

Amoral "Nothing Daunted"

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Ticking, that insane sound
We dance to the running of hours
Programmed moments passing by
Tighten the knot around our time
Fortunes slipping, ignoring despair
Generations deny their collapse
Staring up the gallows pole
To one more sigh in relief
So silent the breath of a dead man
So silent we don't want to hear
Just grin back at fate when it's smiling
The headsman won't forget
Expectations constitute the failures
As we pray to have the world
Programmed figures passing by
On their ceaseless hunt to conquer life
Wealth at the steps of the blind
Seeking on both sides
All clung to the ropes
Failing two feet down
We refuse to drown in the sand

And make decisions of no avail
Staring up with arrogance
To play the fool nothing daunted
So silent the breath of a dead man
So silent we don't want to hear
Laughing at those who we left behind
Just can't get enough of the ride
Ticking, that insane sound
We dance to the running of hours
Programmed moments passing by
Tighten the knot around our time
Fortunes slipping, ignoring despair
Generations deny their collapse
Staring up the gallows pole
To one more sigh in relief
All clung to the ropes
Falling two feet down
No need to flee, they have found us
Praying to have it all

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