

## 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 nothin  
g more  
You try to kid yourself with questions, pleading in time for so  
me correction  
I found you tied onto the cross, with judgement on your every t  
hought  
You know my words all mean the same, you've buried here to isol  
ate  
And in this prison in your mind, well you were born without a s  
pine

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