

Come On In

Corroded

A sense a smell a moving field
of loss and grief and disbelief
Brave new child new floods of hate
downward spiral of life and death
Caress the hero and abort the rest
behind walls of sins and hate
A new found pleasure of pain and relief
in 40 feet of mud and blood

So come on in
Just come on in
So come on in
Into the black, the black hole of my soul
So come on in
Just come on in
So come on in
There is no light, in the end of the tunnel

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