

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