

Flotsam And Jetsam, Surgery

"It's not supposed to be fair
It's not supposed to care
It's not supposed to be free
It's taken part of me

It doesn't hear compromise
It tells you all its lies
It says on minute to stay
It pushes you away

Light the torch and breathe
Cook some more for me
Re-up and then
We'll do it again

It rips your soul to shreds
It's changing all that's in your head
It's swelling up your wounded heart
It's just about to start

It will work out fine
It's mastered dishing out all the lines
It carries needles, guns, and knives
It enters little lives

You think it's too late now
All you can think is more somehow
Just light the torch and take it in
It's all you need again

You say it works out fine
You've finished dishing out all the lines
Now you carry guns, needles, and knives
You ruin little lives"