

# No Motiv, Two Years

There's something in the attic behind the door he has no motivation anymore all his promises are forgotten... a forgotten once good well known remedy because now he chose the bottle not himself and brought all his flaws back from the past now he's back where he was two years ago another symptom of disease he returns to his life back on the streets a lonely man he holds a bible in his left hand and the bottle in his right as the cars go down the street he closes his eyes as he goes to sleep now the one place left for him to go just like it was two years ago... two years ago he was alive now a broken man he's torn apart inside his final request he now shall have a final fatal step off of the overpass.