

# End With An Ellipsis

## Bane

Who was it who asked about the last mile being the hardest mile  
Trying not to spend more time looking back  
There's still a bit more to go  
Can't stop measuring strike outs to home runs  
Trying to justify these compromises that have piled up and dulled my blade  
Maybe we stayed too long didn't say enough, swing hard enough  
The years just sort of ran away  
And the ones that follow won't be as fun  
I'll never love anything else the way that I loved this  
So you know its not gonna be easy  
To just let goBut the credits they will rollIt's getting harder and harder  
To give too much of my body and soul to a mess overrun by morons and thugs  
Who's only purpose is to break this, not hard enough to make it  
Fighting on their own  
We stand bound and gagged as they pee on our rug  
The end result of not a single motherfucker willing to take the hard road  
Makes it easier to watch as the door swings slowly shutThen there are those I'll carry with me forever, live deep  
in my chest  
Watched as you took your last breath on that floor in Wilkes-Barre  
The room loved you so deeply our hearts broke as you faded  
And i can never repay the lesson you left me as we rolled outta town that night

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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