

# 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 up What'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 go Firing 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 road 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 go  
Wake up to this world  
It's gonna be too late, it's gonna be too late  
Wake up When 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 over Wake up to this world  
Oh, wake up  
Wake up  
Just wake up to this world

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