

# Christopher Walla, The Score

You've got the pen, and we've done the typing.  
Why can't you get us home for good? Let's put it  
in writing! On and on, we argue so; the sirens  
blare and the whistles blow till we cannot hear  
anymore. This is the score.

We've armed a bear - why are we bullfighting?  
Why do we prance our little flag around as if he's  
not biting? On and on: We've bled so long, now  
the waters rise and our libs are gone, and we  
cannot swim anymore. This is the score.

Now on the chase, our colors are falling; two  
nations removed from where the resistance is  
calling... On and on, we're fractured now. The  
families shake, those children howling on and  
on, no end in sight. No drawdown. No light  
for any company to see.  
This is the score.