

Flatlined

Southsiders

A dusted bone, taste in my throat
Skin pulled tight all 'round my eyes Trapped inside living that lie, I've been sold
Your stick in my eye, thorn in my side
Hunger owns
I've been told not that road
I've been flatlined my life goes cold Come first light I'll be gone
A cold colored blue just for you Trapped inside living that lie, I've been sold
I've been told not that road
I've been flatlined my life goes cold Life goes cold I've been told not that road
I've been flatlined my life goes cold

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