

Flotsam And Jetsam, Final Step

Abused, confused
Fought the blues, no shoes
Still I walk

No place, no face
Broken grin, hollow within
Still I walk

Abandoned my friend
Lost hold pot of gold
Left out cold

Compromise to mend
My demise, my end
Despised again

Standing on the edge of time
Looking down I realize
I am here one final footstep forward

Again seemed right
Follow the light it dimmed
No surprise

Somehow tricked perfect fit
Alibi, two-faced lie
No surprise

By the heels
Suddenly I'm pinned
Forced to kneel choked to heal

Failure failed
This rhyme picked my mind
Out of time

Standing on the edge of time
Looking down I realize
I am here one final footstep forward
End of my speech now is clear
What it is I'm doing here
I am here one final footstep forward

Abused, confused
Fought the blues, no shoes
Still I walk

No place, no face
Broken grin, hollow within
Still I walk

Abandoned my friend
Lost hold pot of gold
Left out cold

Detached, fucking wacked
Needle in, story ends
All depends

Standing on the edge of time
Looking down I realize
I am here one final footstep forward
End of my speech now is clear
What it is I'm doing here

Now I'm here one final footstep forward

Standing on the edge of time
Looking down I realize
I am here one final footstep forward

Standing on the edge of time
Standing on the edge of time
Standing on the edge of time