

The Last Scene Of Struggling

Finger Eleven

The static grows and kills the message
Unclear as the wind blows
Thin whispers through all the wreckage
You said you planned to fail
Looking so safe but sorry
So be sure to bang the nail
And seal the exit out

Feel the way through your revelation
Does it feel the way you want to?

Just say it like it's all true
Just tell it like you want to

You bled along the edge of reason
You could have changed your mind into the driest season
Don't explain I know
The lives that you let go
The ones you thought you knew
Held onto deep dark truth

You just say it like it's all true
You just tell it like you want to
Calculate one last scene of struggling
As I'm sinking I'll be looking for you cause you'll know who to
blame

But you can't stop the plan cause supply met demand