

# Vision Of Disorder, Locust Of The Dead Earth

I've been trying to bring myself away,  
breaking down the walls  
of misuse, the abuse  
the unfortunate temptations  
there is only death!  
feeding off of me,  
these locusts of the dead earth  
give it to me  
I swear I'm feigning  
time i gave it ways,  
time i let it get by  
let it slip on through my fingers  
never asking why, never justified,  
allegations against me  
i told you, there is only death  
in the canyons  
cut out your infections  
to the locusts of the dead earth  
i want you to see what i mean  
i want you to be where i've been  
still is stand and fight  
i will weed out the fake  
never look over my shoulder  
to hesitate, deliberate, i won't be  
your brother!  
FAKE FUCK!