

# Come on In

## Corroded

A sense a smell a moving field,  
of loss and grief and disbelief  
Brave new child new floods of hate,  
downward spiral of life and death  
Caress the hero and abort the rest,  
behind walls of sins and hate  
A new found pleasure of pain and relief,  
in 40 feet of mud and blood So come on in  
Just come on in  
So come on in  
Into the black, the black hole of my soul  
So come on in  
Just come on in  
So come on in  
There is no light, in the end of the tunnel So come on in  
Just come on in  
So come on in  
Into the black, the black hole of my soul  
So come on in  
Just come on in  
So come on in  
There is no light, in the end of the tunnel

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