

Rundown

Dark Tranquillity

cowardice, this chain of events
gather and plot the ensnaring of me (ensnaring)
gone now the sense of lust
is there a cost for the reckless excess?
taken in the growth and trust
retaliatory strike at the weakest spot
raked away the remains of my fall
that laid scattered cross plains of regret
humble in defence of the wicked
run down, naked and blind

merciless, the onslaught of demands
get in line for the numbing
i won't make a stand

redeemer of the slavery
reconcile with the carefree and content
ensnarer, caretaker
lead not these the frail into battle again
crossing out the ramblings of others
tired of the same old refrain
knowing this will all be corrected
torn down, wasted and lost

i can't take it anymore 'cause i am rundown
can't take it anymore 'cause this is wrong
tired and rundown
spat it out
the foolish lines you fed
it holds a place in the civilized mind
forcefed, the turn of our venturesome quest
being rundown as we seek

the day this was lost
all that you see
all that'll be
rundown