

# Under a Dying Sun

The Flatliners

The old plaster walls are like a second skin  
That wraps right around you even when they're all closing in  
A creature of comfort just coming to terms with a tight tourniquet

There was a time when there was no confining our protagonist

As the days drone on and the fire within  
Is slowly replaced by your responsibility in  
Making it up as you go along, none of us really know shit  
Second opinions can still just be waters not worth wading in  
It doesn't need to be some big secret

From under a dying sun  
Caught in the middle of  
Escaping escapism  
It turns out admitting defeat  
Takes too much energy

Is the humming gone? Or can you still hear it too?  
When the road has run out will you have somewhere you can run to?  
Has the excitement all come and gone? Is that moment worth holding through?  
Can your pen still make light of all the paper you're holding onto?

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From under a dying sun  
Caught in the middle of  
Escaping escapism  
Once youthful and fully free  
It turns out admitting defeat  
Takes too much energy  
Be the stone that just keeps grinding away  
Once you're just dust in the ditch  
Then your soul's finally saved