I've Broken All Your Windows

The Weeks

Sharpen these words and fashion my tongue
These bullets were fired from an unloaded gun
By some man in the shadows who knows what he's done
And hides from the mess that he's made
Poets and prophets who preach what I speak
Sinners and saviors it's money they seek
I know nothing is perfect no nothing is free
And no one can tell me I'm wrongI believe my enemies this life will be the death of me
No one said that life is free we were perfect before we were born
I can see that nothing's changed in factories one dollar paid
To a man who works all day and slaves for a family he has to feed
There's sin in my soul and blood on my hand
There are scars on her body from an unholy man
Nothing can stop me I shake where I stand
You were perfect before you were born
Life it gets shorter with each day that pass
And I'm scared when I see the reflection I cast
Nothing is sacred. No nothing will last
We won't pray till there's ash in our hands
I believe my enemies this life will be the death of me
No one said that life is free we were perfect before we were born
I can see that nothing's changed in factories one dollar paid
To a man who works all day and slaves for a family he has to feedI've broken all your windows, you've broken all my teethIt's two deep breaths inside my chest and it's ten more years until we rest
We'll curse the damned and save the blessed we were perfect before we were born
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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