

Anadivine, Filling The Lungs (Of This Dead Machine)

My eyes and ears now focus on the change
If friendship sang a song my voice would strain
Every note's in vain, every note
In this spiteful harmony
No conscience, no thought process, no release
Your outlet of aggression begs you please
Care for your disease
And breed the perfect tragedy
How is this my fault?
And this is my life?
Enduring every passing day
The voice inside your head will say,
Am I a failure?
It's time to walk away
Worshipping this casualty
Inhaling what we need
To fill the lungs of his dead machine
Can't believe the pain it's taking the pictures perfect
The frame is breaking
As we draw closer your cold shoulder shows that you were so opposed
And I can't believe this is the way you've killed yourself
Worshipping this casualty inhaling what we need
To fill the lungs of this dead machine