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Foundation
"Devotion II"

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Hanging on by a thread, I pull myself back up.
Cause I'll be god damned if this is the rope from which I hang myself.

In desperate times we live by desperate means.
We put our love and faith and sanity into anyone, even the unseen.
As long as it will make us feel good, whole and complete.
We'll put our trust into anything, if it takes away this uncertainty.

The problems go unfixed.
The anger goes unchecked.
The emptiness goes unfed.
The devotion remains to what will undo us.

In desperate times we live by desperate means.
Though I can't blame you for doing the same.

So here's your choice: the truth or the end of a rope.
I've never seen someone so scared of death pick a point, lay down and die.

The problems go unfixed.
The anger goes unchecked.
The emptiness goes unfed.
All this devotion remains to what will undo us.

"Remember what I said about seeing a light when you're dying?" "Yeah" "That
Ain't true. I can't see a damn thing."

Get your rope.
Devotion.

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