

Land of the Dead

Orden Ogan

ONCE WE WERE EAGER AND PARTNERS IN CRIME
NOW WE ARE LONESOME AND WASTING OUR TIME
IMPRISON OUR MINDS IN THE LAND OF THE DEAD
BEMOANING THE LIFE THAT WE ALL COULD HAVE LED

the suit we wear is grey - matches our identity oh God,
it is the sickness that I crave
empty words they say - breed empty nights and days
and drain me from the cradle to the grave

we are
LIFELESS, PALE AND NUMB
we are
ALL THE SAME NOW

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find that your soul is sold...
blind in a world so cold...

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