Left

Five Iron Frenzy

Johnny's got a grip on a blissful life,
He sucks on the smoke from the dope in his pipe.
Wrapped around his fingers, a noose is loosing slack,
P.C.P. spells gun to the head,
strangling his forearm to fill his veins with smack.
half a syringe or a barrel full of lead.
Grasping at straws and coming up empty, Carving with his life
this somber song of hope:
"Kill me."Sally spells success M-O-N-E-Y
to block out the world or the fear that she'll fall.
If she steps on some toes, it's an eye for an eye.
She's climbing up the ladder, she's building up a wall,
Tightrope things, conviction never stops.
Money means nothing from a 40 floor drop.
Her security blanket has worn itself thin,
she's hanging in the closet from a rope of her own sin.Nothing changes, nothing will.
Always skeptic, primed for the kill.
Seeking nothing but selfish gain,
filling your pockets again and again
Selling your soul, taking your fill.
Grasping at straws, feeding your own will.
Killing your conscience, empty, bereft.
Losing your life for the world, you are left alone.Some throw bricks through windows and yell,
others beat their backs for fear of hell.
Two-edged sword that cuts flesh to the joints,
the path is narrow, you missed the point.
The point was made eons ago,
You're blinding yourself, closing your eyes.
Fistful of sand a pitiful prize.
Nothing you do, nothing can be new.
Seeking to serve not ourselves, never.
chaff on the wind, your life's gonna blow.
The Lord is God, we will live forever.What is good? What is true?

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