

Only Crime, This Is Wretched

Trying patience wasted on the dead
Sounds from another room
Mark the end, fill my head
Resurrection like places on a line
Passing the wasted time
Lives gone wrong for too long

When they found me
In lies they surround me
All the insane ways
We qualify all disgrace

This is wretched, infirmed, and in decline
We brace our contentions
Rank and file kept in line
Trepidation waiting on the end
Bleeding with virtue
Lust to fall sacred friend