

Crushing Chest Wound

Municipal Waste

A flash then a fall to the ground. I can just hear the sound
I can see nothing except what's pouring out of my chest
I grit my teeth at the fact I might not be coming back
Look up to the sky and I hope this is some kind of joke

Moments seem like days. Should I pray?
Now it's my judgment day?
Is this some kind of a test? Will I get out of this mess?

A new perspective on all things
I have a new outlook today
My mind is changing, visions hazy
An outlook this huge wound just gave me
I got a plan I'll make a change
I have the feeling it's a bit too late
But now there's no time left to save me
Something this huge wound just gave me

It's so fast how things change
Some things you wish you can't take to the grave
No last chance it's too late
Your death awaits

I blew it off and didn't give it much thought
Something that was blocked out of my mind
And here I sit with just seconds left
To reflect on what I'm going to leave behind

So where to now?
Six feet down (2x)

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