

Brodequin

"Burn Heart Burn"

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You spend your days
At a dead end job
Where you just do
What you are told
And you come home
To an empty place
Fall asleep by the TV set
And on the weekend,
You get all drunk
Try to escape,
Till Monday comes

Why is it so we die just as copies
If it's so were born originals

So it goes, so it lingers
While life is slipping
Through your fingers
And you're counting the days
As it seems
Without goals
And without dreams

Why is it so we die just as copies
If it's so were born originals
Burn heart burn,
Yearn heart yearn

Its so sad, it's not a life
Its a storage of a man
And Im not asking
For an easy time
But Im asking
For a meaningful life

Why is it so we die just as copies
If it's so were born originals
Burn heart burn,
Learn heart learn
Why is it so were all replaceables
Its because were all predictables

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