

Gut-Shot

"End Of The Line"

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Some things got to fucking happen to me
Day after day this world refuses to change
We know there's something that's keeping us here
No one can find it so someone's gotta pay
In between these two lives I can't identify
Can't grab a hold, torn between the mud and sky
It's not a question of extending this life
But coming clean with yourself at the end of the line
Crawl your way back it's never too late
Though your city is crumbling
You've got to lay it to waste
I refuse to believe in your truth or fiction
The way things are supposed to be is just your illusion
Escape into oblivion
No time to be saved
Digging my own grave
Take back what you gave
Or become enslaved
Standing still and straight-faced, fulfilling your desires
Smile as I look back, I'll be laughing from my funeral
pyre
It's not a question of extending this life
But looking yourself in the eyes at the end of the line.

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