

Between The Buried And Me, What We Have Become

Is this justifiable, this is life we lead. Blind
stares at what we call humanity.

So afraid to face what has already become of us. The
dark cloud passed lifetimes ago. The "saints" drink
the blood of their own. Your pathetic prayers mean
nothing for...

Our mother is already dead. She tried her best but the
dirt choked her. We raped her, and laughed as we
fucked her last chance of survival.

I sleep on her tears. They keep me awake. I fear that
closing my eyes might end me. But what am I? I'm just
a worthless member of a twisted language.

We all speak this twisted language. Is this
justifiable?

We have raped her, and we are pleased from this.
Thinking this progress... progress stopped lifetimes
ago. We are raping with this life we lead. Everything
is all right. Lies-the twisted language we all
breathe.