

# 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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