Still Born, Again

Cryptic Slaughter

Uneasy feelings
Which way to turn
Lost in the maelstrom
Starting to burnMadness surrounds toy when caught up with
Minds so confusedAnd so I sit
Pitcher in hand
And so I fill
This glass that standsChaos controlling with minds that are robbed
Of their willsChildren of the earth
See not their worth
- Wasting their lives
In vain, in pain
- It is no surprise
Stillborn againAnother cig
I slump my head
This here soul
Mistaken deadMaybe tomorrow we'll all find a way to escape

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