

The Line

Black Rebel Motorcycle Club

I am the line, I hold you near
There is no burden left to bear, I can see clear
You're in suspension, you know no love
There is no story left to tell, you have no wisdom to pass on
I am the soul of absolution, no man can hurt his own illusion
My hands are crippled from the pain, you are the splinter in my
vein
You put your head between your hands and understand nothing it
has
I feel the answers keep you scared, I've put the harm inside my
self

I am the line, I hold you near
There is no burden left to bear, I can see clear
I am perfected, I know no void
I have no conscience to keep clear, I understand there's nothing
more
You try to kid yourself with questions, pleading in time for some
correction
I found you tied onto the cross, with judgement on your every
thought
You know my words all mean the same, you've buried here to isolate
And in this prison in your mind, well you were born without a spine

When did you stop caring?
When did you stop caring?
When did you stop caring?
When did you stop caring?