

## It's High Time For Low Morale

### My Ticket Home

I can't see how this is happening.  
Oh my God.  
We're going out now.  
We're going nowhere, but this can't,  
be the only way to find my own path, to find a way out.  
We're going out now, but I can't believe  
that it's just all gone down the wrong path.  
And I can't find a way out  
I'm all for leaving, but where will you go?  
Our sights fall to short, and we can't take this in.  
This isn't the end, but it's too far to fall.  
It's too far.  
I know you can hear me, please God here my call.  
This is the way we kept you so close as you stood by our side,  
and raised up our hands to your light.  
This is the horror.  
We've fought through it all, with nothing but you in our sights  
.  
We can't be so wrong.  
There's got to be more to this world, there's got to be more in  
us all.  
My God, is this how we were made to live out our lives?  
Just keeping ourselves in our minds.  
I know that you can't make us all just surrender.  
God cleanse us and make us whole.