The Prodigal Son

Fallujah

Dreams of us would carry me on
That day has come and gone

Born to be the prodigal son
We are worn men soon to become extinct

Reminding ourselves to breathe
Your curse upon the chosen son

I spited you that day
Defiance was the plight
I curse the night I had to leave
That day of my infant life

Movement entangled with grace
Swarming like vapor waves
The last choice you could have made
You chose to wither away
Wither away (2x)

The broken heart of the mother
The shattered arm of the father

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