Flatlined

Southsiders

A dusted bone, taste in my throat
Skin pulled tight all 'round my eyesTrapped 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 coldCome first light I'll be gone
A cold colored blue just for youTrapped inside living that lie, I've been sold
I've been told not that road
I've been flatlined my life goes coldLife goes coldI've been told not that road
I've been flatlined my life goes cold

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