

Into The Firing Line

Scott Matthews

You spend many an hour in bed
afraid of people you've never met
it's time to call your emotions round
and drink tea with the ones you like least
surely you can agree on something

Black out into your own life
you grieve for the desirable light
the words you are drawn to
black and white
there really is no excuse
start dealing with all you lose
it's scribbled in front of you

What have you got to lose?
you can walk in a dead man's shoes
as you answer the battle cry
the truth covers up the lie
you're into the firing line

Well son what's it to be now?
don't shy away from the thunder cloud
just let the heavens open
but keep safe the letter you sent to your self
you'll need it for when you get well
to remind you how far you fell

The pressure is too much for you
a bottled rage slowly slowly unscrews
it threatens to swallow you
and consume all you have to prove

What have you got to lose?
you can walk in a dead man's shoes
as you answer the battle cry
the truth covers up the lie
you're into the firing line

Why are you scared to choose?
you can walk in a dead man's shoes
or can you answer the battle cry?
the truth covers up the lie
step into the firing line
now it's your time to shine
you're in the firing line