

## Souls at Zero

Neurosis

No seed will grow of this barren earth. Our hope  
unborn has died. I've slept in the dirt under the light  
of the moon and I know our souls have perished.

Calling to those that would hear but I am deaf.  
Clawing at those that would feel but I am dead to my  
own fears.

Our cancer has grown into a stone. This water tastes  
like poison. Your doomsday machine towers above  
me to instill my vision.

Glowing pyre in the wind, like a glowing pyre in the  
wind I stand to heal.

I tried to touch the feelings they have shown, our  
cancer's grown into a stone. More cracks as our  
ceiling caves in. This is our destiny.

These are visions, visions on.