

Smoke Or Fire, This Sinking Ship

I see misled in my father's eyes.
I see my strengths and my weaknesses.
As children safe in our mothers' arms, but
photos can be misleading.
Out on the branches of our family trees.
That's where the young ones are dwindling.
So will we learn? Fought together into the night.
Can we help this home to survive? We need the
strength of our families' arms. Not a false
sense of solidarity. Walk together and we
could work this out. Talk together and we
could understand. We need the strength
of our families' arms.
I wish I knew where to go from here.
I see the sadness in all their eyes.
I understand why this burdens them.
It's written on my grandfather's
arms. Indian ink tells a story there.
Out on the branches of our family trees.
That's where the young ones are suffering.
We weren't meant to take this on. But this
can't be here when we are gone. Given
all we have now is to make the time that
we have left last forever.
All that we have left is to make this time last forever.
Then we'll have learned.
Look into your son and forget what you've seen.
Protect what you love, and say what you mean,
before you send a sinking ship into the
sea. I wish I knew when we started this.