

## **Greg Graffin**

# **"The Fault Line"**

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The sun comes up with promise and my eyes burn open  
wide

And the sting compounds the torture from the vacant  
hole inside

My conscious recollection of the past events all seem  
To verify the emotion that now envelops me

Dogged as a drone  
Stagnant as the stone  
Weathered and alone  
Living on the fault line

There's no one here to listen but there's always room  
for more  
They pretend to give you your say before they slam the  
door  
There's very little patience, and very little love  
There's just your constant puzzlement for what you're  
guilty of

Dogged as a drone  
Stagnant as the stone  
Weathered and alone  
Living on the fault line

No one need deliver me from such a familiar place  
I've come to terms and work in this ribald downtrodden  
state  
It's subliminal friction under a kind of veneer  
And a form of cold injustice that keeps me stationed  
here

Dogged as a drone  
Stagnant as the stone  
Weathered and alone  
Living on the fault line

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