

Slaughter Cryptic

"Born Too Soon"

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Born too soon and dead the same

Is this the way we all have paved?

A path to walk and nothing more

A fleeting glimpse and through the door

Life can be a cruel jest

The more you change you're like the rest

Try to run but only crawl

Break away into the all

Vision weak

Future bleak

Backs are breaking

In this stink

Work to live

But you don't

Want to get out

You won't

They always push - you back down

You've had enough - still no sound

When will you wake - rise from the grave

Or be a slave - for another day

- For another day

- For another day

- For another day

Blind to sight deaf to sound

Change is coming look around

Blind to sight deaf to sound

Face the change stand your ground

Born too soon

Born too soon

Born too soon

And dead the same

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