

.Crrust "InFadeOut"

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The fucking warmouth couldn't shut
Just as I thought I can't get shut down
The struggle goes on but less than all
Is not an army to block the convicted
The rising bloodrage's in stores out now
White line's processed through black - how?
How the fuck am I supposed to know
I suggest you give it a go

To whom it may concern
That cry sure calls upon snow
To cover it all up
Up to the last drop of sweat I've infected
To whom it may concern
I've found some trash among us
It sure does matter
'cause the winter's fucking through

Happiness isn't always the trigger
The staring point's where you've left it off
I've explained my gut-churning position
Now show me the way to the spot
That's not the one I've elected
Those ain't the things I'm tied up with
Those are the points I'm fed up with
And that is the shit I'm made up of

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These are the words of an alternate being
Those are the hordes of them smothered in salt
I guess I'll cast a shadow upon ruins
The ruins of principles clashing like jaws
Pinch out the mind splinters in me
I have to submit I'm not perfect

Admitting I've still got to hold on
To stick to my side, not the sold one
There's too much ink to waste
There's still hell to explore
Too much oath to take notice
Too much filth to forfeit

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