

A.F.I., The Checkered Demon

Too much to find, so much, so little time.
So many images persist to shade my mind.
Will I ever come around or will I just hit the ground?
Will I still be standing when it all comes around?
(Why can't I) seem to sort it out?
(Why am I) always filled with doubt?
So many people everywhere, so self-absorbed without a care for their viral lives.
I'd like to bleed them all.
When all is drained, who shall hold?
When mindless bodies screw tortured souls,
Will somebody be there to catch me when i fall?
(Why can't I) seem to sort it out?
(Why am I) always filled with doubt?
(How could I) always be so blind?
(Why can't I) Why can't I figure it out?
I could always hope for change, could always hope to rearrange.
But why not just abandon hope and tear it all apart now?