

Cephalic Carnage, The Struggle

I've had dreams of unity, within our society, there could never be
Watching patiently, living frantically, hurrying to go nowhere
Craving to succeed
I get this maddening feeling
Faced with abatement, constant tornado rage,
Projected at my foes
Struggle to deal with terms, the thing I can't control
I am appalled blistering my soul, frothing in disgust
Stomach acid churns
Red syndrome
Fully consumed
Trapped in a nightmare
In a mental tomb
Living in riptide
Desensitized
Leeches are sucking my life dry
Everyday I struggle to survive
Finally drowning in a sea of stress
Smashed against rocks in my mind
Tearing apart what's left of reason
Someday we will all get along, but through war amongst ourselves
Let's all get stoned
Break down those cultural barriers
Seeing what the true meaning of life is all about
You know what I don't give a fuck
We were never meant
To be friends
I struggle just to pay my rent
Immolate bowl
Of dank skunk
Everyday people struggle with their jobs, and relationships
Band tour their asses off across their homelands
Putting out CD's
Never making anything back
All for the love of music
Or to smuggle weed is very hard
Dogs sniff away your rights
don't sell your soul for fifteen minutes of fame