

Gbh

"The Fist Of Regret"

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There's a time, there's a place,
It seems familiar now, but not the face.
The eyes are mean, without a soul,
I find myself looking up from a down a hole.

Reason skips me, see through eyes of red,
Pumpin' my heart, pounding my head.
My senses are shell-shocked, hanging in a net,
I guess I walked straight into a fist of regret,
.. regret, regret ..
.. I walked into a fist of regret.

The agony, the ecstasy,
I feel I've had it all.
But now I'm standing tall,
Gotta' keep on goin'.
Else I won't see tomorrow.
I guess I'll have to keep my bruises,
And be known as the one who loses.

Stopped in my tracks, the anchors on,
All my motivation gone.
Pick it up, lay it down,
An' promise that I'll be a 'good' hound.
We gotta' keep on goin',
Else we won't see no tomorrow.
My memory's still intact,
Just my sould that's been ransacked.

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