

Feast or Famine

Within the Ruins

In a dying world
it's feast or famine, breathe deep
and take your pick.
Don't act like there's an option
you'll be the one who fades quick.
Watch the sky swallow the sun
one more time
and take in the night's empty serenity.

No plan of action, no grand schemes.
No sanctuary, no hope for change.
Having tasted a better life, puts me...

At the bottom for so long,
gazing at the opening above me.
I see a hope for change, I see a hope for more.
Just sacrifice for survival.

Life is what you make it!
What you make it.
No holding back

Today I feast on this spoiled world
as the rest famine.
As the rest famine below me
as the rest
famine.