

The Wait/New High in Lows

Overkill

"Aw, you up against it now mother fuckers!
You think you're big time?! You gonna fucking die!
Big time! You ready?! Here come the pain!"
Al Pachino 'Carlito's Way'

Waiting for my heart to stop, I hear it beating in the dark,
It keeps me up here, where I lay.
A constant source of agrivation for an overactive imagination,
Keeps me awake, here where I lay.
I... will wait.

Sizing up a brand new rope, to use it now would be a joke,
To hang me up here, where I wait.
Turning on the light that blinds me, to make it easier to find
me,
And light me up here, where I wait.
I... will wait!

Erase the pain of what I know,
Not the smell of mercy on me!
I'm reaching down into a new high in lows!
Not the smell of mercy on me!

Whats been doin' where ya comin' from?
Where you been hiding? been missing more than some.
Took a ride when I should'a walked,
Got there way to fast.
Should'a listened 'stead of talked,
First become the last.

Waiting for my heart to stop, I hear it beating in the dark,
It keeps me up here, where I wait.
But I... will wait.

Not the smell of mercy on me!
New high in lows!
Not the smell of mercy on me!