

D.O.A.

The Haunted

Voices break the silence.
Shadows infect the white-clad walls.
Death is breathing down your neck.
You try to flee.
Forced into submission.
You try to repent.
A strip of tape that kills the screams.
You know this is the end.
Surgical steel twist the flesh.
The hand of doom carves out the mesh.

D.O.A.

What more when you're dead on arrival?
What more when you're dead on arrival?
Doped up soul-Senses numb.
Fluids burst into flames.
Every high is a new low.
In these vermin-infested streets.
Chained to the altar of debt.
The breed of your sins.
Nailed to the cross of guilt.
The spawn of your greed.
A strip of tape that kills the screams.
A deep inspired - The circle is complete.

D.O.A.

What more when you're dead on arrival?
What more when you're dead on arrival?

What more when you're dead on arrival?