

Finished Sympathy

Glasvegas

Sick to death of a means to an end
Who, why and what age offers no mercy?
Rushed away is the leveller of youth
Butchered is the innocence in truth

I felt it shaking my bones again

I saw it on the street today
It was something that someone said
I felt the crush of finished sympathy

No longer trembling daisies
Now mobile teenage killing machines
Lending each other to man made atomic energies
All because we turned 17
Led to places by historical unequal of reasons
Shooting real guns in real places 'til then unheard of geographically

I felt it shaking my bones again

Was it 'cause you had lost some faith?
Did you see it on the street today?
Did you feel finished sympathy?

How illogical is a piece of faith anyway?
It's as long as the child is inside me
Don't finish sympathy, not yet.