

And the wildlife was hunted not for heart but the hide
To warm the bones of cowards that were left behind
And the lotus wilts with the guilt of the wasted time
What does it say about the ones who never even tried
Under constant pressure, diamonds in the rough
Only way to light is fighting through the dirt
Born into such a cruel, cruel world
Survival can be such a cruel, cruel curse
Best of intentions will grow horns in sleep
Without a sense of purpose outside the dream
And our wounds are so noble but still we must see
There may not be answers in the reasons that we bleed
Preciously violent, beautifully abhorrent