

Before Braille, After Arguments

Deathbeds and guarded borders
Bedpans and doctors orders
Move on and leave the weak behind
Back stabs and painted on smiles
It's easier to die admired
From here there is no turning back
Fall out of focus
Arguments end where you leave them
(What's it take to be satisfied)
You battle your progress
Arguments fend for themselves
I've been shot down too many times
I guess I blame myself for targets I can't defend
A Punishment will never fit a crime
Well should I go ahead with this, if I could go ahead at all
I'd be more confident if you'd admit you're wrong
Do I need to chalk your lines
Victims precede the crime
You're blaming yourself next time
We'll take turns to cover the tracks that we leave behind
You use me to waste your time
Your grudges carry themselves just fine
Regrets, I take yours if you'll take mine
A fair trade for lightning bolts, landmines or genocide
Unplug the phone, I need it quiet
All we have left is all we hold on to
I don't care anymore, let's put this aside
I'll scream with my last breath, 'I'm alright'
All we have left is all we lay next to
White boys, start your own KKK
You look like you're good for nothing anyway
Just like your parents before you
And just like your faceless neighborhood
I know that I'm the one, I feel just like Shakakahn
If it's not for me, it can't be right for anyone
I blame the cynics and the sun
So goodnight