

Track 7 N

'68

The future has seen better days
Always, closed doors
Open old sores
Makeshift Holy Ghost
But I need more

It's fair enough to say
That I am never walking back
Never going out
Never shaking hands
With lifelessness
But I walk alone
You're by my side
You've given me a thousand tries

Headlines
Half truths
Half life and it's half used
Golden hearts (yea)
Silver tongues
Slant rhymes and I might be the only one left

I found you in the fire
But you claimed that it kept you warm
And my whole thought process
Is nothing more
Than what I say
But I never understand
The synchronization of a watered-down

Revolution
The death of a son
The death of a salesmen, the anointed one
So what is there left to say?
Everyone's given up
But I was born on a different day
And I drink from a different cup

Well it's fair enough to say
That I am never walking back
Never going out
Never shaking hands
With lifelessness
But I walk alone
You're by my side
One thousand tries