

Instead of "welcome home," you looked at me and asked,
"How is this gonna end?" When the wind beats against our
hollow bones,
we're only forced to run for shelter again.
We're staring at different stars in the same night sky,
and it's different songs that get us through the day, but
that's OK.
Will we break or will we bend?
Welcome to the year of more fear let's not pretend.

And then you wonder why we slow down under the weight of
what this world demands.
I used to fear the Bomb, now I fear my fellow man.
I'm afraid of what's in my head, hoping I'll choose hope
instead.
All this caution makes us reckless and there are egos
that need to be fed.

We're still ugly and we're still free,
still preoccupied with World War III.
My skin is a map of minor impacts.
There is beauty in defeat when we get back on our feet.