

# Deadweight

Parkway Drive

This is survival.  
This is my exile.  
I find no solace.  
I find no solace beneath a Godless sky.  
Will I find shelter in the places the Sun could never find?  
Now behold the consequence, the aftermath of ignorance, shackled to my worthless neck.  
Give me one reason to resist.  
So...  
So I slip below.  
I can't resist the undertow.  
So I slip below.  
I can't resist the undertow.  
I find no solace beneath a Godless sky.  
Will I find shelter in the places the Sun could never find?  
Because everything's turning black and I see no hope of turning back.  
Cold terror grips my lungs, to let it in would be to accept defeat.  
But what's left to fight for?  
When I look inside, the nothingness confronts me.  
Vexed by the hands of time.  
This is survival.  
I against I.  
What's left inside? x3  
So I slip below.  
I can't resist the undertow.  
So I slip below.  
I can't resist. x4  
No. I can feel the deadweight.  
I can feel the deadweight of my soul dragging me from this world.  
Deadweight!!!