

Cryptic Slaughter, Killing Time

Pressures press
Your station set
Cut your groove
In the bench
Release control
It's for the best
Decrease your will
I'll do the rest

Reality is just a word
It's meaning so obscured
A tried and tested thing of which
I just can't be sure!

People laughing
Cause people died
They had it coming
And so they fried
A mockery
Of faceless men
The justification
Of their end

Get ahead then you're dead
- I guess I'll get behind
Search like mad but you've been had
- There's nothing there to find
Cause reality and sanity
- Are just a state of mind

The clock stops
The floor drops
From far away
You see yourself
Faces flash
Darkness comes
Now betrayed
Now undone