

# The Fault Line

Greg Graffin

The sun comes up with promise and my eyes burn open wide  
And the sting compounds the torture from the vacant hole inside  
My conscious recollection of the past events all seem  
To verify the emotion that now envelops me

Oh-oh, Dogged as a drone  
Oh-oh, stagnant as the stone  
Oh-oh, Weathered and alone

Living on the fault line

There's no one here to listen but there's always room for more  
They pretend to give you your say before they slam the door  
There's very little patience, and very little love  
There's just your constant puzzlement for what you're guilty of

Oh-oh, Dogged as a drone  
Oh-oh, Stagnant as the stone  
Oh-oh, Weathered and alone

Living on the fault line

No one need deliver me from such a familiar place  
I've come to terms and work in this ribald downtrodden state  
It's subliminal friction under a kind of veneer  
And a form of cold injustice that keeps me stationed here

Oh-oh, Dogged as a drone  
Oh-oh, Stagnant as the stone  
Oh-oh, Weathered and alone

Living on the fault line