

## Broken Peace

Prong

Pick up the broken pieces  
Pick up the broken peace

Tell you something clearly  
Tell you something real  
But you tell me nothing  
You never do nothing real

Your kind it keeps on cutting  
Division you create  
Now it's all exploding  
Soon nothing left to break

No hope in complaining  
All this lay in ruin  
It's a time for mending  
Gathering of the wounds