

Ask Yourself

98 Mute

A fallen soldier, another casualty to the gravity of everyday living, life can be so unforgiving for those opposed to all of the rules I never thought the first gunshot I'd hear in my hometown would hit so close to home Family left to take the pain although he took the blow Ask yourself would it be easier if there was somebody to blame And ask yourself would it make more sense if there was someone to hate Like father like son born to lose a war no one ever prepared him to fight It isn't wrong it isn't right count your lucky fucking stars tonight A younger brother who now takes pats on the back that only prolongs the grief Would you believe somehow life goes on after a tragedy A Penny for your thoughts an insight into your demise What was it like to see the world through your tormented eyes Would we find a tortured soul if we'd taken off your disguise Or would we still be left with all these Wise Show me someone to blame Give me someone to hate