

Two Years

No Motiv

There's something in the attic behind the door he has no motivation
Anymore all his promises are forgotten... a forgotten once good
Well known remedy because now he chose the bottle not himself and
Brought all his flaws back from the past now he's back where he was
Two years ago another symptom of disease he returns to his life back
On the streets a lonely man he holds a bible in his left hand and the
Bottle in his right as the cars go down the street he closes his eyes
As he goes to sleep now the one place left for him to go just like it
Was two years ago... two years ago he was alive now a broken man he's
Torn apart inside his final request he now shall have a final fatal
Step off of the overpass.