

Through the Wasteland Go Searching We

Indecision

through the wasteland, forward to death
closer to it with every step
in stale air we draw a breath
in the midst of life we are in debt
and closer still with every step
through the wasteland forward to death
once we were so young and lived so carelessly
now through the wasteland go searching we
life feeds on life - as parasite to host
dust returns to dust
and in god we rust....slowly, in god we rust
wastelands of regret like you could never imagine
trying hard to forget defeated aspirations
but each day your hands shake in fear of what comes next
what comes next

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