

Burden Of A Day, Oh The Humanity

As the shots rang out on the motorcade
We felt nothing at all
We said it happens
Yeah it happens all the time
With a dealers hand we gently build our house of cards
As kings and queens are dining in your yards
We tied this up
With a bow
The science of rock and roll
To bleed a dream with a stolen chance
The art of life is a fleeting glance
We close our eyes
The air is cold I breathe tonight
The frosted lends
It dims our eyes
With our clenched teeth we numbly bite
And gently crack our pearly whites
With vengeance we could light the flame
But instead we choose to proudly look away
With tear-filled eyes and aching arms
He stares at his useless hands
We dropped the ball
We lost it on our own
As the torrents fell on the sleeping town
We felt nothing at all