

Luxt, Death

Ain't no god.
Ain't no heaven.
Ain't going anywhere.
Only black to these dead eyes.

Ain't no hope.
Ain't no magic.
Ain't no spirit in these bones,
That chose me to call it home.

Ain't no faith.
Ain't no devil.
Ain't no feeling, empathy,
Ain't no light I wait to see.

Ain't no now.
Ain't no forever.
Ain't no yesterday, tomorrow,
Only sorrow and a silence calling.

But this blood that's in my veins is running somewhere.
And these thoughts that twist my head are creeping in to me.
And this energy is pushing me to anywhere.
That I can find a bit of comfort, tell myself it's all for something.

I can only feel.

Ain't no god.
Ain't no devil.
Ain't no angel on my shoulder.
Whispered, "run away with me."

Ain't no good.
Ain't no evil.
Only balance wrapped in doubt.
Served as frozen as the moon.

And as Jesus, Allah, Shiva,
Buddha, Ra and Lennon hold
The fort down, I will stand against
the gates and scratch my name and take my place.

I can only feel.

So tomorrow, will we know, at least some clue to where we go,
Can all the beasts possess a soul to cycle through the chain we'll show
the beauty or the ugliness, and as a group be damned or blessed,
And sifting down through all this mess,
will Jesus find us cheating on this test?

Ain't no god.
Still no reason.
That we all can't get
Him to light our cigarette and ask our sign.