

Dying Breed, Carved

[Music: Pat Johnson & Todd Durrett]

[Lyrics: Pat Johnson]

Masked

Who wears the title

Death masks anonymous

As breathing stops within this concrete holocaust

Carved inside

Carved inside

Carved inside

Ostracized for no crime

Textured deep with benefit

Idly take my breath my friend deftly place the roots upon the cellblocks

Poisoned offspring crawl upon the grieving carve me up and count the rings

Betrayal turns to blight

Darkness dims the days lost those holy nights wasted were those days

When blindness his weary eyes life's caustic charms

Now find pain

Justify, killing time

Feast upon the branchless limbs control turns to skill, my friend deftly place the roots upon the cell

Poisoned offspring crawl upon the grieving carve me up and count the rings

Take away the pain

Take away the pain take away the pain take away the pain

As the hand languished to the matrix greed

Maul the obstacles, lost ability control is what you breathe, so

Take away the pain take away the pain take away the pain