

## Underneath The Gun "Shawshank Absolution"

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My mind pushes past conscious thought  
Thinking, feeling, knowing past  
Tell me, tell what am I?  
This gate is closing way too fast

They say routine is how you live  
I'm convinced it's how you die  
Trapped in this hollow pensive  
Gaining you the more you try

This cannot last  
It will not last  
This cannot last  
It will not last  
This cannot last  
It will not last  
It cannot last!

Reach me oh Lord!  
Draw me back, before I reach myself

Before this becomes my institution  
Before this becomes my absolution

Reach me!  
Oh Lord!  
Draw me back!

Ohhhh!

Routine is how you die  
Trapped in this hollow pensive  
Gaining you the more you try

This cannot last  
It will not last  
This cannot last  
It will not last  
This cannot last  
It will not last  
This cannot last!

Can this be?  
Pushing fact so fiercely  
You are my restitution  
The product of resolution

Oh Lord, you are absolution!

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