

So much heart,
So much time but not enough.
Self inflicted, pain can come
And remind in the fear inside of all of us.
Desperately and endlessly,
Trying to find a means to some kind of peace.

We can't learn when things come easy.

Now that we are prepared for war,
We have an effective means to preserving peace for each and everyone.
The chances of you even being born,
Were 40 million to one, there's to pars of the statistic.
And I want you to live.

Suicide doesn't end the pain, it passes to the ones who love and remain.
Take yourself out of the equation, and the problem stays.
When I speak such a word, are you uneasy with how it's heard?
The Stigma will never leave, unless all of us can just start talking.

The only people I know,
Resting in peace without fear or anxiety, are the deceased.
That's why they say
"May the dead will rest in peace."

The things we feel, we can never change,
Can end up changing everything!

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We have an effective means to preserving peace for each and everyone.
The chances of you even being born,
Were 40 million to one, there's to pars of the statistic.
And I want you to live through one.

Sometimes to win a battle inside,
You need to start a war, go!
Sometimes to win a battle inside,
You need to start a war!

Now that we are prepared for war,
We have an effective means to preserving peace for each and everyone.
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And I want you to live through one.

And I want you to live through one!
And I want you to live through one.