

# All Gone Dead, The Aftertaste

All of my dreams, have died today  
Nothing more left to say  
Misery came over today,  
She shook my hand and now she on her way  
The cracks of time were wearing me thin  
The struggle, the battle were about to begin  
Lasting stains, forever in time  
The dirt's in my mouth, the sand's in my eyes  
Bite your lip and hold your tongue  
Tomorrow is here, today is gone  
Blood is pumping, the organ's in a knot  
My mind is bending over broken thought  
The cracks of time, wearing so thin  
The struggle, the battle, about to begin  
Severed the strings, no longer attached  
Fall to your knees, from your attack