

Crowbar, Burn Your World

Your fear
Your weakened shallowed emptiness
All that is beckoning me
For years
Ie seen your lack of everything
Pushing me far beyond you
To hold
In my hands all I ever need
Turning the gears in my head
The sweating

I have to deal with it now
The Strength
Ie always known that I possess
Scratching and tearing at me
The pain
In knowing all you ever done
Turns into dust at my feet
Your end
The churning hallowed nothingness
Driving you into your grave
The sweating and bleeding
The growing and feeding
On all that is beckoning me