

# 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