

Bad Books

"No Reward"

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With my dominant hand,
I steer the ship towards the future
With my eyes full of sand, I make a myth of the mess
Through desert blinders and cataracts, grab the battle
axe
Let the faith outfox the fear

Snap off the string, go clear
(No reward)
Snap off the string, go clear
(No reward)
From the crimson killing floor
No reason, no reward

Thread the rib through the rind, pull the pin from the
pillbox
Keep every thread intertwined, each coincidence
locked
To the prelude and aftermath, 'til you have to ask
"Are you sure, you're sure you're right?"

It's such a lonely life!
(When you're sure)
It's such a lonely life
(When you're sure)
Endless incremental war
So cursed to be so sure

It's such a lonely life
(No reward)
It's such a lonely life
(No reward)
It's such a lonely life
(No reward)
It's such a lonely life
(No reward)

From the crimson killing floor
To the mausoleum door
Off the isolation shore
No reason, no reward.

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