

# Final Call

## Losing Caufield

Seeing it all, heeding the call  
Lost without hoping to be found  
A willing exile, I turn away  
Rather face the endless silence  
Than the hopelessness and fear of today  
The ashes choke the sky  
Death's swift hand in disguise  
Awaiting the final call  
No use hesitating  
Are we fearful of how dark it's grown?  
The emptiness surrounds  
Cannot believe  
Refuse to think I'm on my own  
Who will be cast out?  
Trust in the lies that held you bound  
Their twisted values lead you astray  
They disgrace the world with violence  
Leaving bitterness, despair and decay  
The ashes choke the sky  
Death's swift hand in disguise  
Awaiting the final call  
No use hesitating  
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