Pushing for Perfection

In an endless pile of steel and glass Things fall apart, the centre can't hold Why? We ask, we are condemned by laws Their gloried faces washed in blood at birth Floating in a sea of filth - Put a spike in my vein Floating in a sea of filth - Put a spike in my vein Like roaring thunder, a minefield playground Children ripped from their mother's womb Dark death and shattered brains Babies born by drug washed whores Something fierce... Breathing in this pinion dark Passing into nothingness . Something fierce... Nature never blames, or condemns us for our acts Like roaring thunder, a minefield playground Children ripped from their mother's womb Dark death and shattered brains Babies born by drug washed whores Something fierce... Beyond the last fall o man Pushing for perfection - Something fierce May reveal the painful truth - Thoughts of confusion In all the dreams that lays before me No sound as the leaves falls In the eyes of the sleepless Waxed as deadly as chill could kill Floating in a sea of filth - Put a spike in my vein Floating in a sea of filth - Put a spike in my vein Like roaring thunder, a minefield playground Children ripped from their mother's womb Dark death and shattered brains Babies born by drug washed whores... Other Scariot songs

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