

Thousand Foot Krutch

"Strapped To The Bomb"

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Strapped to the bomb, you're weightless for today
Falling a lifelong headless path dismay
Blind of sound, arms tied around
Counting down until you get your way
Fat is fried and cut your head
Is there anything I should have said?
In the red and yellow time away
Hold up high your head and say
Time to end it all
Was this of my will?
And if so my God
Do I want this still?
But you fool yourself
Smile false and tough
You suffocate the speed
I never had enough
It's no use, the damage has been done
Floating between the sewer and the sun
Vacuum round you leap and bound
To gain the moisture stolen from your tongue
Earth is well in sight below
And there's no one there to see you go
Attention starved in final act
The ticking time not turning back

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