

# The Last Round

Amoral

When you tricked them into your condemned dream  
You didn't know who would have control

Where it took seconds to shape fortunes  
Your pains it weighed down hell  
Spilling blood to cleanse the memories  
That you know made you so frail

Empty eyes look through the barrel, sweating fingers on the gun  
One push off the threshold to target sympathies  
Just a broken statue and the world remains unchanged  
So close and still no place where anything would end

Trapped between blooded walls  
And the fight was there today  
Fists breaking against the concrete  
None to forgive no strength to run

How could it be how would it end?  
When you wake up you wish them to cry  
Fragments of this being fragments of its meaning to burn away

Suffocating in the grasp of this hate  
Driven to fire your last round  
Escape from the air and drown under the earth  
Dead mirror by the wayside, nowhere to turn

An empty shell buried to the ground  
Prepare yourself to forfeit  
Another saviour just another failure  
Where bleak winds grind the surface

Fear and regret stain dim recollections  
An act of rash solutions  
Last one there, the broken statue  
Built with hands that are bleeding

Empty eyes look through the shattered image  
And their pain it weighs down hell  
Spilling blood to cleanse the memories  
That you know make you so frail

How could it be how would it end?  
When you wake up they are holding your time  
Fragments of this being fragments of its meaning