

Locust of the Dead Earth.

Vision of Disorder

i've been trying to bring myself away,
breaking down the walls
of misuse, the abuse
the unfortunate temptations
there is only death!
feeding off of me,
these locusts of the dead earth
give it to me
I swear I'm feigning
time i gave it ways,
time i let it get by
let it slip on through my fingers
never asking why, never justified,
allegations against me
i told you, there is only death
in the canyons
cut out your infections
to the locusts of the dead earth
i want you to see what i mean
i want you to be where i've been
still is stand and fight
i will weed out the fake
never look over my shoulder
to hesitate, deliberate, i won't be
your brother!
FAKE FUCK!

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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