

# Crushed

## Edge Of Haze

Rusty and grey  
Lights decay  
Derelict houses are rampant  
Smog covers the air as a pall  
Stagnation in front of us all  
Atmosphere of fear  
Visibly subordinate mass  
No resistance at all  
Just people obeying their call  
Notably vague vision  
In the eyes of the folk  
Was I the same before  
the realization  
Praise reign  
Woe as our mandatory load  
Leads into alienation  
The barren souls are crushed into the ground  
Their dreams were never true  
Atmosphere of fear  
Visibly subordinate mass  
Constantly observed area  
I must flee from here  
Rusty and grey is the new day  
In the eyes of the folk  
Was I the same before  
A travesty of man  
Our dreams were never true  
They were never true

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