

98 Mute "Ask Yourself"

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A fallen soldier,
another casualty to the gravity of everyday living,
Life can be so unforgiving for those opposed to all of
the rules
I never thought the first gunshot
I'd hear in my home town would hit so close to home
Family left to take the pain although he took the blow
Ask yourself would it be easier if there was somebody
to blame
And ask yourself would it make more sense if there
was someone to hate
Like father like son born to lose a war no one ever
prepared him to fight
It isn't wrong it isn't right count your lucky fucking stars
tonight
A younger brother who now takes pats on the back that
only prolongs the grief
Would you believe somehow life goes on after a
tragedy
A Penny for your thoughts an insight into your demise
What was it like to see the world through your
tormented eyes
Would we find a tortured soul if we'd taken off your
disguise
Or would we still be left with all these
Wise Show me someone to blame
Give me someone to hate

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