

The Fault Line

Greg Graffin

The sun comes up with promise and my eyes burn open wide
And the sting compounds the torture from the vacant hole inside
My conscious recollection of the past events all seem
To verify the emotion that now envelops me

Oh-oh, Dogged as a drone
Oh-oh, stagnant as the stone
Oh-oh, Weathered and alone

Living on the fault line

There's no one here to listen but there's always room for more
They pretend to give you your say before they slam the door
There's very little patience, and very little love
There's just your constant puzzlement for what you're guilty of

Oh-oh, Dogged as a drone
Oh-oh, Stagnant as the stone
Oh-oh, Weathered and alone

Living on the fault line

No one need deliver me from such a familiar place
I've come to terms and work in this ribald downtrodden state
It's subliminal friction under a kind of veneer
And a form of cold injustice that keeps me stationed here

Oh-oh, Dogged as a drone
Oh-oh, Stagnant as the stone
Oh-oh, Weathered and alone

Living on the fault line