

Bruised But Not Broken "Just Sin"

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They have come abandoned, but we have just begun.

These limbs can hardly be considered the same as
hands,
Although the fingers break like branches-
Our roots spread deeper by day,
It will take the hands of death to remove this cause.

Blinded by the prominent mindset to believe this is why
they fear us,
This is why we are hunted
Even as the skies close, their footsteps can be heard to
devour the day and the night.

This is not our last goodbye, this is hope at its finest.
And no (NO) this is not our last goodbye,
Not our last, not our last!

They are armed with the reminder of why we have
come,
This protection has slaughtered countless thousands
(countless thousands)

Let's not forget who we are and where we're
from.

It burdens me to say that after our worst inner
sufferings,
Our comfort derives from self pity and detrimentation
of others.

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