

## Burn Heart Burn

Broder Daniel

You spend your days  
At a dead end job  
Where you just do  
What you are told  
And you come home  
To an empty place  
Fall asleep by the TV set  
And on the weekend,  
You get all drunk  
Try to escape,  
Till Monday comes

Why is it so we die just as copies  
If it's so were born originals

So it goes, so it lingers  
While life is slipping  
Through your fingers  
And you're counting the days  
As it seems  
Without goals  
And without dreams

Why is it so we die just as copies  
If it's so were born originals  
Burn heart burn,  
Yearn heart yearn

Its so sad, it's not a life  
Its a storage of a man  
And Im not asking  
For an easy time  
But Im asking  
For a meaningful life

Why is it so we die just as copies  
If it's so were born originals  
Burn heart burn,  
Learn heart learn  
Why is it so were all replaceables  
Its because were all predictables