

Entombed, Year In Year Out

Is that a strain
Or a delicate smile
Built to proportion?
It might as well have been you
And all the things you do
Somedays
I'm waiting
For my pulse to calm down
Into the low hundreds
I shake the shirt loose off my back

Day and night, year in year out

I discovered my sweet dreams
Of corruption deep inside myself
I should have stood in carny
Or end up preserved upon your shelf

Day and night, year in year out

Will you ever understand
That I'm only an object
Day and night year in year out
I'm just trying to be the subject

Where others see the abstract
I only see the truth
And that has always been
To repeat my youth