

# Wash Away

## Vertical Horizon

An old man lying by the road  
Black is night  
He's got his finger on the trigger  
An easy target in sight  
He's got no future, no family tree  
He's got a three dollar bottle  
And he drinks 'till he can't see  
All night, all night A young girl waiting on a line  
Eight a.m., she's got a six month old burden  
Willpower's withering thin  
An unwed mother beaten by her trade  
Each week her welfare reminds her  
Of mistakes she never made  
Oh no Now what has that to say about tomorrow  
What has that to show for today  
Noah thought to build an ark  
Before the heavens washed it all away  
Away A baby crying through a dream  
An afterthought  
Mother is seething for pleasure  
After the poison is bought  
His eyes are tainted, staggered is his breath  
Oh God, he's addicted  
Addicted to death  
Oh, no

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