

## Contrition

## Good Riddance

Taken alone a street numbered  
Nowhere away from the fires of home  
Bagged and afraid one life in the  
Balance a family lies trembling alone  
Laying in a place where time has no meaning  
As marked by the chalk in the cell  
Nobody speaks to questions unanswered  
Restrained and alone left to tell

So much for tentative displays of contrition  
(Never seen again)  
Separated from the world we loved so well  
(Never again)  
The word we loved so well  
(This is the last time I'm ever alone)  
No use in praying

Shacked in chains defiance remains  
As the days stretch to torturous years  
Witch each acrid dawn the world soldiers on  
With the broken and driven to tears  
I remember my soul running freely  
Away from these cages and lies  
The smell of the air the laughter of children  
Keep one breath of hope left alive