Turbonegro, No Beast So Fierce

Twenty one years In line for some thing better The signals and the codes No meaning what so ever No guiding light No end and no beginning In on the game High stakes and I'm not winning -

I'm not winning -I'm not winning -Its all no use -Its all worth nothin' -

No sense of time No concept of tomorrow The dullest hate Stabbed with a spoon of sorrow At times so clear Yes even entertaining I see and hear The thin veneer is fading -

Yes its fading -Yes its fading -It's all no use -It's all worth nothin' -

No beast so fierce No need to crash and burn Just waiting for my time Just waiting for my turn No well so deep I watch the framework burn Just waiting for my time Just waiting for my turn -

Twenty one years I've waited for my time Not even close Seems like I'm way behind No message from above No angels revelating I'm stuck below I'm stuck and I'm still waiting -

I'm still waiting -I'm still waiting -It's all no use -It's all worth nothing -

No beast so fierce No need to crash and burn Just waiting for my time Just waiting for my turn No well so deep I watch the framework burn Just waiting for my time Just waiting for my turn -

Waiting -