

The Road Is Lost

A Broken Silence

CHORUS

Can you picture a little boy, dragging wood down the lane? Grandma waiting for him brother, playing outside in the rain Each day we hear the score, before not after shots of war And the road to him is love, but the love is never more

VERSE 1

Wishing it all to end enraged by the slaughtering thoughts explode like my heads a grenade and I drew the pin talking to men with one choice to run off or defend must punish to win, gotta let that gun off for ya kin the only laws is 'no laws at all' once it begins from the smell of blood violence is absorbed into the skin and the thoughts of kids caught up should torture people to death now freedoms with them see if they morph and see any sense

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VERSE 2

Not all true pictures of war are drawn in the news so we painted a little more like George Gittoes do jaded because we didn't hear them calls coming through how we'd savor our days if we had to walk in them shoes countries can't build without support for the youth they lost when their most important resources abused forming our views, and not picking up on the cues inner-city blues stop many from listening to the clues voices on mute, so we whisper this to you no time for school, many children be enlisted to be troops and we walk , thinking that the system got us screwed like we taught , just to keep a short distance from the truth when scores...are born only to be drifting to a noose when they gone well be saying , lord forgive we never knew gotta question why many, got there scriptures misconstrued and why spending on weapons and not assistance is the rule,

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OUTRO

We're caught up in the pictures that they have shown us and not the millions of innocents that been blown up cold hearts disconnecting us from our own blood for their objectives its best that they blindfold us

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