

# Drist, The Scalpel

Sweetness, have they cut you down and bore far beneath your war machine?  
Then found your weakness that the world just yearned for more  
The massive silence that can only lead the blind so long before we see  
The final moment breaking down but used to be

We are the vacant, the wasted  
And falling faster now  
We are the faceless, the nameless  
Our blood wont hit the ground

In a dream I held your hand  
And read your final words to only me  
Then found your weakness floating face down next to me

We are the vacant, the wasted  
And falling faster now  
We are the faceless, the nameless  
Our blood wont hit the ground