

# Warship "Toil"

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You toil and stress  
Scratch and obsess  
The measure of man doesn't make me who I am  
Wanting more, wanting more, wondering?  
Why do we toil and stress  
Scratch and obsess  
Yearn and hope for the best  
Without rest  
Wanting more  
Wanting more than what we've been fooled to want for

Music sparked a fire and it burns in me forever  
When we get pushed apart the rhythm pulls us back  
together  
Music sparked a fire and it burns in me forever  
Don't get distracted, when a movement needs your  
motion  
Distressed and distracted when a movement needs  
your motion  
We get no reaction if your eyes have not been open  
Distressed and distracted when a movement needs  
your motion?

Misguided young traitors  
You huddle in chambers and bicker about the descent  
While the deadliest vapors  
Keep misting the framework of honest, hardworking  
men  
Then at the final hour no one wants to die a sinner  
They find that missing motive to repent and be  
delivered  
To stand at the gates asking, "did I deserve this?"  
A lifetime on the ground and I never knew the purpose

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