

Not Today

War Of Words

And as I walk about this cold desolate waste
I just pray for my return to open arms and to a friendly place
But this is not the time and I can't see her pretty face
Cos I signed that dotted line and threw it all away

And as I run afraid there's nothing I can do
I just pray for my return as she prays on someone new
As I lie alone forgotten faceless nothing more to prove
There's another lined up in my place the next one to be used

I made it home and didn't find that friendly place
This blood that's on my hands I can't wash it away