

Night of the Living Living

No Use for a Name

And so much can change in a second when everybody's
Hiding the truth
An eternal quest for some happiness is there anything we
Won't screw?

Like a loaded gun if it sits too long, eventually you'll work
Up the nerve
To abandon your herd

We got these remedies for insecurities that nobody is
Listening to
All the mournful cries of the less fortunate are so easy to
Say and not to

Like a funeral march in the summer sun, it's beautiful for
Something so sad
Concentrating on the things we can't have

We all live in a cage without space to use our heads
I'm more scared of the living than the dead

In a hospital counting every breath, are you happy with no
One in you life?
As long as up to this point you were right
But living scared is just no way to die