

# Black Rebel Motorcycle Club, The Line

I am the line  
I hold you near  
There is no burden left to bear  
I can't see clear  
You're in suspension  
You know no love  
There is no story left to tell  
You have no wisdom to pass on

I am the soul of absolution  
No man can hide his own illusion  
My hands are crippled from the pain  
You are the splinter in my vain  
You put your head between your hands  
and understand nothing it adds  
I feel the answers keep you scared  
I've put the harm inside myself.

I am the line  
I hold you near  
There is no burden left to bear  
I can't see clear  
I am perfected  
I know no void  
I have no conscience to keep clear  
I understand there's nothing more

You try to kid yourself with questions  
Pleading inside for some correction  
I found you tied unto the cross  
Your judgement owns your every thought  
You know my words all mean the same  
You're begging to isolate  
into this prison in your mind  
Well, you were born without a spine

When did you stop caring?  
When did you stop caring?