

Night Letters

Propagandhi

Your world was blown right apart
On a night of sickening death.
You went running for your life,
And never went home again.

I spend sleepless nights as my head
Swims worrying about you.

You work the night shift
So you won't be alone.

I am adept at cold.
You have travelled so far from home,
And sorrow has followed every step of the way.
You're caught between this life and the one left behind.

I see it's burning you inside,
Like some exploding sun.
Your mind constantly returns
To a place that's not so fucking cold...

But on fire with war.

You're starting over from scratch,
Sending your money home.
You're working as hard as you can
While life hangs in the air.

I see distant lights up ahead,
But I'm worrying about you.

It's all taking its toll
And you can't concentrate.

You are being crushed by the world.
I have got lucky so far.
And we sit, at the end of this night, dialing
An answer finally reached through a long-distance line.

News of threatening night letters,
Stones tossed over the fence.
Your loved ones taunted by murderers.
Tell them it's three years that they'll have to wait...

As their whole world implodes.