

# All There Is

## Jules Renauld & Von Mondo

This song goes out  
To all the hopeless sinners  
With grave allegiances  
So meaningless and vain The walking wounded  
In a pageant of contenders  
Who balance on a rail of pain  
For just a pail of rain And everything is barely mist  
Blood relations and bricks  
My expression, my confession, add it up  
Extract a lesson more than this  
Once again, like a bullet, as a friend  
Tell me, can that be all there is? In my rectory of doubt  
I kneel to pray like one devout  
As time the great gray dreamless sleep  
Of a useless modern God Erodes away, each storied day as  
Quenched Adams, with hell to pay  
Content upon a rail of pain  
For just a little rain And everything is dearly missed  
Blood relations and bricks  
My expression, my confession, add it up  
Extract a lesson, more than this  
Once again, like a bullet as a friend  
Tell me, can that be all there is? There's an endless disposition  
And it doesn't mean a goddamn thing  
There's space for a paper airplane race  
In the eye of a hurricane And if pigs could fly, then surely so could I  
But this pedestrian knows better than to even try  
And my divinity is caught between the colors of a butterfly And everything is dearly missed  
Blood relations and bricks  
My expression, my confession, add it up  
Extract duress and more than this  
Once again, like a bullet, as a friend  
Tell me, can that be all there is?  
All there is?

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