

## **Autumn Under Fire**

### **"Stuck Home Syndrome"**

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As the night wanes  
I find myself in mortal danger  
Hiding away  
A simple game of duck-and-cover  
Bullets, they fly  
Like fireflies in the evening sky  
The morning approaches  
But the men are badly wounded  
"This is the end"  
I hear myself say to the ashes  
Buildings, they burn  
With the sweet smell of citronella  
They cry to turn back  
But with a sad smile I deny it  
Telling them all  
That in the end, it'll all be worth it.

Stand your ground  
Don't go down  
Without a fight.

This house is a war zone  
I want to let you know that  
I can't go home  
I'm coming down with stockholm syndrome  
Family tells me I'm wrong  
Girlfriend says get a clue  
I'm foaming at the mouth, now  
I don't know what to tell you.  
Can't get out  
It just won't end  
It's been so damn long  
I'm losing my head (I give up! )  
My friends are now my enemies  
My enemies are out to kill me  
I might as well just suck it up  
And catch the next plane out to Cali.

The sun is rising now  
And we don't know what to do  
Bodies strewn all around  
Eyes staring us through.

We pack up all the guns  
And we know we've won the fight  
Stuck it out 'till morning  
Barely hung on through the night.  
The dust begins to rise  
With a glance on ahead  
We see the cavalry  
And the infantry we dread.  
We scramble all around  
And we pick back up the guns  
We may have won the war  
But here comes another one.

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