

# Switchfoot, The Fatal Wound

I am the crisis  
I am the bitter end  
I'm gonna gun this down  
I am divided  
I am the razor edge  
There is no easy now

Son of sorrow  
Staring down forever  
With an aching view  
Disenchanted  
Let's go down together  
With the fatal wound

this is the real thing  
No rubber bullets now  
This is the final bow  
My breath avoids me  
My chest is in my head  
My stomach's upside down  
Down

Son of sorrow  
Staring down forever  
With an aching view  
Disenchanted  
Let's go down together  
With the fatal wound  
With the fatal wound  
With the fatal wound