

We are born of stone
And etched by wind
Cast aside to live or die
We are the pawns in our own game

Like refugees
Of silent wars
We step on ever-shifting ground
Promoting what we undermine

For countless days
We walked alone
Directionless and vulnerable
Sitting targets wearing smiles

No one of us will go unscathed
By private battles we have braved
A vicious circle we have built
Constructed from our shame and guilt

The flags we wave
Are set afire
To warm the bones of infant dreams
Even as our present is set ablaze

The tinderbox
We sit upon
Decays in churning mists of fog
And crumbles down into the sea

No one of us will go unscathed
By private battles we have braved
A vicious circle we have built
Constructed from our shame and guilt

We lie embraced
In the arms of dawn
The fading echoes of pointless time
Statuettes of ignorance

And even as
The clock hand sweeps
We pay no mind to where we are
Surely we're not allowed to die

No one of us will go unscathed
By private battles we have braved
A vicious circle we have built
Constructed from our shame and guilt