

Cirenda

U.S. Bombs

Were all still on this earth because we all still have to learn
To love and heal each other, blasphemy, Ill say the words
Yesterday rotates the same old broken tape
It false fide my pride to hates a soul wasteIts a shame on season, for truth to keep the lights on
Scripts are going to change, so far I see oncoming trains
A ball of wax, a can of worms, we all point out dogs resavoir
Im puttin down my weapon now, Im puttin down the gunHistory repeats itself, surrender took so long
As my mind discards itself, the pieces left alone
I cannot redeem it all, its still some other day
Planet life is far too short to let you bother meIts in the drink, its in the shame
I wont remain, I wont remain
The flag is up, dont bring it down
Im gonna be, Im gonna be
Im breakin' free, Im gonna be

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