Pedestals

Such Gold

There's not enough of us to be this divided.
I'm holding on and I've got...I've got a tight grip.
I never thought someone could be this closed-minded.
Your bullet is picking up speed (and heading for me) so I've got to bite it.
I'm sick of the chip on your shoulder
Ignorance that should never have had any part in this.
My blue sky had been clouding over,
It's taking its toll but I remember the things we used to hold
On pedestals so you will always know that I'm not afraid of the truth.
There's not enough of us to be this divided.
Up to this point our views have never coincided,
But when it comes down to the things we confide in,
We know without this we're lifeless.
I won't be caught dead or seen without my beliefs held high on top of pedestals.
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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