

I Shook Hands With Death

Northlane

So stand the fuck up, show me that this life is worth living. Oh take this day
and call it your own; this is your chance to redeem yourself. In a world where
every single day counts, the cloke strickes twelve and I'm still in bed,
staring at the veiling. Will I ever amount to anything? I will never know. Is
there a purpose in this life to be fulfilled? Is there a way to make sense of a
life that will one day end? Will anything I do be remembered? Will these words
live to be read by the eyes of a new generation? I will be there for, for ou I
will be there. Pick your fucking self up and realise that one-day you will be a
memory. Ashes to ashes and dust to dust. So stand the fuck up, show me that
this life is worth living. Oh take this day and call it your own; this is your
chance to redeem yourself. I will never know.