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