

Soundgarden, Incessant Mace

So he's afraid he'll suffer his father's fate
Two sets of silverware, cups and plates
Two burning hands and bleeding hearts
Don't feel it's not too late to start

Only the photographs on your wall
Are chained and down your hall
Reminding you of all the days
When you collected hell to pay
Well hell to pay
I said it's not too late
Not it's not too late
Incessant mace
Oh God I can see it, you know it's incessant mace

Magazine stacks and broken backs
Are what you get for piling stacks
Beneath your treasure chest
You wonder why you're under stress
No it's not too late
Incessant mace
Oh God I can see it, you know it's incessant mace