

## Seether "Immortality"

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Vacate is a word  
Vengeance has no place so near to her  
Cannot find a comfort  
In this world

Artificial tears  
The vessel's stabbed  
Next up, volunteers  
Vulnerable, wisdom can't adhere

A truant finds home  
And a will to hold on  
There's a trapdoor in the sun  
It's immortality

As privileged as a whore  
Victims in demand for public show  
Swept out through the cracks  
Beneath the door

Holier than thou, how?  
Surrendered, executed anyhow  
Scrawls dissolved  
Cigar box on the floor

A truant finds home  
And a will to hold on to  
There's a trapdoor in the sun

It's immortality

I cannot stop the thought  
Running out the door  
Coming up a which way sign  
And all good truants must decide

Oh, stripped and sold, mom  
And an auctioned forearm  
And whiskers in the sink

A truant finds home  
And a will to hold on to

Some die just to live, oh

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