

Crisis, Blood Burden

I can hear the dogs in their hysteria, Salivating for
the taste of our rotten failure. Brutality of flesh and
bone Making enemies where there were none Gangs of
God are on the move To bleed the slain in shallow
tombs you can be my cradle and I your grave
Captivated, we fall to meet our fate Between layers of
coma and death in fields of blood it's a sightless,
soundless, muted sense of touch This broken world is
spiritless and homeless, burning in the wreckage of its
own damn coldness... Brutality of flesh and bone
Making enemies where there were none Gangs of hate
are on the move To Bleed the slain in shallow tombs
We exist in the crack of life and death
struggle in between betrayal and the end... Grasping
dry Lifeless earthen Decomposition Run and hide your
flesh is no haven from suffocation Blood Burden
knows no bounds Dig deep to skeletons in the ground
Blood Burden knows no bounds.