

Dispath

"Time Served"

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hold up the firing line
hold steady on the trigger's time
walk away counting backwards from nine
holdin' his breath so to start his own dying

[CHORUS:]
time served
to the ones that left you here

no people here, only names
soon to be put to numbers so it's one and the same
it's anyone's game as long as the fire flickers
the throat stickers, they place their bet
the trouble is that no one's added it up quite yet
cause when they do, when they do it'll be a

riot and the wire is down
hold up for the fury to sound
hold up you head from the ground
or they'll keep you on it

your time's served
to the one's that left you here

from tower to wall to guard to guard to wall
ever ready for th fire to fall
the confiners haven't seen the sun since
the lifers let got of their irrelevant innocence

but long before a single round was shot
word was spread from block to block to cell block
they're going to take him
and make an example of him for the escapees to fear

the incoming of the
incoming of the gun
oncoming of the year
you either die on the inside or trying to get out
the choice is yours, the choice is here

