

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'll 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
Feelings of just why oh why

Sometimes we all war and cry