

The Last Round

Amoral

When you tricked them into your condemned dream
You didn't know who would have control

Where it took seconds to shape fortunes
Your pains it weighed down hell
Spilling blood to cleanse the memories
That you know made you so frail

Empty eyes look through the barrel, sweating fingers on the gun
One push off the threshold to target sympathies
Just a broken statue and the world remains unchanged
So close and still no place where anything would end

Trapped between blooded walls
And the fight was there today
Fists breaking against the concrete
None to forgive no strength to run

How could it be how would it end?
When you wake up you wish them to cry
Fragments of this being fragments of its meaning to burn away

Suffocating in the grasp of this hate
Driven to fire your last round
Escape from the air and drown under the earth
Dead mirror by the wayside, nowhere to turn

An empty shell buried to the ground
Prepare yourself to forfeit
Another saviour just another failure
Where bleak winds grind the surface

Fear and regret stain dim recollections
An act of rash solutions
Last one there, the broken statue
Built with hands that are bleeding

Empty eyes look through the shattered image
And their pain it weighs down hell
Spilling blood to cleanse the memories
That you know make you so frail

How could it be how would it end?
When you wake up they are holding your time
Fragments of this being fragments of its meaning