

**Stuart McNair****"Saved"**

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I cried as they carried you past me.  
The needle marks from your I.V. were perfect  
Your hair was fucking perfect  
As I look down on your still dry skin.  
And they didn't know  
Just how you fucking lived your life.  
Cause they, they'd only show  
A vague reminder.

And I know you're not above us  
You did not suffer for God's sake  
You're a fucking fake.

You weren't there when glass broke around you.  
Sharp, hot, twisted, metal all around.  
You were fast asleep.  
Condemned to creep in the dark four corners of your  
mind.  
And I feel that I can't break free.  
Until I deal with what's right in front of me.  
And so I'm watching you bleed.

And I know you're not above us.  
You did not suffer for God's sake.  
You're a fucking fake.

And I see you right there but you feel so far away  
From what I am doing today.

Now I'm here on the seventh day.  
Every thing's fucked up I can't even think straight  
Don't think about your dead friend.  
I start to think about the end of my life.  
Like my life is so bad I cannot comprehend  
His last words, and were they in anger.  
Did he think about his mother and how much he loved  
her.  
I cannot take this anymore. Before my heart hits the  
floor.  
I start to realize what all this suffering in life is for.

And it's that day you took your life away.  
It's that day I found that mine's worth living  
When push comes to shove and life gets in your way.  
Get in the mosh pit.  
When push comes to shove and life gets in your way.  
Get in the mosh pit.

And I see you right there, but you feel so far away  
From what I am doing today  
And I will see you on some day when the gun is cocked  
And the bullets are loaded in - My head, my head I  
can't breath God I think I'm dead. My head..They're in  
my head.

Hate is the thing I feel right now.  
Cause I do not understand his pain,  
His pain his loss of life and dignity.  
By his family and his community with an ever present  
unity of disgust in there social mobility.  
So follow me past there second faces.  
And see there hidden disgust in differences and races.  
So follow me I will take you past there lives so ignorant.  
So follow me just take my hand, now trust in me.

And you'll be saved  
And I know that you're not above us.  
And I know that you're not above us.  
Yea right!

When push comes to shove and life gets in your way.  
Just get in the mosh pit.  
When push comes to shove and life gets in your way.  
Just get in the mosh pit. And you'll be saved.

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