

Wounded

"Running On Empty"

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Running On Empty

Looking at the face of a child who had died so young.
I'll be shooting on the killers that I want to become
undone.

That my soul will be the reflection of all that I have
done.

Yet I'll be grateful standing in the line with a shotgun.

I'm sorry but I think that my sense is running away.
Looking at the animals brutalised day by day.
I'll be here in my head fleeing from the world again
Cutting in the faces of the ones who have wronged
again.

There was a man at the top with the devil that was
kissing his face.

With the world at his feet he will be spitting on the
graves of peace.

With blood on his hands and a hole in his blackened
soul.

I'm afraid that he will be weak enough to handle the
gun once

For once more.

I run away.

I'll keep on running.

Away from here.

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