

Farse

"Firing Line"

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The rise and fall of one life in a passing phrase.
They've tried to sum it up but they've always failed.
Never look down on experience you've gained. Torn
photographs, still the picture remains, because I think
and so therefore I am. Start to rebuild, write my own
master plan. When we just don't know who'll save the
day, waiting for someone to take us away. And those
shades that once seemed oh so clear, three words
dropped like stone settled dust re-appears. So lets take
the plunge, we'll start today. Everyone seems to step
out of the way.

Everyone seems to step back from my life, first sign of
strife. Clawed to shade just cause to save, they'll
decline, Firing Line.

The world you see is the world I want, and all the
mistakes are the frames we'll cut. New energy was
taken up, the fingers were pointed, it just fell off. Stole
it then pointed it North, the only way we're going is up.
Stole it then pointed North for what?

Started out great then her eyes fell to shade got to buy
some more time then the light hid it's rays.

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