

Nothing to Win

YOB

Churning maelstrom
A dying kiss
Fury let loose
Straight into a noose
Dreaming disguise
Of what's at stake
Clutching trusted lies
Feeling sick inside
It's time to end
The story

It isn't what I see
It isn't what I know
It isn't what it seems
No high or below
Nothing for the grave
Nothing for the kings
Nothing to sacrifice
Nothing to win
Nothing to win

So I take
This weary heart
And bleed it out
Unhackle my illusions
And bleed them out

Like flesh out of its skin
Ragged and raw
Where images end
And living begins
Where ideas of truth
Give way to the taste
When everything we love
Is everything we break
I dream it's all true
It's the chance I take
It's time to end
The story