

Against Me!, Disgust

It's not just my imagination
that I got a gun to my head.
Cause I can feel the cold metal
and I can smell the gun powder.
I know they got their sights on me
and its not just paranoia
that makes me think this way.

I know they got their plan for me.
I know they got a grave for me.
They want me to admit defeat.
They want me to show my fear
they know their system's going to break me.
It's crushed countless before me.

I stand here and try to look out
into the dark vastness that is my future.
Unfortunately I can't see shit.
There are clouds and there seems to be layers to the sky.
It's all just too unknown.
I waste time wanting to know what will happen.
How will it end.
But I never want to reach that day
when I no longer have a need for that curiosity.
I don't want to know the end to this "movie";

Shouldn't I be living yet?
Shouldn't I know where I'm headed by now
I have millions of dreams and things
I want to do with this life.
But I barely have time to do the little I do now.
It's not satisfaction I get relaxing at the end of the day.
It's escape from the stress.
Disgust that I'm already in bed waiting to go to sleep again.

Wasn't I just here?
Didn't this just happen?
I can't say I know what will happen tomorrow.
The higher meaning that I'm looking for did not show itself today.