Out of Breath

Badawi

Forgive me, Forgive me,
If I seem alarmed.
I had emotion in this moment,
But no harms done.
You see, Ive read through a million
Words that I have wrote,
And built up mountains from shrapnel.
Ive made my mind up, my mind up.
Because the line drawn in the sands wrong.
And, when all the pioneers are gone,
And all thats left are unresolved,
Out-of-step opinions.
Then you, say the word and I will come,
With overbearing clouds of war.
Out of breath but not alone.
Forgive me, forgive me,
If Im straightforward.
Im here to poison this process,
That is getting old.
I always wind up, with botched up,
Overcritical, the motive, Motives.
Ive made my mind up, my mind up.
And I could care less whos turned up.
And, when all the pioneers are gone,
And all thats left are unresolved,
Out-of-step opinions.
Then you, say the word and I will come,
With overbearing clouds of war.
Out of breath but not alone.
Could care less whos turned up.
They always say how great,
It is to leave us for it.
You will never know when,
We have been stretched too far.
And, when all the pioneers are gone,
And all thats left are unresolved,
Out-of-step opinions.
Its life or death once more for you.
Say the word and I will come,

With overbearing clouds of war.
Out of breath but not alone.

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