

There's Always Someone Tougher And Meaner

Austin Lucas

Curtains hide from the prying eyes off of the television's glow
As three friends sit in their home so far away from home
For we cut ourselves from a sinking ship
Found only more drugs and booze
Old habits took hold
While we slept from the breath of the moon

And a pendulum swings with an axe guided weight
Cutting lives from a never growing stone
A tender voice is often heard where the truth is seldom told
It's a hard earned disgrace when the brunt of the (?) finds the faces
of friend and family
As our futures turned out to be what they hoped or believed

And we made our way playing heartbreaking games
And our eyes are the bitterest of truth
Intentions speak not as loud as the choices made in you
And it's been a long hard winter
We danced near the fire 'til we withered away
We shook and we slept long in the morning
Oh your face could be that of a stranger
As the rose on your cheek turned to gray
The mirror showed who we are
Not who we long to be

Though my words hit you like a bare knuckle boxer
Whipping boy you've been beaten by yourself
So caught in the coma but whisper and you hear the devil's howl
Both strong willed and weak
You hold the tools to escape
My dearest friend, I cannot hold you alone
And I fear the path on which you travel
I could never follow along

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