

Satanic Surfers, Blood On The Sidewalk

This refusal to grow up, running around in circles,
going to sleep, waking up with this constant doubt
"Am I making the right choice or am I just accepting what others say life is all about?"
So there he stands in front of a broken window with bleeding knuckles, at his own reflection
He looks at himself in disbelief
Looking back on his life, was it worth it?
With his eyes staring down into the ground instead of looking forward
He clenches his fist, picks up another bottle to kill the questions and soothe the pain
all he leaves behind is this stain...of blood on the sidewalk
With a broken spirit and sold out dreams,
he wakes up and washes the dried tears from his face
"I know now that I made the wrong choice,
but the choice was never mine to make in the first place"
So there he stands in front of a broken mirror with bleeding knuckles,
gazing at his own reflection
He looks at himself in disbelief
Looking back on his life, was it worth it?
With his eyes staring down into the ground instead of looking forward
He clenches his fist, swallows another pill to kill the questions and soothe the pain...
and in time the rain will wash away the memories that remain of a man who came and left
leaving nothing but a stain...of blood on the sidewalk