

No Time

Battalion of Saints

He lives on a tightrope
The tightrope of life
Someday he'll shake that rope
And fall out of life

Without
Thinking of tomorrow
Or the future to come
The things that he steals
For the rush that does kill
The needle in his vein
That takes away all his pain
For now

As he sits
Alone at home
The monkey that's on his back
Is screaming for more

All he wants
Is to blow out his mind so he tries so hard
He loves the drug
He also hates the drug for the things that he does
There's a hole
In his arm, that keeps calling his name

He has the spoon
And the rig
He clips the balloon
And pours it all in

Then it starts
The sweat starts to pour
When the target is finally made
The warm rush that starts
To fill in his brain with fear

He thinks he's won
The final game
But it comes short
So he'll try it again