

Shards of Life

Street Dogs

So when the smoke and the fire of another attack slowly drift away

Can anyone seem to find the appropriate words to say?

When the pain of loss and sudden change conjure family strife

Is there any hope at all for a return to normal life?

Is there solace in condolence or just deeper pain dug up?

The sad truth is victim's families have nothing to look forward to

And I'm sick of picking up the Boston Globe and seeing painful days of loss

Question everything without apology about the horror and the cost

Shards of life are left behind, no easier, kinder path to find
With a loss so bitter, so incomplete, with its hopes and plans crash in defeat

And hope is a foggy and distant memory no hope for normalcy

Cling close to the legacy of loss and shards of life, of life

We see a new war in the offing as we're challenged by a new plight

Its media handle is terrorism, it's the same old ideological fight

The debates will rage on, are we handling this thing right?

Can't turn away reality, can't push it out of our mind's eye

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And civilian loss on the other side, is that something that we try to hide?

What about the human condition, I'm sick of all these justifications

Where is the real outrage? My god, there's got to be a better way

Is this how we solve problems? I guess we haven't really evolved much

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