Futile

Toothgrinder

You are, we are
The vision of truth
Can you hear me?
Hear my cadence call all through the night
We're putting it out there for you
The victim, the hunter, the shrew
We have become
The destruction of masses
The parade of ashes
For the cause, for the case, for the coupBe free, our own paradise
Live free, these are our homes our lives
I will grip my tongue and we will say it so fruitful
Surrender to the gun
We'll empower the hopeful
And plead to the rising Sun
We're singing the anthem of youth
The outcast, the lover, the truth
Don't lose sight of
The production of power
The angle, its hour
For the blood, for the pain, for the noose
Freedom is the truthBe free, our own paradise
Live free, these are our homes our lives
Hear my heart, now now let's ride the blues
Look into my head, now kick off your shoes
Every lick and step that keeps me awake
We're on our own so let's move
We see with our hearts and third eyes
You know there's nothing like a moment we all fantasize
Like a lick, like a shred, like a pattern of threads
And if these holy notes only stand alone then we're better off dead
I'm tearing my eyes out again and again
I'm throwing my soul out, three sheets to the wind
This quandary in my life, I don't give a shit
The futile possess so that we plead the fifth
We're all alone, we're red throughout
Now break these bones, I'll twist and shout
We're out for the kill
With the thoughts of the truest of minds

Construct, create, conflate
Medicate, meditate, contriveBe free, our own paradise
Live free, these are our homes our livesThe production of power
The angle, it's hour
You will always be
The victim, the hunter, the shrew
I'm tearing my eyes out again and again
I'm throwing my soul out, three sheets to the wind
This quandary in my life, I don't give a shit
The futile possess so that we plead the fifth
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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