

Eight Fingers Down, Flat-Line

Beauty comes to haunt you, to stop you
A warning from yourself
Stress will find the real you, complete you
Foreshadows at its best
Something for nothing (It's not over)
You're standing in lights way yeah
No one to someone. (I'm not broken)
You're settled in life's ways yeah
Power to surrender, remember
Its cries that you do best
Life's game is far from over, comes closer
Realities defeat
I didn't lose, I didn't lose, I didn't lose
The game has yet to be told