

# 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