

# Crushing Chest Wound

## Municipal Waste

A flash then a fall to the ground. I can just hear the sound  
I can see nothing except what's pouring out of my chest  
I grit my teeth at the fact I might not be coming back  
Look up to the sky and I hope this is some kind of joke

Moments seem like days. Should I pray?  
Now it's my judgment day?  
Is this some kind of a test? Will I get out of this mess?

A new perspective on all things  
I have a new outlook today  
My mind is changing, visions hazy  
An outlook this huge wound just gave me  
I got a plan I'll make a change  
I have the feeling it's a bit too late  
But now there's no time left to save me  
Something this huge wound just gave me

It's so fast how things change  
Some things you wish you can't take to the grave  
No last chance it's too late  
Your death awaits

I blew it off and didn't give it much thought  
Something that was blocked out of my mind  
And here I sit with just seconds left  
To reflect on what I'm going to leave behind

So where to now?  
Six feet down (2x)

A new perspective on all things  
I have a new outlook today  
My mind is changing, visions hazy  
An outlook this huge wound just gave me  
I got a plan I'll make a change  
I have the feeling it's a bit too late

It's so fast how things change  
Some things you wish you can't take to the grave  
No last chance it's too late  
Your death awaits