

# Greg Graffin, The Fault Line

The sun comes up with promise and my eyes burn open wide  
And the sting compounds the torture from the vacant hole inside  
My conscious recollection of the past events all seem  
To verify the emotion that now envelops me  
Dogged as a drone  
Stagnant as the stone  
Weathered and alone  
Living on the fault line  
There's no one here to listen, there's always room for more  
They pretend to give you your say before they slam the door  
There's very little patience, and very little love  
There's just your constant puzzlement for what you're guilty of  
Dogged as a drone  
Stagnant as the stone  
Weathered and alone  
Living on the fault line  
No one need deliver me from such a familiar place  
I've come to terms and work in this ribald downtrodden state  
It's subliminal friction under a kind veneer  
And a form of cold injustice that keeps me stationed here  
Dogged as a drone  
Stagnant as the stone  
Weathered and alone  
Living on the fault line  
Living on the fault line  
Living on the fault line