

# Corrosion Of Conformity, The Door

break neck fat race world does it taste just like it should?  
you only own what's etched in stone better get it while it's good  
don't weep big city sheep I'm just trapped in your hemisphere  
you tell me what I should know and I can tell you what you wanna hear

say tunnel vision there is no purpose served  
by staying aboard this runaway wreck  
while you're losing is on the curve  
right there's the door

don't knock little can't rock he's the one huffin' gasoline  
been keepin' time with a cloudy mind since they hit him with a limosine  
still the lil' ones eat off the cold concrete  
and the bleedin' hearts don't care  
you tell me where I can go and I'll bet you that I see you there

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by staying aboard this runaway wreck  
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don't deny, purify said the man on the golden throne  
guilty times have made you lie and you realize you're all alone  
so now you're throwin' stones at some old bag of bones  
and you can't even knock him down  
and there's one last thing that you should know  
and I can tell you without a sound  
Right there's the door