

## Born Too Soon

Cryptic Slaughter

Born too soon and dead the same  
Is this the way we all have paved?  
A path to walk and nothing more  
A fleeting glimpse and through the door  
Life can be a cruel jest  
The more you change you're like the rest  
Try to run but only crawl  
Break away into the all

Vision weak  
Future bleak  
Backs are breaking  
In this stink  
Work to live  
But you don't  
Want to get out  
You won't

They always push - you back down  
You've had enough - still no sound  
When will you wake - rise from the grave  
Or be a slave - for another day  
- For another day  
- For another day  
- For another day

Blind to sight deaf to sound  
Change is coming look around  
Blind to sight deaf to sound  
Face the change stand your ground

Born too soon  
Born too soon  
Born too soon  
And dead the same