

Fighting for a Lost Cause

Antimatter

And there it is, as pure as snow
I couldn't see it for my head was too low
And prying eyes, they stoop too low
Poisoning my soul, as sanity waits in the gallows

Defeated I, fighting for a lost cause
Depleted I, dying for the wrong cause

These are the hours on the range
The more you show them
The more they choose to take away
Some things never change in the wings
And as it's your war,
There'll be no escape at all