Born Too Soon

Cryptic Slaughter

Born too soon and dead the same
Is this the way we all have paved?
A path to walk and nothing more
A fleeting glimpse and through the door
Life can be a cruel jest
The more you change you're like the rest
Try to run but only crawl
Break away into the allVision weak
Future bleak
Backs are breaking
In this stink
Work to live
But you don't
Want to get out
You won'tThey always push - you back down
You've had enough - still no sound
When will you wake - rise from the grave
Or be a slave - for another day
- For another day
- For another day
- For another dayBlind to sight deaf to sound
Change is coming look around
Blind to sight deaf to sound
Face the change stand your ground

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