

## Broken Path

## Upstanding Youth

The railroad tracks reflect the setting sun,  
blazing softly around the bend.  
The railroad engineer has one last hope,  
that those severed rails are just a bad dream.

Are we built to last?  
Are we built to last?  
Our lives lived too fast?  
Are we built to last?

This teenager with his heavy mind  
contemplates just what he's done.  
Dirty shoes beat down a dusty road.  
Here his hopes and fears will never be told.

Walking through a field,  
the weeds and thorns, they cling and tear my skin.  
Taking this short cut over again with the same old consequence.  
My mind wanders to a familiar thought  
a broken path, a burning sky, an engineer  
is where this story is forever.