

## **Last Martyrs Of A Lost Cause "Morning Hour Convict"**

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Have you ever felt as if life would pass you by?  
Dreams fade to the black of mind as you search to find  
And your veins are dry, you're not really alive  
Anxious for what awaits, for the next day to arrive

And I never noticed how complicated life is.

Once again all that remains feels stale and old  
Streetlights pass at the same time,  
It's overcast and cold  
My eyes won't open, they're too jaded to close  
Paralyzed by your own sick mind, your thoughts slowly  
doze

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