

# The The, Dumb As Deaths Head

Accept your situation and your life will never change  
Should I do this...or should I do that?  
And should I say nothing when I've got nothing to say?  
Won't someone stop me, I'm falling down again  
Am I losing my resolve to dissolve my weakness?  
Am I losing control over my spirit or soul?  
This life will be the death of me  
There's a silence in my head  
My tongue is tied & my mind's eye blinded  
Is there nothing left to say?  
Am I steeped in tradition or numbed by indoctrination?  
I have a worm's eye view of the world  
I surround myself with familiar things  
I feel my knuckles go white and I hang on grim faced to reality  
If life is measured in seasons  
My autumn has arrived before my spring  
I'm becoming trapped in a tomb of my own making  
Dumb as death's head  
Everything will be alright in the morning light  
Everything will be alright in the morning light  
But will everything be alright in the morning light?