

Neurosis, Souls At Zero

No seed will grow of this barren earth. Our hope
unborn has died. I've slept in the dirt under the light
of the moon and I know our souls have perished.

Calling to those that would hear but I am deaf.
Clawing at those that would feel but I am dead to my
own fears.

Our cancer has grown into a stone. This water tastes
like poison. Your doomsday machine towers above
me to instill my vision.

Glowing pyre in the wind, like a glowing pyre in the
wind I stand to heal.

I tried to touch the feelings they have shown, our
cancer's grown into a stone. More cracks as our
ceiling caves in. This is our destiny.

These are visions, visions on.