

Breathing from the Shallows

YOB

Where are you going with your greed?
Sharpened razor's edge
Burst at the seams
Fit to be tied, tried and defied
There's no better time to die

Where are you going with your pride?
Face made of iron
Heart locked inside
Take for granted where you were born
For the air you breathe
As if it was yours

Quiet desperation makes you want to scream
With eyes like magnets
Ambition like cancer
Stomach like a drain
Never content
You can take enough to kill the pain

Imploded narcissus
Creating the false prophets
Grind teeth
Shallow breath
Strangled from the inside
Man becomes the ghost of his own creations
Until he learns to swallow
This molten world of pain