

Matt Zane

"Searching The Sound"

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Cant you hear that chaos is near?
It'll point the way and choose the day.
Traveling down, traveling down,
Through the sound.
But the fire's not around.
But the fire's not around.

So I sit ... unlit;
Trying to find my spirit.

Oh ... I really just don't know.

All my friends and I...
Why do we have to die?
Maybe I should ask that big old ball in the sky;
What a worthless cry.

Try ... try ... try...
I cannot die.
I cannot die.

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