

# 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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