Broken Bones

The Flatliners

Touched by the hands that have murdered a million
Unarmed patrons' fists raised
They don't wanna listen to the bullshit being fed to them spoonful at a time
When death can cost more than a quarter, nickel, and a dime
Hand's up, questions are raised
Another first-thing-in-the-morning-bombing
These days they say there's so much to live for, I'm really not sure
With all the shit that's going on, we're told to keep our heads upWhat's next? One more mass suicide?
The context of it, we don't even have the time
Some say that we've over analyzed it
But the real reason people are effected by it is the neglect on some's behalf
Who are ruining it for the rest of us that just wanna see this end
The hands of time can't be expected to fix this
Who would've thought it would've come to this?Wake up to this world
It's gonna be too late, it's gonna be too late
Wake up
When the war is over there's nowhere to goFiring down the line, sharpshooter in the corner
The door won't open, with a blast it's blown wide open
A bullet in the head, a factory worker is dead
It'll make the headline news, but they'll keep beating up on you
Told to go away, tightrope walking everyday just to be safe
I've gotta say I haven't got all day
And it's so horrible that your stomach's so full
There is a way out, but it's an ugly roadWake up to this world
It's gonna be too late, it's gonna be too late
Wake up
When the war is over there's nowhere to go
Wake up to this world
It's gonna be too late, it's gonna be too late
Wake upWhen the war is over, we'll have to start all over
When the war is over, there's no home or shelter
We're gonna start all overWake up to this world
Oh, wake up
Wake up
Just wake up to this world

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