

# Human Remain, Chalk Marks

(Ahhh... tales of urban despair and unemployment on the fringe)

[verse 1]

The gun lies on the street But it's too late  
There's no one near 'Cause they're hiding behind their fears  
In the crouched position, I make my stand The trigger melts with my hand  
And it's no longer a part of me That's why I do not flee  
The madmen in the high courts they don't understand About living for money  
How it breeds plenty of time to kill People want more than just the  
An iron cross held way up high can be seen throughout the lands in our mind  
The grip of power holds you close, you feel the pressure mount  
So isolate your energies and make each second count in your life, in your life  
You know its gonna be tonight

[chorus]

[bridge]

The letter drops, and it falls right down the crack  
Down, down it's never coming back  
The letter drops, it falls right down the crack  
And down, down it's never coming back