Distraction

Anthea

I'll be your distraction
I'll be your distraction

There's a field nearby
With words written in stone
My love will not die
Please let be known

This place is dead
It echoes through town
There isn't one voice
I haven't heard a sound

The planes flew in
Their bombs did too
The city fell flat
The fires they grew

When the smoke comes in
It'll color this town
But I'll still have you
So I'll say it aloud

I'll be your distraction
I'll be your distraction

The friendship we made
Is a waste of our time
There's no one left here
To show future that's kind

It's a world of hate
Gone incredibly wrong
We cared to late
We just followed along

And the boys went down
With their gun in their hand
Their weapon of choice

Their knees in the sand

If that field nearby
Was still there to be used
Would you ever have known?
Those words were for you

I'll be your distraction
I'll be your distraction

I'll be your distraction
I'll be your distraction
I'll be your distraction
I'll be your distraction

I'll be, I'll be yours
I'll be, I'll be yours
I'll be, I'll be yours
I'll be, I'll be yours
The War

The ocean, is on fire
The sky turned dark again
As the boats came in
And the beaches
Stretched out with soldiers
With their arms and guns
It has just begun

Believe, you want this
Believe, I want this too

Why won't you tell me that
It's almost over
Why must this?
Tear my head
Inside out

And the houses
Laid out like targets
With the defining sound
We watched them all go down
And the families
Now useless bodies
They lay still black and blue

A gift from us to you

Believe, you want this
Believe, I want this too

Why won't you tell me that
It's almost over
Why must this?
Tear my head
Inside out

Oh oh oh, oh, oh, oh oh oh, oh oh
Oh oh oh, oh, oh, oh oh oh, oh oh
Oh oh oh, oh, oh, oh oh oh, oh oh
Oh oh oh, oh, oh, oh oh oh, oh oh
Oh oh oh, oh, oh, oh oh oh, oh oh (Believe)
Oh oh oh, oh, oh, oh oh oh, oh oh
Oh oh oh, oh, oh, oh oh oh, oh oh (Believe, you want this too)
Oh oh oh, oh, oh, oh oh oh, oh oh

Why won't you tell me that
It's almost over
Why must this?
Tear my head
Inside out

Why won't you tell me that
It's almost over
Why must this?
Tear my head
Inside out

Oh oh oh, oh, oh, oh oh oh, oh oh
Oh oh oh, oh, oh, oh oh oh, oh oh
Oh oh oh, oh, oh, oh oh oh, oh oh
Oh oh oh, oh, oh, oh oh oh, oh oh

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