, there's nowhere to hide.

The only choice you have is to bide your time.

Its haunting my dreams, I'm all alone as it seems

The only choice I have is to come apart at the seams.

When will we learn to live again? How can we ever live free again?

Living this way I may as well be dead.

All of these thoughts going round in my head.

They keep me tossing and turning in my bed.

So I write once more.

It's been a while for sure.

My inspiration, I'm brokenhearted over this violent trend.

Sad days my dear are right here I'm without a friend.

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