

# Antimatter, Fighting For A Lost Cause

And there it is, as pure as snow  
I couldn't see it for my head was too low  
And prying eyes, they stoop too low  
Poisoning my soul, as sanity waits in the gallows  
Defeated I, fighting for a lost cause  
Depleted I, dying for the wrong cause  
These are the hours on the range  
The more you show them  
The more they choose to take away  
Some things never change in the wings  
And as it's your war,  
There'll be no escape at all