

A.F.I. "Narrative Of Soul Against Soul"

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To the wounded
I have seen the self image
They've forced you to reduce to shattered glass
The only remaining value lying in it's jagged edges

But the few who are waking for
Await their recognition
No fear of death but with fear of life
Your weakness kills everyone, so live

For no lack of searching
I can't seem to find, can't seem to find one
What of all their promises?
Can't seem to find much more than lies

A permanent solution
To a temporary problem
Before I'd lay me down to rest
I'd throw away everything to life

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What of all their promises?
Can't seem to find much more than lies

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