

Children 18:3, Time And Wasted Bullets

I guess I imagined them myself when no one was looking
And even though the words came from my pen
As yet I haven't the meaning
Vex me not in truth or lie
By cross and fish or dove
Someone's keeping secrets here
And it feels like an inside job
Maybe if I tried just a little bit harder
Oh, time and wasted bullets
Oh, we tried
Maybe if I could escape through one more night
I would then feel at home
But looking again revealed a pole hanging a serpent
One hundred years flew by in a moment
And all was unimportant
Will you question who I am?
Would you counter these perceptions?
I don't claim to have the answers here
But I can give you directions
Even if I try just a little bit harder
Oh, time and wasted bullets
Oh, we tried
Maybe if I could escape through one more night
I would then feel at home
I said please let me try just to wait through one more night
Maybe then I'd be home
Oh, time and wasted bullets
Oh, and nothing here is as it should be
Oh, in time we'll make it through this
Oh, in time
Maybe if I could escape through one more night
I would then feel at home
I said please let me try just to wait through one more night
Maybe then I'd be home