Syntax, Little Love

Sometimes we all war and cry Sometimes we all kill and die Sometimes we are running blind Sometimes only pain we find

I see you climbing mountains high I see you paint vanilla sky I see them scream I see them cry I hear the old souls asking why

With a little love with a little pain Gonna work it out gonna try again

Breathing out a broken breath Breathing up until the death Breathing eyes they're shut but wide Breathing on the other side

Teaching right is right to fight You'Il die tonight

With a little love with a little pain Gonna work it out gonna try again With a little heart and a little soul Gonna work it out gonna try again

Mama had to say goodbye Daddy's crying he never cries Sister try to hold your face Brother young the human race

Flying to a dangerous land Remembering strength his fathers hand Landing here to chance his fate Arriving home it's golden gate

With a little love with a little pain Gonna work it out gonna try again With a little heart and a little soul Gonna work it out gonna try again

Children dying for our war Politician warm behind closed door Blood red is the common law Children crying how much more

Feelings move a deeper thought Feelings are so so distraught Feelings I see blood red sky Feeings of just why oh why

Sometimes we all war and cry