Time and Wasted Bullets

Children 18:3

I guess, I imagined them myself
When no one was looking
And even though the words came from my pen
As yet I haven't the meaningVex me not in truth or lie
By cross and fish or dove
Someone's keeping secrets here
It feels like an inside jobMaybe, if I tried just a little bit harder
Oh, time and wasted bullets
Oh, we triedMaybe if I could escape through one more night
I would then feel at homeBut looking again revealed
A pole hanging a serpent
One hundred years flew by in a moment
And all was unimportantWill you question who I am?
Would you counter these perceptions?
I don't claim to have the answers here
But I can give you directionsBut even if I try just a little bit harder
Oh, time and wasted bullets
Oh, we triedMaybe if I could escape through one more night
I would then feel at home
I said, "Please, let me try just to wait through one more night
Maybe then I'd be home"Oh, time and wasted bullets
Oh, nothing here is as it should be
Oh, in time we'll make it through this
Oh, in timeMaybe if I could escape through one more night
I would then feel at home
I said, "Please, let me try just to wait through one more night
Maybe then I'd be home"

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