

## 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