Working Out the Graves

Crisis

lay me down here, I've already dug my grave
I'm ready... I'm not living anyway
I die in silence-I'm killing to tell the truth
you destroy to meet your needs
I'm dying to speak to you
no way out no way out. and you are more alive than me.
no way out no way out I open my eyes to see
your darkness surrounds me
diseased by your own hand, wretched man
you crowd the shadows of this tomb I occupy
leave me this your disease - I despise your passivity
no way out no way out. the soul is mine,
and I've burned it already it's dead and it's empty.
no way out no way out
I THOUGHT YOU WERE ON MY SIDE OF THE SWORD
but this is where it ends
laying down my sword
bowing down my head
I'm empty. I'm weary. I'm disappearing.
I THOUGHT YOU WERE ON MY SIDE OF THE SWORD
I wear this armour (mask) to hide me away from you
it's silver and white and it's melding into my bones
I've got this darkness in me no way out
you need something I can't see no way out
so unattached and unafraid
I am a child of rage

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