

## Borrowed Time, Borrowed Eyes

SubRosa

Heads on spikes, symbols on skulls  
Give me a reason to go on  
The winter sky is full of ash  
Broken homes, endless trash

But in the darkness he holds his son  
He's all that's left, the only one

In the hills, the people hide  
Join together, rot inside  
In this land, the only hope  
Is to die young, to not get old

But in the darkness he holds his son  
He's all that's left, the only one  
In the darkness he holds his son  
There is no God, there is no love

Stripped to the marrow,  
Their empty platitudes can't  
Clothe them, feed them, heal them  
They shuck them off like a thin, useless skin  
That they've outgrown when hunger calls

How long must my journey go?  
And my sorrow no one know?