

# 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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