

Broken Peace

Prong

Pick up the broken pieces
Pick up the broken peaceTell you something clearly
 Tell you something real
 But you tell me nothing
You never do nothing realYour kind it keeps on cutting
 Division you create
 Now it's all exploding
Soon nothing left to breakNo hope in complaining
 All this lay in ruin
 It's a time for mending
 Gathering of the wounds

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