

# Immortality

## Pearl Jam

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...  
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...

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>