

Agnostic Front, Undertow

yesterday, my world crashed with a blast.
that period i chose to bury my past.
it tells of time-my back against the wall.
back then, a victim of society to maul.
spend your life pushing and shoving to climb to the top
but you're held by a thread.
all the work you've done goes to waste
because in this life you just can't get ahead.
again my world came tumbling hard upon my back.
life sifted through my hands like sand through an hourglass.
it tells of time i'll never recapture.
the grains controlling my life scarred me forever.
so this is how it goes-you give with no return.
you're always undertowed-can't get ahead.