

## **A.F.I.**

# **"The Checkered Demon"**

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Too much to find, so much so little time  
So many images persist to shade my mind  
Will I ever come around or will I just hit the ground?  
Will I still be standing when it all comes down?

Why can't I seem to sort it out?  
Why am I always filled with doubt

So many people everywhere  
So self-absorbed without a care of their viral lives  
I'd like to bleed them all, when all is drained who shall  
hold?  
When mindless bodies screw tortured souls  
Will somebody be there to catch me when I fall?

Why can't I seem to sort it out  
Why am I always filled with doubt  
How could I always be so blind?  
Why can't I?  
Why can't I figure it out?

I could always hope for change  
Could always hope to rearrange  
But why not just abandon hope  
And tear it all apart, now?

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So many images persist to my mind  
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Will I still be standing when it all comes down?

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