

Tonedeff f/ Deacon**"No Hope"**

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[V1 - 24]

Oh lord I'm suffering, torn, struggling
The world's a gutter with poor plumbing I'm slumming
in
Wars funded by false governments, Whores, guns and
when
Everyday is more trouble than the one in front of it
Some of the luster of living will fade
Hustling for minimum wage, just to fit into my cage
The injustice is killing my faith
I used for hope for tomorrow, now I just soak and I
wallow in death & debt
Knowing that my child'll follow my steps
How you can I rest with a thousand immense pounds on
my chest
How do I keep a clean conscience with god, when my
thoughts are a mess
I could mop it I guess, and ring it out without honest
regret
And still manage to fall to the faults of the flesh
And on top of all this, the loss of a friend to an awful
event
Shot in the head - when they could have only robbed
him instead
Homicidal intent for 90 dollars & cents
By a con sentenced to 20 years but got off within 10
Why in the fuck we got laws to protect all of us, when
Parole officicers can send a heartless killer walking
again
keep a cautious defense, as some kids are taught to
dissent
They're born with no natural remorse, and all form of
conscience is dead
And it's hard to depend on congresses when
They impose embargos that leave throngs of small
children starved and unfed
Some have called it the end, the last days of this
system and times
If that's the case - it's a gift for the dying

[V2 - 24]

I'm not a humanitarian
I'm just a selfish fuck like you - looking for ways outta
this grave we're buried in
I'm not embarrassed - we ALL carry that pair of
chromosomes for carelessness
We inherited from our parenting
But the more I stare at it, The more it becomes
glaring. Life isn't fair is it?
So why fight what I find impairing?
Shit, when the time's right, then I'll die without merit
No hereafter with it, cause my body and my mind are
tied to my spirit
No divine interference, we wonder why history's
cyclical
Why the wicked'll prosper, all while the timid are
miserable
Why is shit so impossible, while for him it's so typical
Why do the gospels point to the times we live in as
critical
Now, I'm getting biblical. aww, fuck it - I'm trying to
somehow rationalize
And I'm tired of being so cynical
My, what a pitiful state of affairs this is
When you're simultaneously ready to die and scared to
exist
A subway ride, that was once second nature, is now
taxing your wits
Asking if this, blast really hits, will a casket be fit?
Frazzled to bits, with prescription Paxil and shit
Trapped in a ditch of a dead-end job, cause you're two
months back on your rent
Laughing - cause if that shit happens you guess that
would be it
Eyeing every passenger standing, cause that could be
him
So, you sit back and pretend, you're relaxed and
content
Knowing that if you go to today, you unhappily went
But when nothing happens you wince, and the impact
makes you glad you exist
Sadness desists and you miss your family/friends
As you reexamine your presence, the apathy lifts
Knowing that in the face of death, you found passion to
live
There's an equal amount of life within a last gasp and a
first breath
No matter how hard it gets, no one truly prefers death
And if the hurt ends, you're sure blessed
Remember the determination of your first step
And keep walking. Keep walking. Keep Walking

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