

Thousand Foot Krutch

"Last Comfort"

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Beneath this scape of sun
I claw at every minute as we
Clutch today
In disdain of tomorrow
The holiness of now
Which we will soon betray
And with a sickening hope
I dangle from the modicum
Of chance that has run
Two steps ahead always
It mocks as I
Lose track of everyone
I could have turned my back
To make myself more nothing yet
So give me comfort now
It is the last that we will ever get
And as the stars arise
To call the end of time
With midnight near
I look into my hands
The only thing I've held
Is foolish fear
I turn my head at last
Now giving up pursuit
With what to show?
I've been outrun but given this,
The only joy of our regret: to know
This could have been yours

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