

Sick Of It All "Trenches"

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Back down once again, back down into the trench
Is that it to this life
Thoughts of another day, the thought of better days
Is what will keep us alive

Another day, another damn week
Just passing the time
Ignoring all the dullness at it's peak
As I watch the paint dry

How can we justify and say that we're alive
When we can barely survive
How long 'till we see that our humanity
Is slowly rotting away

Waiting, waiting, waiting, burning my time
As it sucks dry my life
Waiting for the break that never fucking comes
The fruitless hope, still alive

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