

# The Last Scene Of Struggling

Finger Eleven

The static grows and kills the message  
Unclear as the wind blows  
Thin whispers through all the wreckage  
You said you planned to fail  
Looking so safe but sorry  
So be sure to bang the nail  
And seal the exit out

Feel the way through your revelation  
Does it feel the way you want to?

Just say it like it's all true  
Just tell it like you want to

You bled along the edge of reason  
You could have changed your mind into the driest season  
Don't explain I know  
The lives that you let go  
The ones you thought you knew  
Held onto deep dark truth

You just say it like it's all true  
You just tell it like you want to  
Calculate one last scene of struggling  
As I'm sinking I'll be looking for you cause you'll know who to  
blame

But you can't stop the plan cause supply met demand