

The Wheel and the Blacklight

The Duskfall

Hard to notice
Difficult to understand
The mind of a broken man
Those strained hands can't grasp
As he crawls from the gutter
To make a final stand

My mouth is full of dirt
I won't last and it's not good
Can't even see the sights
And my headlights are broke

Just a worn-out soul at the end of the world
At the speed of the black light
Just a worn-out soul at the end of the world
I lost my way back home
Just a worn-out soul at the end of the world
I'm falling off the edge
Just a worn-out soul at the end of the world

Would I have made the same choices
Without you by my side
Would I have made the same choices
Without you breathing down my neck
The stood by my side till the end
Crushed me
With all their fake love

Just a ...

I'm at the edge of reason
I lift my hands off the wheel
I let the black light guide me
I lift my hands off the wheel

Just a ...