

Drist

"The Scalpel"

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Sweetness(?), have they, cut you down?
And bore, far beneath, your war machine,
And found your weakness,
Let the vultures spree for more

The mass of silence,
Death can only lead,
The blind so long,
Before we see,
The final moment,
Breaking down what 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 the dream I held you hand and read, your final
words, to only mean,
They found your weaknesss floating facedown 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

We know just who too,
We are just here

We are the Vacant
(We are the Vacant)
The Wasted
(We are the Wasted)
And falling faster now
We are the Faceless
(We are the Faceless)

The Nameless
(We are the Nameless)
Our blood wont hit the ground

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