

## **Parkway Drive "Deadweight"**

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This is survival. This is my exile. I find no solace. I find no solace beneath a Godless sky. Will I find shelter in the places the Sun could never find? Now behold the consequence, the aftermath of ignorance, shackled to my worthless neck. Give me one reason to resist. So I slip below. I can't resist the undertow. I find no solace beneath a Godless sky. Will I find shelter in the places the Sun could never find? Because everything's turning black and I see no hope of turning back. Cold terror grips my lungs, to let it in would be to accept defeat. But what's left to fight for? When I look inside, nothingness confronts me. Vexed by the hands of time. This is survival. I against I. What's left inside? So I slip below. I can't resist the undertow. I can't resist. No, I can feel the deadweight. I can feel the deadweight of my soul dragging me from this world.

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