

Brewing Static Lines

Souls In Chains

[Intro][Chris Buck]

I met the devil in something beautiful

I heard the softest lullaby[Esoterical]

Shoot down the saints,

Manic and panicked we traffic our madness for days

Too many letting' smoke brew static their brain

I remain tokenless and hopeless to the blazed

Now to the ways of the dope kids I stay stuck in a daze

Blue skies above blacktops

Walk the city block and suddenly the thought struck

God ain't nothing but a scorekeeper

Faultless to the sinless as much as the guiltless

I'm catching my breathe keeping sickness out of my chest

Feeling like I ruined something beautiful again

Praying reason won't get nailed in

Hope sparks and sputters then stops

Starts then wanders too far

Hits hard and stays laced with aggression

In this dead end depression

Fallen from heavens burned in my reflection

Cherubs without lessons

Broken, in need of some saving'

It's taken some patience

But truth is I am my own worst demon[Chorus][Chris Buck]

I met the devil in something beautiful

I heard the softest lullaby

So soft it made me cry

And as I prayed to die

The lights they flickered out[Esoterical]

Dim lit, Like Dante in the comedy

We wait for the hit

Streams slide down

These veins like hurricanes rush without a sound

Chemicals mix now

Consciousness is down for the count

One two, one two

Exhale and repeat these dream into ground

Three four three four

Passed out on the floor

Cursed by commitment, playing' Russian roulette
With sterilization and nights in women lacking any safety net
Taking' steps back from regret to regret
Its shot gunned to pieces
And when the preacher speaks his peace
It's screaming' I don't believe this
Five six, five six
Despondent and dauntless
Crushed cooked and shot quick
Endorphins running' dry inside hospital ridden state kids
Seven eight
Psycho pomp stopped doing the job and the voices strayed off
Nine
So lay down to sleep tonight
With a stomach full of bottled substance
To welcome death with a count backwards from ten[Chorus][Chris Buck]
I met the devil in something beautiful
I heard the softest lullaby
So soft it made me cry
And as I prayed to die
The lights they flickered out[Esoterical]
We're a fucking a poison
I swear to God
I'm sitting praying screaming we'll begin to die off
I ain't a fan of territory or soldier mentality
Truthfully I've seen enough in my family to keep it from me
We're thieves, liars, and dead beats
Unplugging the phone lines to keep from credit companies
Nobody's home, so quit knocking
You're just talking to the door homie
Just walk off and stay gone
We're wasting GED's
We're teaching kids to beat
These kids will most likely be
Exactly as their parents are
This ain't the way to breed
Steal when you got to eat
We're just too blind to see
That this ain't how to raise your seeds
I might as well be praying to a wall
Cause this constant culture got no direction but a downfall
And I swear to God
We still are and will always be a fucking poison[Chorus][Chris Buck]
I met the devil in something beautiful
I heard the softest lullaby

So soft it made me cry
And as I prayed to die
The lights they flickered out

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