

Embrace The End

"Ride It Like You Stole It"

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Dust in my eyes, lead in my feet
No reprise no retreat
And I'm still not getting any younger
What does it mean to trust?
When it's all reduced to so many thinning lines
So many hard times just waiting for an end
In squalor we lie
Watching ruins rise and compassion die
While our better halves get fucked in the head
It's no wonder I can't sleep at night
Every streetlight is a gravestone
Ever road leads to the unknown
Broken bones and broken spokes but my wheels are
still turning
My ears are ringing
The choice is not choice at all
When there's a gun to your head and a knife in your
back
What is it that you take me for anyways?
Alone in the picket line
For this I'm forever mired to this we all bare witness
So where do we go from here?
Hey lonely heart it's the end of the line and I'm writing
your name

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