

## Burden Of Our Courage

Brooke Waggoner

Keeping to ourselves with guards raised high  
Missing all the best while we fly by night

And the magnitude of everything you ever said  
Kept us well and fed  
And the burden of our courage was amongst the dead  
Buried in our bread

Starving oh so starving for the kind we need  
Spooning out the portions we can barely feed

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Kept us well and fed  
And the burden of our courage was amongst the dead  
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