

The Fatal Wound

Switchfoot

I am the crisis
I am the bitter end
I'm gonna gun this down
I am divided
I am the razor edge
There is no easy, now
The son of sorrow
Is staring down forever
With an aching view
Disenchanted
Let's go down together
With the fatal wound
This is the real thing
No rubber bullets, now
Is this the final bow?
My breath avoids me
My chest is in my head
My stomach's upside down, down
The son of sorrow
Is staring down forever
With an aching view
Disenchanted
Let's go down together
With the fatal wound
With the fatal wound
With the fatal wound

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