

With Honor, Gun For Hire

If these walls had words
I'd fear the things they'd say when I'm not around.
Crashing image, painting me failure.
Because I've sold myself a slave.
A slave to a cause that holds no end...
and still I am nothing short of being broken hearted,
thieving wings from innocence departed.
Locking eyes with hopes I just can't kill,
staring at shoes that I may never fill.
My wish, I wish, I'm wishing for the day
when I can break these chains, and take to the sky.
But now it seems my humanity is too much for me,
I'm watching freedom pass me by.
We're told that life is learning,
but all I'm learning is that life is full of holes.
We're told the past is burning, tides are turning,
there is no place we cannot go.
Then why am I stuck here with one foot in heaven
a foot in hell and a heart that's in between?
Stomach disgust, mourn inspiration lost.
It's all I have to rise up and stir the war inside of me.
A fight that holds no end...
but I'm not dead, no I'm not dead.