

Time And Wasted Bullets

Children 18:3

I guess, I imagined them myself
When no one was looking
And even though the words came from my pen
As yet I haven't the meaning

Vex me not in truth or lie
By cross and fish or dove
Someone's keeping secrets here
It feels like an inside job

Maybe, if I tried just a little bit harder
Oh, time and wasted bullets
Oh, we tried

Maybe if I could escape through one more night
I would then feel at home

But looking again revealed
A pole hanging a serpent
One hundred years flew by in a moment
And all was unimportant

Will you question who I am?
Would you counter these perceptions?
I don't claim to have the answers here
But I can give you directions

But even if I try just a little bit harder
Oh, time and wasted bullets
Oh, we tried

Maybe if I could escape through one more night
I would then feel at home
I said, "Please, let me try just to wait through one more night
Maybe then I'd be home"

Oh, time and wasted bullets
Oh, nothing here is as it should be
Oh, in time we'll make it through this
Oh, in time

Maybe if I could escape through one more night
I would then feel at home
I said, "Please, let me try just to wait through one more night
Maybe then I'd be home"