

# Post Break Tragedy, Mosaic

Scatter me across the road  
like pieces of broke turn signals  
we dance between these dotted lines  
and try so hard to save our lives

We pirouette until we fall  
but this droning dance won't save us at all

With so much effort and these miles to go  
bore on your shoulders with your loss of hope  
when judgement comes from high above  
confess your sins, confess your love  
and before we sing we must learn to speak  
while we watch the fittest trample the weak

Scatter me across the road  
like pieces of broke turn signals  
collect my pieces and rebuild me  
as a mosaic for all to see

and while history books can make this change  
none of you will ever be the same

go through your motions  
reciting every word  
ignoring what we've seen  
believing what you've heard  
sing praise for all to hear  
teach them to sing along  
thankful their answers here  
and now they all belong