

On The Line

Zombie Ghost Train

Wait for the time, and the clock has stopped
Hide it in your mind, the decision to drop
Jump at the chance, sit at the wrong table
The ?step? wasn't ticking, and the mind not able

This is life, this is life
On the line

Stand in the line, move to the top
Hiding from the shadow, too tired to rock
Move to the beat, don't cause a reaction
Break into a sweat, psychotic distraction

This is life, this is life
On the line

Time will tell, if the chips will fall, and the dice will roll
The stakes are high, like a lonely cloud in the moonlit sky
But the night, slides, and the chance has slipped away.

?Lose something, losing is easy? but it's hard to be
Loading your mind, and drum without a beat?
Rise to the occasion, and drop to the ground
Obsession? is made, and a hand laid down

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On the lain!