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Bad Meets Evil "All There Is"

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This song goes out To all the hopeless sinners, With grave allegiances, So meaningless and vain,

The walking wounded in a pagent of contenders Who balance on a rail of pain for just a pail of rain

And everything is barely mist, blood relations and bricks

My expression, my confession, add it up, extract a lesson, more than this,

Once again, like a bullet as a friend, tell me: can that be all there is?

In my rectory of doubt, I kneel to pray like one devout, As time the great gray dreamless sleep of a useless modern god

Erodes away each storied day as wretched Adams with hell to pay

Content upon a rail of pain for just a little rain.

And everything is dearly missed, blood relations and bricks

My expression, my confession, add it up, extract a lesson, more than this,

Once again, like a bullet as a friend, tell me: can that be all there is?

There?s an endless disposition, And it doesn?t mean a goddamn thing? There?s space for a paper-airplane race in the eye of a hurricane.

And if pigs could fly, then surely so could I, But this pedestrian knows better than to even try, And my divinity is caught between the colors of a butterfly.

And everything is dearly missed, blood relations and bricks

My expression, my confession, add it up, extract duress and more than this, Once again, like a bullet as a friend, tell me: can that be all there is? All there is?

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