

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