

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 vein
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?