

# Malengines Here, Where They Should Be

## Trap Them

Past traits and past leaps,  
it's been strung, it's been drawn.  
Gauntlet hums and knocks  
because it's all runners all around,  
with never an urge for the gradual highs.

We crack our own whips  
and make sure to break skin.

We commit.

We grow one with the crime.

One with the crime.

There's no backroom deal to be bought.

There's no briefcase to exchange.

There's nothing held in your hands  
that we don't know how to take

and nothing in our eyes  
but purebred renegade sate.

We crack our own whips  
and make sure to break skin.

We commit.

We grow one with the crime.

One with the crime. They started tapping the lines,  
so don't call and don't write.

Prowlers in us are the beacons alive,  
the bastion hooks

that rend honor to the stable spines.

We crack our own whips.

We make sure to break skin.

We commit.

We grow one with the crime. Send a bleak aura.

Send dirty water.

Send instant wreck is what we do best.

Spawn vanish.

Preach malice.

Rid closure in chance and digest everything sour. We grow one with the crime.

We are one with the crime.

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

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