

# Break the Silence

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Reflections staring back at me in a perfect world, through a modern dream.  
And the pain they cause...its developing.  
Through another time to scatter everything.  
Through mistrust.  
Through violence.  
When does it end in silence?  
We're living and dying.  
It's not a way of life to live in hiding.  
To take away a promise that we made before.  
To creep between the lines that we can't afford.  
All the patriotic sentiment, a fallacy of truth.  
The time had come, we'd run away.  
Away from all the youth.  
To these days, where we are forced to raise ourselves, we divide, and we die.  
It's never worth complaining when a life is on the line in your mind.  
Relax, be strong.  
Some fathers aren't heaven...haven't any names.  
Some estranged to this world, and some play tired games.  
And the pattern of the art of war represents disease.  
I don't know who your are, so, how do you know me?  
To these days, where we are forced to raise ourselves, we divide, and we die.  
It's never worth complaining when a life is on the line in your mind.  
Relax, be strong.  
OUR time.  
The pictures painted in our minds are all we have today.  
To break the fall, to represent...there is another way.

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