Discipline of Degradation

Crisis

seething in this red world I am nothing.

thrown to the roadside I carry the death of the desert on my skin.

have you looked into these eyes, feel the cracks in my hands...

from soul to skin I am dry (and I am alone) I eat gravel,

shakes in my stomach to drown the voices in my head.

the sun's too far away and you don't notice.

crawling, I am worthless (and I am alone)

...one and two and I see 2 faces below me and I see yours in both,

but one is open the other is closed...

(there is no dignity, there is no grace, and I am alone)

seething in this red world I am nothing.

sold to a false hope, now I just float along in this dead ocean

(there is no dignity, there is no grace)

and I am alone in this dead ocean.

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