

Fruitless

Lower Heaven

I could walk away, I could let this fly
go back home and start again -- Fruitless
I have faith in how things seem to start again,
that tale of your one big chance is a lie, told by consumed men.
And I push, and I push to not give in
I don't recall a place that I would call the end
But things are different now I know and that was then.
I could walk away, I've been pushing for so long,
All dried up and sap sucked thin -- Fruitless
And I push, and I push to not give in

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