

# A Life All Mine

## The Gathering

Razor sharp I cut  
The bull from my life  
Too blunt your knife  
To slay this dreamer

We might be dogs astray  
No running line will hold us  
So rather kick and kill me  
I'll be butchered all the same

No words are spoken  
But the world is broken

'Cause I want something  
Something all wrong done  
A life instead of mere living  
Folding crumbling withering oh hell  
What difference when working the way

The crown of my work  
Is what I shall gain  
At the end of my days

Daylight awake to a puppet world  
No strings attach to this body of mine  
Folding crumbling withering oh well  
The punished pushed along the line  
All my actions, all my moves  
A life all mine to lose

The crown of my work  
A life all mine to lose  
A life all mine  
Is what I choose  
At the end of my days