

# 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