

# 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