

War of Words, Not Today

And as I walk about this cold desolate waste
I just pray for my return to open arms and to a friendly place
but this is not the time and I can't see her pretty face
cos I signed that dotted line and threw it all away
and as I run afraid there's nothing I can do
I just pray for my return as she prays on someone new
as I lie alone forgotten faceless nothing more to prove
there's another lined up in my place the next one to be used
I made it home and didn't find that friendly place
This blood that's on my hands I can't wash it away