

Neverending story but the lesson went untold.
She knew it all along if she just could take control of the
situation. Investigation. Try to tell the story even though she
couldn't take it.

Was it suicide? Why did she have to pull the trigger?
Was it burning her inside? Or did she have an itchy finger?
Can't shake that picture. It's not the way I want to miss her.
I can't believe that all the memories just fade away.

[Chorus:]

Next thing I know, I'm a cult.
I'm trying to get the hell out but Mephisto ain't no motherfuck
ing joke.
I could choke, I could choke,
but instead I clear the smoke.
Take a step back try to clear my head and find myself again.
Keep moving on, and on and on.
Keep growing strong, you say you got a swollen arm.
Back up and up and up again
I don't need your help because you're not my fucking friend!

Blind man stood by the road and he cried.
Blind man stood by the road and he cried.
Blind man stood by the road and he cried.

He was lost without her.
He couldn't move on.
He tried to find salvation with a needle in his arm.
He can't feel it. He's fucking numb.
He asked for my help. I told him,
"You're the only one who can save yourself.
You've got to grip real tight.
The battle's half won if you make it through the night."
Neverending story.
Never seems to bore me.
I go to sleep at night just to dream it all away.

[Chorus]

Blind man....