

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