

# Crisis, Discipline Of Degradation

seething in this red world I am nothing.  
thrown to the roadside I carry the death of the desert on my skin.  
have you looked into these eyes, feel the cracks in my hands...  
from soul to skin I am dry (and I am alone) I eat gravel,  
shakes in my stomach to drown the voices in my head.  
the sun's too far away and you don't notice.  
crawling, I am worthless (and I am alone)  
...one and two and I see 2 faces below me and I see yours in both,  
but one is open the other is closed...  
(there is no dignity, there is no grace, and I am alone)  
seething in this red world I am nothing.  
sold to a false hope, now I just float along in this dead ocean  
(there is no dignity, there is no grace)  
and I am alone in this dead ocean.