

Spineshank, Strictly Diesel

Conceiving nothing
A precious life with bad intentions
At first it had to breathe
Evolved to gasoline
A strictly diesel-minded soul proves to

Grow and steal
(When you try to make us fall, you're starting the machine)
Grow and steal
(Starting the machine with my scars)

You try to direct my sight
You try to direct my sight
You try to direct my sight
You try to direct my sight

Involving something
A greedy world with biased minds
A past repeats itself
We vent until it swells
A strictly diesel-minded soul proves to

Grow and steal
(When you try to make us fall, you're starting the machine)
Grow and steal
(Starting the machine with my scars)

You try to direct my sight
You try to direct my sight
You try to direct my sight
You try to direct my sight
Sight (Sight)
Sight (Sight)
Sight (Sight)
Sight (Sight)

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(When you try to make us fall, you're starting the machine)
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(Starting the machine with my scars)

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