

# Time Served

## Dispatch

Hold up the firing line  
Hold up the firing  
Walk away counting backwards from nine  
Hold up the firing line  
Hold steady on the trigger's time  
Walk away counting backwards from nine  
Holdin' his breath so to start his own dying  
Time, time served  
To the one's that left you here  
No people here, only names  
Soon to be put to numbers so it's one and the same  
It's anyone's game as long as the fire flickers  
The throat stickers, they place their bet  
The trouble is that no one's added it up quite yet  
'Cause when they do, when they do  
When they do, when they do  
It'll be a riot and the wire is down  
Hold up for the fury to sound  
Hold up your head from the ground  
Or they'll keep you on it  
Your time, time served  
To the ones who left you here  
From tower to wall to guard to guard to wall  
Ever ready for the fire to fall  
The confines haven't seen the sun since  
The lifers let go of their irrelevant innocence  
But long before a single round was shot  
Word spread from block to block to cell block  
They're going to take him  
And make an example of him for the escapees to fear  
The incoming of the incoming of the gun  
Oncoming another year  
You either die on the inside or trying to get out  
The choice is yours, the choice is here  
Time served  
To the one's that left you here  
Time served  
To the one's that left you here

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