

We are the poison to the antidote that's killing us, the question to the answer.

Demeaning us with empty morals, detached from reality they tell us what's real.

How could you take.

My life is gone.

And I don't know why.

You're on your own now.

Find you dead.

We felt sick as we walked out of the room, to nest in filth and howl at the moon.

Hollow well-groomed failures outside of prison bar mansions that made the earth's skin crawl.

How could you take.

My life is gone.

And I don't know why.

You're on your own now.

Find you dead.

There is no time to rest and heal our wounds.

Black wind talker and singer of songs...

How could you take.

My life is gone.

And I don't know why.

You're on your own now.

Find you dead.

We felt sick as we walked out of the room, to nest in filth and howl at the moon.

No good words could find his tongue that day.