

## Nothing to Win

YOB

Churning maelstrom  
A dying kiss  
Fury let loose  
Straight into a noose  
Dreaming disguise  
Of what's at stake  
Clutching trusted lies  
Feeling sick inside  
It's time to end  
The story

It isn't what I see  
It isn't what I know  
It isn't what it seems  
No high or below  
Nothing for the grave  
Nothing for the kings  
Nothing to sacrifice  
Nothing to win  
Nothing to win

So I take  
This weary heart  
And bleed it out  
Unhackle my illusions  
And bleed them out

Like flesh out of its skin  
Ragged and raw  
Where images end  
And living begins  
Where ideas of truth  
Give way to the taste  
When everything we love  
Is everything we break  
I dream it's all true  
It's the chance I take  
It's time to end  
The story