

Drill 187

"The Scalpel"

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Sweetness, have they cut you down and bore far
beneath your war machine?
Then found your weakness that the world just yearned
for more
The massive silence that can only lead the blind so
long before we see
The final moment breaking down but used to be

We are the vacant, the wasted
And falling faster now
We are the faceless, the nameless
Our blood wont hit the ground

In a dream I held your hand
And read your final words to only me
Then found your weakness floating face down next to
me

We are the vacant, the wasted
And falling faster now
We are the faceless, the nameless
Our blood wont hit the ground

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