

Brutalized

Duncan Sheik

Those men now gone who we admire
They sing of fallen leaves
And they never sing of summer wind
Or evening breeze
They never found a promised land or even peace
They had a broken hearted walk until they were released

Brutalized by time
And the waste and the wine
So surprised to find the cooler heads prevailed
Brutalized by love
Never did find find love, never could rise above
Now that ship has sailed
Ships do sail

I walk along a rocky edge, a precipice
I look inside and see no end to it
Wonder how it all turns out because of this
Because of this, because of this

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