

## Time Served

Dispatch

hold up the firing line  
hold steady on the trigger's time  
walk away counting backwards from nine  
holdin' his breath so to start his own dying

time served  
to the ones that left you here

no people here, only names  
soon to be put to numbers so it's one and the same  
it's anyone's game as long as the fire flickers  
the throat stickers, they place their bet  
the trouble is that no one's added it up quite yet  
cause when they do, when they do it'll be a

riot and the wire is down  
hold up for the fury to sound  
hold up you head from the ground  
or they'll keep you on it

your time's served  
to the one's that left you here

from tower to wall to guard to guard to wall  
ever ready for th fire to fall  
the confiners haven't seen the sun since  
the lifers let got of their irrelevant innocence

but long before a single round was shot  
word was spread from block to block to cell block  
they're going to take him  
and make an example of him for the escapees to fear

the incoming of the  
incoming of the gun  
oncoming of the year  
you either die on the inside or trying to get out  
the choice is yours, the choice is here