

Broken Bones

The Flatliners

Touched by the hands that have murdered a million Unarmed patrons' fists raised They don't wanna listen to the bullshit being fed to them spoonful at a time When death can cost more than a quarter, nickel, and a dime Hand's up, questions are raised Another first-thing-in-the-morning-bombing These days they say there's so much to live for, I'm really not sure With all the shit that's going on, we're told to keep our heads up

What's next? One more mass suicide? The context of it, we don't even have the time Some say that we've over analyzed it But the real reason people are effected by it is the neglect on some's behalf Who are ruining it for the rest of us that just wanna see this end The hands of time can't be expected to fix this Who would've thought it would've come to this?

Wake up to this world It's gonna be too late, it's gonna be too late Wake up When the war is over there's nowhere to go

Firing down the line, sharpshooter in the corner The door won't open, with a blast it's blown wide open A bullet in the head, a factory worker is dead news, but they'll keep beating up on you Told to go away, tight rope walking everyday just to be safe I've gotta say I haven't got all day And it's so horrible that your stomach's so full There is a way out, but it's an ugly road

Wake up to this world It's gonna be too late, it's gonna be too late Wake up When the war is over there's nowhere to go Wake up to this world It's gonna be too late, it's gonna be too late Wake up

When the war is over, we'll have to start all over When the war is over, there's no home or shelter We're gonna start all over

Wake up to this world Oh, wake up
Wake up Just wake up to this world