

The Explosion

"It's Cold In This Town"

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My vicious attempt to build your compassion.
I construct us in vein, my pride unravels and winds.
Discarded my chance, left the comforts of home.
Watched the world then divide, you're destroying my
body.

I kept writing to ghosts. The guilt tore up my insides.
My faith tangled in prayer and I'll run home to you.
From the cold side of France, to the West side of home,
It's cold in this town, I'll see Paris in June.

Their prayers fill my head, it's disturbing my sleep.
Built my faith on a wire, pulled tight it split at the
seams.
But despite you in dreams, my palms they still bleed.
Bled my love for this world, father I am home.

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