

# Circle Of Dust, Yurasuka

Stifled Cries - Echoes From Below  
I cannot shake them from my head  
How can I wipe away the tears  
There's so much blood upon my hands - a river

Perfectly destroyed - perfectly removed  
Breathing living death - tasting what I choose  
To never be the same - and never to ammend  
The dying of a heart - and losing of a friend

I've lost my only friend  
I've lost my only friend

Deadend for a sucker that's a sucker like me  
Deadend for a sucker  
Deadend for a sucker  
Deadend for a sucker that's a sucker like me

Castaway  
don't forget to  
crucify and fall prey to the voodoo  
what you do what you say and what you play  
won't release them scares out of you  
To your crimes you are a slave  
Take to the grave  
What you coulda shoulda forgave  
And forgot what you're not  
and what you'll never be  
Deadend for a sucker, that's a sucker like me

Yurasuka  
Yurasuka  
Yurasuka  
Yurasuka

In my shelter  
Going helter skelter in my mind  
My kind is confined to the disinclined who  
Do not communicate  
Or never seem to  
Fit clean into society's spine  
Here's to a life gone before it began  
A deadman marathon  
Dead babylon man  
(don't forget) what you are, and what you'll never be  
Deadend for a sucker, that's a sucker like me