

A Broken Silence "The Road Is Lost"

Visit "[The Road Is Lost](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

CHORUS

Can you picture a little boy, dragging wood down the
lane? Grandma waiting
For him brother, playing outside in the rain Each day
we hear the score,
Before not after shots of war And the road to him is
love, but the love is
Never more

VERSE 1

Wishing it all to end enraged by the slaughtering
thoughts explode like my
Heads a grenade and I drew the pin talking to men
with one choice to run
Off or defend must punish to win, gotta let that gun off
for ya kin the
Only laws is 'no laws at all' once it begins from the
smell of blood
Violence is absorbed into the skin and the thoughts of
kids caught up
Should torture people to death now freedoms with
them see if they morph and
See any sense

CHORUS

Can you picture a little boy, dragging wood down the
lane? Grandma waiting
For him brother, playing outside in the rain Each day
we hear the score,
Before not after shots of war And the road to him is
love, but the love is
Never more

VERSE 2

Not all true pictures of war are drawn in the news so we
painted a little
More like George Gittoes do jaded because we didn't
hear them calls coming
Through how we'd savor our days if we had to walk in
them shoes countries
Can't build without support for the youth they lost when
their most

Important resources abused forming our views, and
not picking up on the
Cues inner-city blues stop many from listening to the
clues voices on mute,
So we whisper this to you no time for school, many
children be enlisted to
Be troops and we walk, thinking that the system got us
screwed like we
Taught, just to keep a short distance from the truth
when scores... are born
Only to be drifting to a noose when they gone well be
saying, lord forgive
We never knew gotta question why many, got there
scriptures misconstrued
And why spending on weapons and not assistance is
the rule,

CHORUS

Can you picture a little boy, dragging wood down the
lane? Grandma waiting
For him brother, playing outside in the rain Each day
we hear the score,
Before not after shots of war And the road to him is
love, but the love is
Never more

OUTRO

We're caught up in the pictures that they have shown
us and not the
Millions of innocents that been blown up cold hearts
disconnecting us from
Our own blood for their objectives it's best that they
blindfold us

Can you picture a little boy, dragging wood down the
lane? Grandma waiting
For him brother, playing outside in the rain

We're caught up in the pictures that they have shown
us and not the
Millions of innocents that been blown up cold hearts
disconnecting us from
Our own blood

Visit [A Broken Silence](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.