

Nodes Of Ranvier "Sergeant Sorrow"

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Withered and broken man.
So fragile, so frail, so undignified by standards.
But they will never break him.
He has found his place.
This harmless hero that they patronize
is but a saint.
Can't you feel his pain and lost love
inside this decorated soldier?
Infinite patience.
The sticks and stones they throw,
they scar his flesh, shatter bone.
But they will never break him.
He has found his place.
This harmless hero that they patronize
is but a saint.
Can't you feel his pain, lost love,
inside this decorated soldier?
His only friend, the night.
The calm, the quiet cold.
But you'll never seem him cry.
But they will never know, never know,
know his name.
These sad old songs he sings are solid gold.
They resonate.
The hate we've shown him,
he'll carry to his resting place.
The hate we've shown him,
he'll carry to a lonely grave.
So leave him in the darkness. NO.
Leave him hopeless, social creation.
Leave him with sickness.
But let it be said, that's how he looks at you.
Can't you feel his pain and lost love,
inside this decorated soldier?
His only friend, the night.
The calm and quiet cold.
But you'll never see him cry.
And on that day he reached out.
He grabbed, pulled me close.
He whispered to me in a voice barely audible.
He said, "This life is what you make it.
don't let it pass you by.

If you don't care whether you live or die
you're the most alive you'll ever be."

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