

## Last Call

Primordial

Awake in another city at 5 am  
The breath of day upon my neck  
Counting the hours until I wake  
To give back all these things that I take

How hard we tried to tear this world down  
My duty was to futility  
The unwilling hand of beauty  
Which left us seeking negativity

We were seeking ruin  
Out on the outskirts of another dead end town  
Trying to find some truth in the maze

The lines on our faces grow deeper  
So step up to the gallows  
And hang me out to try one last time

What do we do to save us from ourselves?  
Who can reach out to save us?  
We made our bed and let it lie  
And to think all we did  
Was waiting around to die

The powder hurts us but we still try  
To lie to ourselves finding reasons why  
We try to find reasons why