Silent Deaths, Crowded Lives

7 Angels 7 Plagues

With plastic face designs
Covered over a hell infested you
The fingerprints marked in blood
Helpless to save you
Useless to purify a lingering sin
In rubber rooms that float.

Every bouncing speck a memoir
Your devoted laughter silence
No one listens
A world full of ears become deaf
They scratch at the scars
But blood drips from their eyes.

With plastic face design
We become fools to your lies
Hopeless to save
Useless to name
Your every desire to die.

Lyrics submitted by Ryan.

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