

Baumer, In Your Stead

We march again through this world,
I've never known the ins and outs of all this nonsense.
It's about to fall upon itself.
Can't find a friend when you're sure you're never wrong.
Pretend again the consequences mend the end your heart is feeling
I know it's ok to be alone,
I know it's ok.

Bull's-eye from a hipshot,
you're running out of close calls.
And in their stead a bullet hole.
Head down, tuck your tail and run out of the party.
In your stead a wandering ghost.

Can't hide your sin from your soul;
you're compromised.
You're quick to quit and count your winnings.
Not fit to spit to douse your burning lost.
You can't defend when your heart knows otherwise.
You shout and scream and cite your logic,
Live and breathe and die for what is not.
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