

# The Last Excuse

Dismantled

If there is a hell  
It filters through its neverending shades of green  
And when it turns on those rains  
it mutes it all to grey

If there is a hell  
Its only life support is an idle screen  
But to unplug is to spill a restless world at unset  
knees

If there is a hell  
It always stares back through the same new cracks  
And its every face seems worn and stale and overplayed

If there is a hell  
It rings through wires and into my head  
It asks me where and how and why I just don't try

But how can I explain  
When all I've been is blinded  
These words do talk  
These heads do turn  
But yet it's probably worthless

I'm not the one  
I didn't want this  
And whether it's chemical, emotional, physical  
It doesn't mean shit

If there is a hell  
There must be a heaven  
And if just once  
It shined right through  
Perhaps I'd try  
But it's only there  
So the mind can fake it  
And it seems that  
All its innocence  
Has all but drowned  
And sometimes it calls  
Through the submerged distance  
And as its glimmers  
Fade to black  
The depths seem undone  
But the only way to dive  
Is through their engines  
And while they always take the plunge  
I've learned to stand aside  
And leave them to collide

Since  
I'm not the one  
I didn't want this

And there is a hell  
I had it all made  
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