

Dead End

Fuck the Facts

Does that writing on the wall tell us it's not true? Less time to decide, clocks are burning. We're now thrown together. There are few chances for a tomorrow. We're not holding on. The curse is short but binding. The curse never ends. Last chance, claim your dependence. Don't settle on what you've become. What I see is you and what you are doing. What I see in you; all the damage that has been done. No one knows. Last chance to damn and shout with a gun in your mouth. The curse is growing stronger. The curse has taken over. The curse is going nowhere ever. We're lost in this, dead-end. The curse has knocked us down. Strengthened with our flaws. The curse is us, and everything. We're lost in this, dead-end.