

American son, is your sun burning you

Bilen Gimikael

A booming city over a faulty line

We see the same moon
Your fate's soon gonna be mine

A storms abrewing
Farther than the eye can see
And yet we are so caught up
With the space in between you and me

Summer's Gun has begun
Gone are the days of fun in the sun

We were once children who wonder

Now, adults who ponder
Doesn't it feel like life's getting longer

You celebrate all the wars you've won

Unaware the next will involve your son

Unbeknownst to what you've done
You journey back to you playing in the sun

Playing dumb, you ask
"What's life become?"
Can't march to the beat of your own drum

You've subtracted all from the sum
Left with none
Now,

Inches away from becoming the corner store bum