

Artillery, Beneath The Clay (R.I.P.)

So free
You feel when you've done your deeds late at night
So be
'Cause soon there's no shelter no place to hide

All screams
But voices don't have effect on your mind
All dreams
Of times when you weren't committed to crime

Won't lift a finger for you - R.I.P.
There's nothin' no one can do - R.I.P.
Six feet beneath the clay - R.I.P.
a price we all have to pay - R.I.P.

Got caught and separated from previous thoughts
You fought
You never were good acceptin' a loss

You know
When you've done bad things you must take the blame
'Cause we can't live with someone like you
CURSE YOUR NAME

You see
There's no such thing as neglectin' a crime
Once free
Your capture was just a question of time