

1. First, they slaughtered youth; what greater horror could they do?  
 With no way to get it back, they then crush and tear out manhood too.  
 Heart's ripped to the core, our minds burned black and souls churned blue.  
 Makes one wonder what my motives are, for loving..... even you.

BRIDGE

One more revolution of the Earth spun 'round the sun;  
 There's more chance at winning, from the cylinder spinning  
 at the roulette game no one's ever won,  
 -with all chambers fully loaded in the gun!  
 "I have no fear of one more year here!" — I screamed, but how I lied.  
 The seasons flash by, the cylinder spins, as I live only to die while alive;  
 and in this box of paradox I die in order to survive.

INSTRUMENTALREFRAIN

Then in the thunder of the hurricane, she came walking atop a dream.  
 Her light gown flowing in the wild wind blowing  
 —Only angels would know what I mean.  
 The whirling globe and the cylinder, for a second stopped!  
 Dead in their track.  
 'Cross all my years through a trillion flickering slides, to the start,  
 I glanced back...  
 I saw her then, just a woman, or that was all she wanted to be.  
 But torn from safe shore, she became much more,  
 as she ventured to this hell, to free me from its knell..... of eternity!

2. As a speck in infinity I stood, on the edge of the abyss.  
 There, she's the one ship that came in, that I could not afford to miss.  
 If I could have just this one prize, there's no price of hell too great.  
 I could pay the ultimate price for me, but what a price for her: to forever wait.

One more revolution of the Earth spun round the sun;  
 There's more chance at winning, from the cylinder spinning  
 at the roulette game no one's ever won,  
 -with all chambers fully loaded in the gun!  
 "I have no fear of a million years here!" — I screamed, but how I lied.  
 The seasons flash by, the cylinder spins, as I live only to die while alive;  
 and in this box of paradox I die in order to survive.

INSTRUMENTAL

3. At last, the spinning cylinder eases till it freezes, in a dead stand-still.  
 With all my dreams, written on reams of what are now but rotted grave-fill.  
 I take one breath composed of my whole life these mattoids kill,  
 and beholding you, I knew, that if I had to do it over again, I'd go through:  
 Ten-billion dreams all flushed to hell,  
 ten-thousand more times through all their harms.  
 My youth and manhood murdered too, to keep their hurt from touching you...  
 As I hold you in my arms. As I hold you in my arms. As I hold you in my arms.  
 \*["It was worth it all."]

END

\*[This line lightly whispered, a cappella].

MARKET: Eclectic/Alternative/Lazorrock.

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