

# Sick Of It All, Trenches

Back down once again, back down into the trench  
Is that it to this life  
Thoughts of another day, the thought of better days  
Is what will keep us alive

Another day, another damn week  
Just passing the time  
Ignoring all the dullness at it's peak  
As I watch the paint dry

How can we justify and say that we're alive  
When we can barely survive  
How long 'till we see that our humanity  
Is slowly rotting away

Waiting, waiting, waiting, burning my time  
As it sucks dry my life  
Waiting for the break that never fucking comes  
The fruitless hope, still alive