

Luxt, Genocide Skin

More than one way
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Our genocide
Spits and slithers
Inside my innards writhe
Tempers taut
Dried and withered
You can't hide your boring lives
In every eye lies a sliver
Dark tears that go undried
Tomorrow will deliver
It's tongue is never tied

Chorus:
Wither and die
Wither and die
Wither

No your self pity isn't
Dark knowledge isn't wisdom
No your apathy isn't
Smart fit into the system

Chorus