

Born into a fight
An inherited war
Born to children left over from wars before wars and the wars before

You do see a pattern right
Yet somehow our love doesn't die
What do we do
With this history now
Do we go in like a surgeon
Do we go in like a bomb
How do we dismantle the sorrow and rage
And pick up our scars off the ground
Those girls and boys who died and lived for us
So we could speak and love and be with you now

You do see a pattern right
Yet somehow our love doesn't die
What do we do
With this history now
Do we go in like a surgeon
Do we go in with boots on the ground
What do we do
With this history now
Do we go in like a surgeon
Do we go in like a bomb
Will you help me dismantle the sorrow
And dig up the stars off the ground
Those girls and boys who died and lived for us
So we could speak and love and be with you
So we could speak and love and be with you
So we could speak and love and be with you now