

# Bread

## Brokenspace

Sleeping at night in a plaster board box  
Scratching the earth with the nails on my fingers  
And the ground pukes up rocks and rocks and more rocks  
And when the seeds finally reach the ground  
It's all been for nothing  
I hear the cries of children at night  
I watch their faces grow sallow with hunger  
Who draws the line between what's wrong and right  
And when I ask what my life is for  
It's all been for nothing  
Save your regrets for the dead, but for the living  
Give them love and give them bread  
One more hungry mouth to be fed  
Remember the living  
Give them love, give them bread  
Standing in the light of the kitchen screen door  
Like some kind of untouchable stuck in Calcutta  
I almost forget what I'm standing here for  
And I don't know what to do but I know  
I won't leave with nothing  
Where are the days when life was carefree?  
Why must I suffer this, what was my crime?  
Begging or thievery, which shall it be?  
Is there no other choice for me?  
I can't live with nothing  
Save your regrets for the dead, but for the living  
Give them love and give them bread  
One more hungry mouth to be fed  
Remember the living  
Give them love, give them bread  
Justice only comes to the dead  
Remember the living  
Give them love, give them bread  
Then one more hungry mouth to be fed  
Remember the living  
Give them love, give them bread  
I hear the cries of children at night  
I watch their faces grow sallow with hunger  
Who draws the line between what's wrong and right

When they ask me what life is for  
I must give them something

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