

# salt in the wound

## brody's militia

I want to disappear  
Far from the folks I know  
I want to get an answer  
To why I was even born  
No one here can tell me  
What's been haunting me all my life  
Well, this rat race has left me limping  
'Cause I balanced on the edge of the knife  
Why am I here?  
Oh, what should I do?  
Well, is this the point I'm trying to prove?  
If there's a God in my head  
Then there's a devil too  
How can I tell the difference  
When they both claim to be true?  
Maybe God is God  
Maybe the Devil is me  
Well, I just throw my chains on  
And tell myself that I'm free  
Chains, are they really there?  
Is this just in my head?  
Well, I'll just stay in bed  
Life sure has its meaning  
Over years I have postured the sun  
Thieves and preachers robbed me  
For many hat that I've hung  
Now with my heart wide open  
I listen to the wind just for a word  
Sure, I know it's futile  
But that's all I have in this world  
To look down from the hill and howl at the moon  
All the tears I cried never salted any wounds  
Well, the earth is so tender and cruel  
Well, if you're not there it's still so beautiful

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