

# Futile

Toothgrinder

You are, we are  
The vision of truth  
Can you hear me?  
Hear my cadence call all through the night  
We're putting it out there for you  
The victim, the hunter, the shrew  
We have become  
The destruction of masses  
The parade of ashes  
For the cause, for the case, for the coup

Be free, our own paradise  
Live free, these are our homes our lives

I will grip my tongue and we will say it so fruitful  
Surrender to the gun  
We'll empower the hopeful  
And plead to the rising Sun  
We're singing the anthem of youth  
The outcast, the lover, the truth  
Don't lose sight of  
The production of power  
The angle, its hour  
For the blood, for the pain, for the noose  
Freedom is the truth

Be free, our own paradise  
Live free, these are our homes our lives  
Hear my heart, now now let's ride the blues  
Look into my head, now kick off your shoes  
Every lick and step that keeps me awake  
We're on our own so let's move

We see with our hearts and third eyes  
You know there's nothing like a moment we all fantasize  
Like a lick, like a shred, like a pattern of threads  
And if these holy notes only stand alone then we're better off dead  
I'm tearing my eyes out again and again  
I'm throwing my soul out, three sheets to the wind  
This quandary in my life, I don't give a shit  
The futile possess so that we plead the fifth  
We're all alone, we're red throughout  
Now break these bones, I'll twist and shout  
We're out for the kill  
With the thoughts of the truest of minds  
Construct, create, conflate  
Medicate, meditate, contrive

Be free, our own paradise  
Live free, these are our homes our lives

The production of power  
The angle, it's hour  
You will always be  
The victim, the hunter, the shrew  
I'm tearing my eyes out again and again  
I'm throwing my soul out, three sheets to the wind

This quandary in my life, I don't give a shit  
The futile possess so that we plead the fifth