

One Man Army, Have Nots And Heartbreak

i feel like i could die here
killed by boredom
holding the pieces
pieces of our lives here
wasted time
have nots and heartbreak
i know it must have been
all the pretty things
and the ugly ones too
for this ship of fool's
that we'd sail on
under suspicion
it doesn't matter at all
till it's all over
when we're dead and gone