

# The Lost Cause

Tom Morello

By the time you saw the open gate and the cobra by the door  
You were half way hauled to holy ghosts, the poison of the lord  
In a trance you'd find him sleeping in the hallway pretty drunk  
How you wanted him to feel the way you felt during the war

Now an insect in your boot, so you negotiate your price  
With a wager made in fractions, so you take another slice  
Oh you could feel the breath before you, one thousand angry eyes  
There's a reason that you're standing here, a reason in the fight

Every time I try to run away from you  
I find another ransom hiding in the scope  
I don't want to believe it

So every time you try to hang your empty rope  
Another casual cost of trying to stay afloat  
You don't want to believe it

It starts when you stop  
And it stops when you start  
To believe that the lost cause is more than it's costing ya

So the moral of the story, are the blind leading the blind?  
An eraser put to history? A deletion in the files?  
What about all you've been teaching?  
What a laundry list of fires  
What a sneaky misdirection  
What a complicated lie

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