

Terrorvision, Jason

When the cold wind blows
And the sarcasm cuts me again
A young man's pride is torn up
By what he calls friends
And as he gets restless anger fills him with hate
Then he grows reckless but it's already too late
He grabs his surroundings pulls them towards him
Looks up to the heavens as he falls from grace
It's four in the morning the silence is deafening
He looks in the mirror and it spits in his face

C'mon now jason it's your life you're wasting
It's your destination bye bye jason

C'mon now jason you're leaving tomorrow
Your trains in the station bye bye jason

Cross my palms with silver
I'll cross the streets paved with gold
Just say you never saw nothing
At least that's what you're told

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