

# Death, Out To Touch

Trapped in a lost world of brutality  
So weak are the ones that must rely on shock  
To push this so called force that inspires their call  
To be extreme so it seems is a mental crutch  
To cover up for those that are completely out of touch  
Say what you want, I know the truth when it comes to your Kind

In time we'll see who lasts  
In time you will disappear  
Who are you to question my sincerity  
For now you are high on yourself  
Drowning in your dreams of misguided hope  
To be extreme so it seems is a mental crutch  
To cover up for those that are completely out of touch