

Broken

Wardrum

A touch of sunlight and the day breaks in the city
This life is open to an empty page again
Yet all the world beyond this sweating window pane
Will still remain for me a sad object of pity

A voice of reason hides
Behind the truth of feelings
Like any blinding urge
Denies a truth that screams
The dreams we bought had shown
That nothing's what it seems
And all our questions are
Still hanging from the ceiling

Is there a point in living
Are we heaven's lavish heirs
Is there a God forgiving
That can hear our prayers
He should know by now we're suffering
But keep on trying

This spiral track we're spinning in may last forever
But time will cruelly take its toll on everything
Soon we must find the will to spread our broken wings
When all we are begins to fade, it's now or never

Is there a point in living
Are we heaven's lavish heirs
Is there a God forgiving
That can hear our prayers
He should know by now we're suffering
But keep on trying