

Suckpuppet "Oregon"

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Colder than a thousand winters
Frozen in a distant time
Locked inside pandora's boxes
doused in a layer of shame and grime
He now sits there
With his mauled mind in hand
With a one way ticket
to a promised land

Home...

Icy-hearted fire-fiend
Slays all that was good in me
Reality rears it's ugly head
rapes me of serenity
Skies bluer than the purest sea
underneath a blood red sun
the end I taste it coming close
underneath a cold gray gun

Home...

A sign of the times
A taste of the chaos
A mark has been made
A world has been slayed

Home...

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