

# One Dead Three Wounded "Soldiers"

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I haven't had the time to write in such desperate times  
So I'll begin.  
I wore out my lungs today. Been screaming for this to  
change.  
Nothing but hot air ever reached your brain.  
I calmed myself to disprove the glory of your American  
Dream.  
Tonight we try to win the crowd for gasoline.

I broke my first on walls. She said it proved nothing at  
all.  
I hope these battered halls prevent the costs of war. Yet  
the prices soar.  
I bit my lip, waved goodbye, wrote off your debts in a  
single line.  
Choked on the words I couldn't tell. Broke the vows we  
used to sell.

I've been wondering.  
Why do the heartbeats of this city sound like noise to  
you?

I've been fighting my eyelids to stay inside my head  
I've been battling the blitstering cold with caffine and  
chapped lips.  
I've been chasing lover's dreams up the wrong stairs in  
a house made of stone and glass  
In a town where no one cares.

I broke my first on walls. She said it proved nothing at  
all.  
I hope these battered halls prevent the costs of war. Yet  
the prices soar.  
I bit my lip, waved goodbye, wrote off your debts in a  
single line.  
Choked on the words I couldn't tell. Broke the vows we  
used to sell.

I will scream these words like a loaded gun  
I've been holding it in. It's got to come out.  
It won't encroach on your speech.  
It won't impose any harm

And if I die tonight as least I left you a song  
Why do the heartbeats of this city sound like music to  
you?  
Please don't fight this war for me or your delusions of  
domestic security.

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