

Cryptic Slaughter, Still Born, Again

Uneasy feelings
Which way to turn
Lost in the maelstrom
Starting to burn

Madness surrounds toy when caught up with
Minds so confused

And so I sit
Pitcher in hand
And so I fill
This glass that stands

Chaos controlling with minds that are robbed
Of their wills

Children of the earth
See not their worth
- Wasting their lives
In vain, in pain
- It is no surprise
Stillborn again

Another cig
I slump my head
This here soul
Mistaken dead

Maybe tomorrow we'll all find a way to escape