

Forced March

Between the Buried and Me

Humanity devours itself alive.
Forced march down this path of sorrow to an end that doesn't justify. Hands
chained, running driven upon those that fall they tread.
Conditioned by a warped value system to not look back, just push
ahead. Lives of excess, lust and material greed.
A slave to their own desires, apathetic to those in need. Devoid of love no
peace inside. Blinded by their manic greed.
Thoughts consumed with the thoughts of the worthless.
This is their reality.
Devoid of love no peace inside. Blinded by their manic greed.
Thoughts consumed with the thoughts of the worthless.
This is their reality.
I have to free myself from all this madness in my struggle to survive.
As time progresses time reveals the
answers. At last I break through the surface and come to life.
Minds filled with turmoil, nothing pacifies. Forced march down
this path of sorrow to an end that doesn't justify.
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