

# Crowbar, Burn Your World

Your fear  
Your weakened shallowed emptiness  
All that is beckoning me  
For years  
I've 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  
I've always known that I possess  
Scratching and tearing at me  
The pain  
In knowing all you've 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