

## Corporation 187 "Low-Pitched"

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Calling it agony, be there in time  
Everything smells like shit, stand in line  
Obscene behaviour, facing the weak  
Down on your knees you're so obscene

Get ready for the battle, showing no mercy  
Standing still till the bottle is gone  
What is your religion? Who is your god?  
Poor and broke. Where is the dawn?

Crack under the strain with bleeding hands  
You're looking so pale inside that sphere  
Suddenly the silence breaks through  
Only some lonely screams

Low-pitched  
I can't hear it  
Turn in your grave  
What do you say?

Listen to the voice, the words are mine  
It's burning down, down deep inside  
It feels like an electric shock  
A gentle touch is all that I need

Time to think before it's too late  
It's not that easy when the anger fades  
You don't know why, and try to find  
A simple way in life

Burn  
Those words are mine, those thoughts are mine  
Low  
Those words are mine, those thoughts are mine

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