



Broken Windows

Will you pick up the shrapnel
When they've fallen
sharp and bloody
On our battle grounds

The answer is no-

I wish you'd warn me
So I'd have built a shield

My inner windows have been broken
By the millions of grenades you've launched

Round after Round
Of insults, humiliations,
Physical attacks and lies of love

You won't hug me now
I see you're afraid of the weapons
You've forced me to build