

Futile Man

Poisonblack

Still too much I recall of them
gnawed out bones which the
mattock of time buried beneath
the pavement
And to wade in the shades won't
clear the air, won't erase the
stench of them dead

Will the solace be found from
the north of the ditch? Dug deep
with my own beaten shovel
For sure it's not in the notes of
the self-pity mean-Could it be at
the end of the double barrel?
The time is nigh

Until the end I'll deny that there
is sense in this life
I am what I am, a futile man
and till the end I'll deny that
there is meaning behind
I am what I am, a futile man

Now, hear my child this weight
will land on your shoulders-You
too will pay this debt of despair
I'm not here to teach you or to
show you the way-It wouldn't
make any difference