

# 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

C'mon now jason it's your life your wasting  
It's your destination bye bye jason  
C'mon now jason you're leaving tomorrow  
Your trains in the station bye bye jason