

# Out of Touch

## Death

Trapped in a lost world of brutality  
So weak are the ones that must rely on shock  
To push this so called force that inspires their call To be extreme so it seems is a mental crutch  
To cover up for those that are completely out of touch Say what you want, I know the truth when it comes to  
your kind In time we'll see who lasts, in time you will disappear  
Who are you to question my sincerity?  
For now you are high on yourself  
Drowning in your dreams of misguided hope

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