

# Why Bother

The Trews

Apocalypse horizon  
Dead trees on rough terrain  
With rocks to keep your eyes on  
Dark clouds threaten rain

If I die all alone and you endowed  
Will I see you again on your own  
Or in this crowd safe inside these walls? And

Witness this endless falter  
As poison drifts through water  
In my cup in my finest hour  
Give in, sit down, why bother?  
Why bother?

It wont be long before we sink into the scene  
I hope not to be long, I want to come clean

Witness this endless falter  
As poison drifts through water  
In my cup in my finest hour  
Give in, sit down, why bother?

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Why bother?  
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Why bother? Why bother?  
Why bother? Why bother?  
Why bother? Why bother?  
Yeah