

Cryptkeeper Five

"Return Of The Machine"

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Don't hold your breath,
Goodness has poisoned your brain,
We dead, are dead,
We're just a broken machine,
Just a reflex,
A system shock and a twitch,
We're cut, we bleed,
Our rusty wounds start to itch,
We're cut, we bleed,
We'll drain our problems right here.

And we all crawl,
And we all got a need,
And we all fall,
And we all bleed.

It's not the end,
Though our parts are in disarray,
We dead, are dead,
You taught us how to love and hate,
A hate for some,
And a love for that hate,
We'll fall, we all,
But this isn't our end.

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