

American Lesion, The Fault Line

The sun comes up with promise
And my eyes burn open wide
And the sting compounds the torture
From the vacant hole inside
My conscious recollection
Of the past events all seem
To verify the emotion
That now envelops me
Dogged as a drone
Stagnant as the stone
Weathered and alone
Living on the fault line
There's no one here to listen
There's always room for more
They pretend to give you your say
Before they slam the door
There's very little patience
And very little love
There's just your constant puzzlement
For what you're guilty of

Dogged as a drone
Stagnant as the stone
Weathered and alone
Living on the fault line
No one need deliver me
From such a familiar place
I've come to terms and work
In this ribald downtrodden state
It's subliminal friction
Under a kind veneer
And a form of cold injustice
That keeps me stationed here
Dogged as a drone
Stagnant as the stone
Weathered and alone
Living on the fault line
Living on the fault line
Living on the fault line