

Immortality

Seether

Vacate is a word
Vengeance has no place so near to her
Cannot find a comfort
In this world Artificial tears
The vessel's stabbed
Next up, volunteers
Vulnerable, wisdom can't adhere A truant finds home
And a will to hold on
There's a trapdoor in the sun
It's immortality As privileged as a whore
Victims in demand for public show
Swept out through the cracks
Beneath the door Holier than thou, how?
Surrendered, executed anyhow
Scrawls dissolved
Cigar box on the floor A truant finds home
And a will to hold on to
There's a trapdoor in the sun It's immortality I cannot stop the thought
Running out the door
Coming up a which way sign
And all good truants must decide Oh, stripped and sold, mom
And an auctioned forearm
And whiskers in the sink A truant finds home
And a will to hold on to
Some die just to live, oh

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