

# Pearl Jam, Immortality

vacate is the word...vengeance has no place on me or her  
cannot find the comfort in this world  
artificial tear...vessel stabbed...next up, volunteers  
vulnerable, wisdom can't adhere...  
a truant finds home...and a wish to hold on...  
but there's a trapdoor in the sun...immortality...  
as privileged as a whore...victims in demand for public show  
swept out through the cracks beneath the door  
holier than thou, how?  
surrendered...executed anyhow  
scrawl dissolved, cigar box on the floor...  
a truant finds home...and a wish to hold on too...  
he saw the trapdoor in the sun...  
immortality...  
i cannot stop the thought...i'm running in the dark...  
coming up a which way sign...all good truants must decide...  
oh, stripped and sold, mom...auctioned forearm...  
and whiskers in the sink...  
truants move on...cannot stay long  
some die just to live...  
ohh...