

## Still Born, Again

Cryptic Slaughter

Uneasy feelings  
Which way to turn  
Lost in the maelstrom  
Starting to burn

Madness surrounds toy when caught up with  
Minds so confused

And so I sit  
Pitcher in hand  
And so I fill  
This glass that stands

Chaos controlling with minds that are robbed  
Of their wills

Children of the earth  
See not their worth  
- Wasting their lives  
In vain, in pain  
- It is no surprise  
Stillborn again

Another cig  
I slump my head  
This here soul  
Mistaken dead

Maybe tomorrow we'll all find a way to escape