

# Street Dogs, Shards Of Life

So when the smoke and the fire of another attack slowly drift away  
Can anyone seem to find the appropriate words to say?  
When the pain of loss and sudden change conjure family strife  
Is there any hope at all for a return to normal life?

Is there solace in condolence or just deeper pain dug up?  
The sad truth is victim's families have nothing to look forward to  
And I'm sick of picking up the Boston Globe and seeing painful days of loss  
Question everything without apology about the horror and the cost

Shards of life are left behind, no easier, kinder path to find  
With a loss so bitter, so incomplete, with it hopes and plans crash in defeat  
And hope is a foggy and distant memory no hope for normalcy  
Cling close to the legacy of loss and shards of life, of life

We see a new war in the offing as we're challenged by a new plight  
It's media handle is terrorism, it's the same old ideological fight  
The debates will rage on, are we handling this thing right?  
Can't turn away reality, can't push it out of our mind's eye

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And civilian loss on the other side, is that something that we try to hide?  
What about the human condition, I'm sick of all these justifications  
Where is the real outrage? My god, there's got to be a better way  
Is this how we solve problems? I guess we haven't really evolved much

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