

# After Arguments

## Before Braille

Deathbeds and guarded borders  
Bedpans and doctors orders  
Move on and leave the weak behind  
Back stabs and painted on smiles  
It's easier to die admired  
From here there is no turning back  
Fall out of focus  
Arguments end where you leave them  
(What's it take to be satisfied)  
You battle your progress  
Arguments fend for themselves  
I've been shot down too many times  
I guess I blame myself for targets I can't defend  
A Punishment will never fit a crime  
Well should I go ahead with this, if I could go ahead at all  
I'd be more confident if you'd admit you're wrong  
Do I need to chalk your lines  
Victims precede the crime  
You're blaming yourself next time  
We'll take turns to cover the tracks that we leave behind  
You use me to waste your time  
Your grudges carry themselves just fine  
Regrets, I take yours if you'll take mine  
A fair trade for lightning bolts, landmines or genocide  
Unplug the phone, I need it quiet  
All we have left is all we hold on to  
I don't care anymore, let's put this aside  
I'll scream with my last breath, 'T'm alright'  
All we have left is all we lay next to  
White boys, start your own KKK  
You look like you're good for nothing anyway  
Just like your parents before you  
And just like your faceless neighborhood  
I know that I'm the one, I feel just like Shakakahn  
If it's not for me, it can't be right for anyone  
I blame the cynics and the sun  
So goodnight

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