The Prodigal Son

Fallujah

Dreams of us would carry me on
That day has come and goneBorn to be the prodigal son
We are worn men soon to become extinctReminding ourselves to breathe
Your curse upon the chosen sonI spited you that day
Defiance was the plight
I curse the night I had to leave
That day of my infant lifeMovement entangled with grace
Swarming like vapor waves
The last choice you could have made
You chose to wither away
Wither away
The broken heart of the mother
The shattered arm of the father
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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