

Everything is fading away  
I'm looking forward to my final daze  
To the end of my horrid life  
At the end of my table  
Sits my butcher knife  
Can't stand your lies  
Or your twisted truth  
Can't stand your logic  
Can't stand your views  
I've been through your twisted maze  
And I'm still waiting for my final daze

Fine, fine, fine, fine, fine  
I'm living my final  
Day, day, day, day, day  
I'm living my final

Contemplating undecided ways  
Still edging closer to my final daze  
Counting seconds letting minutes pass  
Through an endless tunnel  
To my useless past  
Contradictions in my head at night  
My aching body just can't win the fight  
An empty bottle lies beside the bed  
My brain is empty my brain is dead

Fine, fine, fine, fine, fine  
I'm living my final  
Day, day, day, day, day  
I'm living my final

Well everything is fading away  
Looking forward to my final daze  
To the end of my horrid life  
At the end of my table  
Sits my butcher knife

Fine, fine, fine, fine, fine  
I'm living my final  
Day, day, day, day, day  
I'm living my final day