

Purgatory

Pat Benatar

We will be the forgotten ones
They will shake their heads and pity us
We who sacrificed our sons and daughters
With the sweet taste of victory on our lips
They will cry, but their tears will come too late
There is no redemption for the ones
Who choose to walk in the shadows

Oh sweet redeemer will you save a place for me
I am tired and I'm seeking restitution
Oh will you heal me, will you take away my pain
What I'm looking for is absolution
Getting out of Purgatory
Is no small accomplishment
And the price is high
And it comes with its own set of conditions
The choice is never clear and difficult to make
But it will not change them
They will just go on the way they always have

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