

Contraption 7

"Enemy I"

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This face shows the pain static portrait tortured and
broke
I tried to paint it right, but cant wash away the dirt
beneath my eyes

All that I could-forget this childhood
That has left me in this state of constant regret
But now I know

The death of innocence is wretched,
The pain that it brings tears you down

Sleep, dream of white, an abstract veil to hide the grey
Yet the day, we awake
Were raped of all purity become out of stained

All that I tried, to look the other way
I still can never get back this grace
Thats buried inside me-now I am

Dont you see your lie?
You who are as impure as I

The cleansing touch so quick so taint
The newborn tastes purity
The blood red sun melts into dust
The clean become us from the mud

Reveille! Reveille! So long and so proud
But then you fall so far, so hard
Before you learn existence hurts

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