

So set them up and watch them call.
Ignore the call.
So put it in and cut your rounds.
You're back around.
With apathy and all your
strength, you flex your length.
And in the end there's nothing left.
There's nothing left.
Did you learn to covet?
Did you learn your hatred well?
Did you learn deception?
You say there must be something more.
You can't move home.
There's nothing left.
The colors run and bleed to grey.
It's always grey.
So put your back against the
wind and focus in.
Remember when you wanted life,
you held the knife.
I'm not afraid to set it straight.
It's too late.
There must be something more.