

# Dead Weight

## Limp Wrist

This is survival.  
This is my exile.  
I find no solace.  
I find no solace beneath a Godless sky.  
Will I find shelter in the places the Sun could never find?  
Now behold the consequence, the aftermath of ignorance, shackled to my worthless neck.  
Give me one reason to resist.  
So I slip below.  
I can't resist the undertow.  
I find no solace beneath a Godless sky.  
Will I find shelter in the places the Sun could never find?  
Because everything's turning black and I see no hope of turning back.  
  
Cold terror grips my lungs, to let it in would be to accept defeat.  
But what's left to fight for?  
When I look inside, nothingness confronts me.  
Vexed by the hands of time.  
This is survival.  
I against I.  
What's left inside?  
So I slip below.  
I can't resist the undertow.  
I can't resist.  
No, I can feel the dead weight.  
I can feel the dead weight of my soul dragging me from this world.

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