Pearl Jam, Immortality

vacate is the word...vengeance has no place on me or her cannot find the comfort in this world artificial tear...vessel stabbed...next up, volunteers vulnerable, wisdom can't adhere... a truant finds home...and a wish to hold on... but there's a trapdoor in the sun...immortality... as privileged as a whore...victims in demand for public show swept out through the cracks beneath the door holier than thou, how? surrendered...executed anyhow scrawl dissolved, cigar box on the floor... a truant finds home...and a wish to hold on too... he saw the trapdoor in the sun... immortality... i cannot stop the thought...i'm running in the dark... coming up a which way sign...all good truants must decide... oh, stripped and sold, mom...auctioned forearm... and whiskers in the sink... truants move on...cannot stay long some die just to live... ohh...