

We laid our names to rest
Along the dotted line.
We left our date of birth
And our history behind.

We were full of life,
We could barely hold it in.
We were amateurs at war,
Strangers to suffering.

We made our families proud
But scared at the same time.
We promised we'd be safe,
Another lie from the front lines.

Our backs against the wall,
We're surrounded and afraid.
Our lives now in the hands
Of the soldiers taking aim.

Our questions ricochet
Like broken satellites:
How our bodies, born to heal,
Become so prone to die?

Though time is ruthless,
It showed us kindness in the end,
By slowing down enough,
A second chance to make amends.
As life replayed, we heard a voice proclaim:

"lay your weapons down!
They're calling off the war
On account of losing track
Of what we're fighting for."

So we found our way back home,
Let our cuts and bruises heal.
While a brand-new war began,
One that no one else could feel.

Our nights have grown so long.
Now we beg for sound advice.
"let the brokenness be felt
'til you reach the other side.
There is goodness in the heart
Of every broken man
Who comes right up to the edge
Of losing everything he has."

We were young enough to sign
Along the dotted line.

Now we're young enough to try
To build a better life.
To build a better life.