Cold Grey Morning

Kansas

Cold grey morning without sunlight ghostly mist on the horizon
Empty visions of a world gone mad paints a picture so revealing
Through my window dark tomorrow I can hear the sirens wailing
For the future we are holding on as the ship of fools is sailingSuch a long time such a long time
We are waiting for a peace that's lasting
Reaching upward sliding downward looks like just another
Cold grey morningHardly breathing hope is fading it's the end of the beginning
Children playing in the empty streets it's a cold grey morning

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