

Raised Fist, People Behind

This ripped apart large sections of my social life
Disabled from a bitter conflict with a surgical knife
If there was a possibility I would give away my wings
Give my wings to you so you could fly away from the bombings

Dead bodies on the ground & a whispering sound
Another victim down, it's the daily round
Another explosion, panic & motion
Smoke from a rooftop this will never stop

I have no desire to end up in the crossfire
Is there anything that I can do for you?
To remove the barbed wire & to send out more flyers
Doesn't really change what this is developing to

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Your advice could be to demilitarise
But it's not the weapons that kills, it's the people behind
When no logic applies & no one tries
And no one is willing to compromise

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