

Pusher

Amoral

Never been here before
And it's darker than what i was told
From the depths i can feel
A grip that might hold

It's called "excuse", "lies" and "One more time".
On the surface it's burning
But i'm holding my breath just fine

And the walls waiting to be climbed
Half the steps leading nowhere
Half the steps going spare

No wonder you've been found
Walking away with broken legs
To find out the siege has been laid
Walking away with broken legs -
To witness the directions fade

Walking away with broken legs
The one who started now begs
Moving on disguised is being wrapped up in lines
Too far to retreat to avoid up wages
Between two sides to end up despised
Repeat until satisfied or bear the stages

Walking away with broken legs
The one who started now begs