

One - two - three - four - five - six - seven - eight!
Days go marching by
There and back I never wait for a confident reply
Truth is stark and leaves its mark as limited constraints
And the most difficult part is accepting
what the future may bring

It seems like a lifetime of scrutiny
Wither the path, whether worth the fee
A lifetime of scrutiny
And it seems as though
I can't be sure of anything anymore!

One - two - three - four - five - six - seven - eight!
Years go flying by
No one seems to hesitate or cast an earnest eye
Judgment comes in many forms but never scare or shy
And the litany is long as the confidence
is strong in their delight

It seems like a lifetime of scrutiny
Prejudicial waters wash over me
A lifetime of scrutiny
And the words just don't equate with sense or sanity anymore!

One - two - three - four - five - six - seven - eight!
The faces and the names
Shattered hopes and stolen dreams
and no one left to blame
Is it possible to win this pointless mortal game?
'Cuz when death comes it's swift and my friend,
We end up and the same

It seems like a lifetime of scrutiny
Wither the path and whether worth the fee
A lifetime of scrutiny
And it seems as though
I can't be sure of anything anymore!