

Ground

Blackhouse

See their hands in the air
They lift up their prayers to the air
The life that you live
Time that you give to the air It don't seem fair
Something is wrong with the machine
Your abberation slowly drain
You of your will to be yourself I got that feeling that something is missing
I got that feeling that something is wrong
See the man in the ground
I bury him up with the ground You wait for a sign
You sit on the line 'em up
Let the master decide
Something is wrong

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