Futile Man

Poisonblack

Still too much I recall of them gnawed out bones
Which the mattock of time buried beneath the pavement
And to wade in the shades won't clear the air
Won't erase the stench of them deadWill the solace be found from the north of the ditch
Dug deep with my own beaten shovel
For sure it is not in the notes of the self-pity moan
Could it be at the end of the double barrel
Double barrelThe time is nighUntil the end I'll deny
That there's sense in this life
I am what I am, a futile man
Till the end I'll deny
That there's meaning behind
I am what I am, a futile manNow, hear my child
This weight will land on your shoulders
You too will pay this debt of despair
I'm not here to teach you or to show you the way
It wouldn't make any difference
No, no
No, noThe time is nighUntil the end I'll deny
That there's meaning behind
I am what I am, a futile man
Till the end I'll deny
That there's sense in this life
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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