

No Named Heathens

"Walking on Glass"

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Sometimes it feels like I'm digging my grave
With a spoon and it's raining soil on my head
No matter how much progress is made
It just fills back up before I'm dead
Sometimes it feels like I'm walking on glass
Barefoot and walking on coals and hot steel
Keep putting my feet down on pins and needles
Walking till it's burnt to the bone and I can't feel

Frivolous and fruitless
Unavailing, I'm trying in vain
Pointless and abortive
Counter productive
Never, never, never, never, never, never, never
Gonna make a difference anyway

Repetition is the mindkiller, and I feel it coming
These days it feels like every one is the same
Can't tell the difference between one or the next
Today's a carbon copy of yesterday

Frivolous and fruitless
Unavailing, I'm trying in vain
Pointless and abortive
Counter productive
Never, never, never, never, never, never, never
Gonna make a difference anyway
Frivolous and fruitless
Unavailing, I'm trying in vain
Pointless and abortive
Counter productive
Never, never, never, never, never, never, never
Gonna make a difference anyway

Beneath the veil of routine in everyday
The mystery of life just kinda fades away
Drones to the slaving and emotionally drained
Is there any thought left in the brain?

Frivolous and fruitless
Unavailing, I'm trying in vain

Pointless and abortive
Counter productive
Never, never, never, never, never, never, never
Gonna make a difference anyway
Never, never, never, never, never, never, never
Gonna make a difference anyway

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