

Slaughter Cryptic

"Still Born, Again"

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Uneasy feelings
Which way to turn
Lost in the maelstrom
Starting to burn
Madness surrounds toy when caught up with
Minds so confused
And so I sit
Pitcher in hand
And so I fill
This glass that stands
Chaos controlling with minds that are robbed
Of their wills
Children of the earth
See not their worth
- Wasting their lives
In vain, in pain
- It is no surprise
Stillborn again
Another cig
I slump my head
This here soul

Mistaken dead

Maybe tomorrow we'll all find a way to escape

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