

Corrosion Of Conformity, Echoes In The Well

The Water Drips From Wells Of Shame
Spilling Through These Words (Of Blame)
Listen To The Battle Cries Of A Race That Knows It's Dying
Read The Bleeding Words Of Those
Who Feel The Wheel Is At Their Heal
Then Somebody Tells Me That's The Way It Was Meant To Be
These Things Will Never Die
[Chorus]
All They See Is Nothing
They Just Hear The