

## **F**

### **"We Are"**

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We are the young men, we are the desperation.  
We are a nervous wreck, we are the anxiety.  
We are the broken coin, the begging boys at your door.

Call me the wasted time, the aging adolescence.  
Call me a bad sign of everything that's to come.  
Call me the crooked line, the field of ice.

And I know I must move on.

We are the broken hearts that got lost or set astray.  
We are the unemployed, still tangled up in our dreams.  
This is a new sign, the last changing of the day.  
It's time to grow up, and move away.

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