

The familiar taste of the bullet you bite
It's your kind - the flaws of your mind
As you fall from above to a place with no love
Free your dog of desire
The familiar face of the fear that you fight
Reappears - and you're left behind
Find your seat - now the tide and its choir are here
Hum along - drown your silence
Swing the axe for those who ran but never crawled
Raise your glass for those whose names were never called
Swing the axe for those who looked into the sun
Raise your glass for those who lost - whose games were never won
All the feelings and tears you fight to be here
Will be gone - will expire
Swing the axe for those who ran but never crawled
Raise your glass for those whose names were never called
Swing the axe for those who looked into the sun
Raise your glass for those who lost - whose games were never won
Swing the axe for those who always hit the mark
Raise your glass for those who lost - whose hearts were never spared
Swing the axe for those who killed your final hopes
Raise your glass for those who smiled - swaying from their ropes