

Waivered Lives

Liferuiner

If only the dead have seen the end of war
Then what the fuck are we fighting for?
We reap no glory or endure any real success
In deciding who gets to live and who begs for death
Who begs for death

I won't go to my grave until a difference is made,
My body will be your vessel. Give me your pain.
There will be no atoning for things we've done,
Just living in the ashes of everything that can't be undone.

Nothing can be undone!
No one can take the one life you make
No one can take the one life you make

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Our lives are waivered on a thin line
Of choice and luck and you
Live in a perpetual mindset
Of not giving a fuck.
Everything we've shared and all the time wasted
Now is so bitter tasting
Everything we've shared and all the time wasted
Now is so bitter tasting

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(2x)