

# 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.