

One - two - three - four - five - six - seven - eight!  
Days go marching by  
There and back I never wait for a confident reply  
Truth is stark and leaves its mark as limited constraints  
And the most difficult part is accepting  
what the future may bring

It seems like a lifetime of scrutiny  
Wither the path, whether worth the fee  
A lifetime of scrutiny  
And it seems as though  
I can't be sure of anything anymore!

One - two - three - four - five - six - seven - eight!  
Years go flying by  
No one seems to hesitate or cast an earnest eye  
Judgment comes in many forms but never scare or shy  
And the litany is long as the confidence  
is strong in their delight

It seems like a lifetime of scrutiny  
Prejudicial waters wash over me  
A lifetime of scrutiny  
And the words just don't equate with sense or sanity anymore!

One - two - three - four - five - six - seven - eight!  
The faces and the names  
Shattered hopes and stolen dreams  
and no one left to blame  
Is it possible to win this pointless mortal game?  
'Cuz when death comes it's swift and my friend,  
We end up and the same

It seems like a lifetime of scrutiny  
Wither the path and whether worth the fee  
A lifetime of scrutiny  
And it seems as though  
I can't be sure of anything anymore!