

War on Holiday

The Black Angels

I found peace,
it brought me to my feet.
War on holiday, bombs on holiday.
Always snooping around.
Who can we all trust?
We're wounded and dying,
making no change.
Nothing's every profound.
We're just waiting
to drown.

With our hands tied,
our eyes blind,
with our tongues snide,
our empathy's in jars.

I found one of us
wounded yet fine.
It's sad how I found
we're sleepwalking around.

With our hands high,
our eyes blind,
with our hands tied,
our tongues snide,
we waste our time in bars,
kill ourselves in cars,
we always search for stars,
our empathy's in jars,
always waiting to drown.