

# Stampin' Ground, Mid-Death Crisis

Another day, another trial  
Another eternity spent in denial  
Of the fact that we mean so very little  
Face up to your mid-death crisis  
The darkness, it blinds me  
The misery always finds me  
The soul dissection  
Try to ascertain mid-death crisis

We think we're living, I wonder why?  
We're just killing time until we die  
Is this all there is?  
There must be more than this

If there's a light at the end of the tunnel  
Then I must be facing the other way  
All I can see is yet more turmoil  
One long ordeal of endless grey  
The turning of the century  
Should have meant the world to me  
But could've meant so much more  
If the world wasn't just as fucked as before

Another year of nothingness  
Another test of our strengths  
How to deal with realisation  
And face up to a mid-death crisis  
Like a beggar, doubt comes creeping  
Cloaked in ice, devoid of feeling  
I try to learn to cope with the  
Fear and guilt of this mid-death crisis