

Merzhin

"Four Walls"

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Where's the lesson God?
You're tearing off the wings of all my unprotected
dreams for nothing
I'll keep holding on
But I'm running out of nails over everything that's ever
failed within me
Stop the ageing soon
Because I'm running out of time at the very point I need
the clock behind me
Alone in this room
When nothing should be taking from the cleanness of
the break I'm making
It never falls in your hands
You get a page of the big plan
In a world that injects grey
If you still keep your head straight
In a world that protects bland
Big noise from a small band
Take the knives at the back door
And fill the clubs to the four walls
You'll fill the clubs to the four walls
Here's the justice God
I'm sifting through the words and re-arranging them in
verse for someone
I might be alone
But I'm praying for the spark that might illuminate the
dark for someone
It never falls in your hands
You get a page of the big plan
In a world that injects grey
If you still keep your head straight
In a world that protects bland
Big noise from a small band
Take the knives at the back door
And fill the clubs to the four walls
Is it really worth it?
You know it's worth the sacrifice of everything
It doesn't come to us all
You get a buzz when the track falls
In a time that expects grace
You can cry if you're first place

In a world that protects fools
From the day that you leave school
You take the bribes at the back door
And fill the clubs to the four walls
It never falls in your hands
You get a page of the big plan
In a world that injects grey
If you still keep your head straight
In a world that protects bland
Big noise from a small band
Take the

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